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JEST AND EARNEST.

A Collection of Essays and Reviews.

BY

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LATHAM'S "JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY."*

(1864.)

"AN English Dictionary." How much is expressed in those three words. But wide as they are, there are three which are still wider—"The English Language." No dictionary can contain the English language; the most that the best can do is to attempt to exhibit a fair sample of the golden grain garnered in the storehouse of English speech. The English language—what a stately tree upheld by many roots! In that one tongue how many have merged their utterance. All the known races that have held this soil of Britain have left their mark behind them. First came the Britons. Some few words of daily use, many names of places, many a hill and river, many a surname of high and low, form

* "A Dictionary of the English Language," by Robert Gordon Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Founded on that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. With numerous Emendations and Additions. To be completed in 36 parts. Parts I. to VI. London, 1864.

the tiny upland rill, the glistening silver thread of Celtic speech, which serves as a clue to lead us to the very end of this philological labyrinth. Next came the Romans, and on our native soil threw up those ramparts and roads and walled camps, which still in ruins tell the tale of their strong hand, and to which many a Latin name or ending still clings. They came, they ruled, they left the land, and Britain was still Celtic in speech, though even then no doubt her dialect was laced with many a Teutonic word learned from the German colonists, which the Romans had brought in as mercenary soldiers, but who remained as settlers. After the Roman legions left the Britons to themselves, there is darkness over the face of the land from the fifth to the eighth century. Those are really our dark ages. From 420, when it is supposed that Honorius withdrew his troops, to 730, when Bede wrote his History, we see nothing of British history. Afar off we hear the shock of arms, but all is dim, as it were, when two mighty hosts do battle in the dead of night. When the dawn comes and the black veil is lifted, we find that Britain has passed away. The land is now England; the Britons themselves, though still strong in many parts of the country, have been generally worsted by their foes; they have lost that great battle which has lasted through three

centuries. Their Arthur has come and gone; he lies at Glastonbury, never again to turn the heady fight. Henceforth Britain has no hero, and merely consoles herself with the hope that he will one day rise and restore the fortunes of his race. But though there were many battles in that dreary time, and many Arthurs, it was rather in the everyday battle of life, in that long unceasing struggle which race wages with race, not sword in hand alone, but by brain and will and feeling, that the Saxons won the mastery of the land. Little by little, more by stubbornness and energy than by bloodshed, they spread themselves over the country, working towards a common unity, from every shore. If the Britons stood in their way they threw them out; but the Britons had learned from their Roman lords to build towns and to dwell in them. The Saxons loathed cities; "they loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep;" and thus there was room for a long time for two races who had little in common, and rarely crossed each other's path. In all likelihood the din of the battles between Celt and Saxon, with which those gloomy centuries are full, rose rather towards their close, when the Saxons had multiplied and grown to be a great power in Britain, and the settlers' seven kingdoms of the Heptarchy had so eaten their way into the

waste, as to know that they formed a Saxon Confederation. However that may be, certain it is, that for a long time after the time of Bede, and therefore undoubtedly before his day, the Celtic and Saxon kings in various parts of the island lived together on terms of perfect equality, and gave and took their respective sons and daughters to one another in marriage. Hence it is that we find Saxon princes with Celtic names and *vice versâ*; and hence it was that many a word was borrowed by either speech, and soon passed as good Saxon or Celtic, as the case might be, after it had undergone the process of mastication, if we may be allowed the word, that alteration and attrition, whether it be in accent or in form, which every foreign word must undergo before the tongue which is about to make it its own, will consent to swallow and digest it.

But though this lasted some time, it was not to be always so. In language as in race the rule holds that the weakest must go to the wall. The Saxons were the strongest. They began by winning their way to being equal with the Celts, they ended by overpowering them altogether. This struggle for supremacy was prolonged for some time during the twilight in our history called the Saxon Heptarchy; but towards the close of that period the Saxons had mastered

their foes, who henceforth are found only in the mountainous ridges and holes and corners of the land. In Egbert's time the Saxons are really lords in England. Had there been purists and precisians in those days, we may fancy some Priscian or Varro undertaking to weed the native field of Saxon speech of the Celtic growths which had been sown broadcast over it when the two races walked and strove upon it face to face. But even without the help of such learned labourers, no doubt many Celtic grafts on Saxon stems then dwindled and died out, simply because the fellowship which had first begotten and then nursed and fostered them was cut off.

But as the Celts withdraw from the front of the stage, and henceforth merely fill up the scene as a background, another race steps forward, the most forward and daring that the world has ever known; and while it avenges the wrongs of the Celts, leaves the Saxons neither power nor leisure to become purists in their native speech. These are the Northern nations, the Scandinavian stock, Northmen, Norsemen, Danes, call them what you will: invaders from every bay and firth between the Eyder* and the Gulf of Bothnia in the Baltic on

* Egidora, or Ægir's Door, the gate through which the god Ægir, the Neptune of the North, made his inroads into the goddess Earth's domain.

the one side, or as far up as the Lofoden Isles in the Icy Sea, on the other side of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The proper name of these invaders was "Viking," because *vík*, which in their common speech meant "bay," and which lingers in our Sandwich, Berwick, and Greenwich, gave them at once an ambush, a shelter, and a name. They are said to have landed in England first of all about the time of Egbert, who had bloody fights with them, just as they are said to have landed in France first of all in the latter days of Charlemagne; but this merely means that then it was they became so troublesome as to merit the attention of the king and to deserve a public chastisement. For all through those times it was common for the younger sons of kings or chiefs, denied advancement at home by those peculiar institutions which regarded kings and chiefs only as the first of freemen at home, and so curtailed their power, except in time of war abroad, to leave their own land followed by bands of adventurous youth, whose first act on putting to sea was to hail their young leader as a sea-king. So the Vikings visited every shore in Europe, and as piracy has ever been an honourable calling in early states of society, there were many Vikings besides those of Scandinavia, though these, as the most daring, have eclipsed the deeds of all the rest. So it has ever

been, and so it will ever be. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" at all times and in all ages; but as he has outshone them all in glory, he is remembered and they are all forgotten.

From the days of Egbert to the Conquest the annals of England are fast bound to those of the Northern kingdoms: bound often with chains, "fast bound in misery and iron." We think of Alfred, and our hearts burn within us as we call to mind the hero who first freed his country from a foreign yoke, and then sat down at once as her teacher, lawgiver, and King; but even Alfred's genius and fortune were only able to save a portion of England from the clutch of the invader, whose chiefs, like the hydra's heads, seem to grow sevenfold for every one that fell to the ground. Before Alfred's time the Northmen had seated themselves firmly in Northumberland, and with Alfred, in the case of Guthrum-Athelstane, began the fatal system of buying off the hostility of the invaders by ceding them a portion of Saxon soil as an everlasting settlement. From the days of Alfred, East Anglia remained more or less a Northern settlement, and even before his days, Northumbria was as good as lost. He did his best against the foe, and his best was better than any other man's; but all he could do was to check, though in nowise to break the fury of the Vikings. Nor was

Athelstane's glory much greater. He was never really master of what was nominally called his kingdom, and even his victory on the bloody field of Brunanburgh, splendid as it was, is only another proof of the power of the Northmen, whose forces, combined with those of the British, could meet the great King with so terrible a host, which Athelstane could only conquer by the aid of Northern auxiliaries. But if we are forced to say this of Alfred and Athelstane, what shall we say of such characters as Edmund the First, who agreed to share England with that Anlaf or Olaf whom his brother Athelstane had so signally defeated at Brunanburgh; of the priest-ridden Edred; of Edwy, who was not priest-ridden, inasmuch as he drove Dunstan out, but who did little else during his short reign; of Edgar the Peaceable, who recalled Dunstan and built about fifty monasteries, whose dutifulness to the Church seems to have excused the lust with which he dragged a nun from her convent, as well as his marriage with Elfrida, whose husband he murdered? But he was a great king, and eight tributary princes rowed him in a barge on the river Dee! Then came Edward, whom Elfrida murdered at Corfe Castle; and last of all came Ethelred the Unready, the man void of counsel or of plan, whose first weapon against the Danes was gold—ten thou-

sand pounds weight of gold, thirty thousand pounds weight of gold—and his next the midnight massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, 1002: a foul deed, which brought the whole force of Denmark on unhappy England, and began a struggle in which the treacherous King himself, betrayed by Edric Streon and other traitors, had to fly to Normandy, leaving England to Canute the Great. True he returned again, while Canute was called away for a while to look after his dominions in the North; but it was only to fly before Canute on his return, and to die, after having reigned, to the great misery of England, for thirty-five years. Edmund Ironside was a man of better spirit, breathed into him by his Norman mother, Emma; but his reign was too short to do any good. Then England fell wholly into Danish hands, and Canute ruled it, every inch a king, for nineteen years. The two sots, his two sons by different mothers, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, both ruled, and both drank themselves to death. Then came Edward the Confessor, the saint, the ascetic, the everything but king and lawgiver, the man of dreams and visions, of church-building and endowments, who would rob his mother and who did rob his mother to found a church; who spent part of his wretched life in looking for the millennium, and the rest in weeping that it would not come;

who never could forgive the world for having lasted sixty years beyond the thousand, at the expiration of which it was forethought, if not foretold, that it must come to an end, and who must have felt like the astronomers who predicted the return of the great comet of 1556 in 1856, and have still neither forgiven it for not coming back, nor abandoned all hope that after all it may perhaps repent and return.

After Edward came Harold, in whom, half Northman as he was—his mother was a sister of Ulf Jarl of Denmark, and King Sweyn, the son of Ulf, was his first cousin—the long line of *fainéans* Saxon Kings expired with a flash of light. Then came the Conquest, but at the Conquest England was more than half-Scandinavian. Besides the great district of Northumbria, which reached, it must be remembered, far across the border into Scotland, and the province of East Anglia, where the Scandinavian stock was fast settled, their nationality reached as far south as Derby and Rugby in the very heart of Mercia; and all over the land the speech of the people was laced and patched with Northern words and idioms. Even setting aside these ethnological facts, the dialect of the contemporary chronicles shows that quite apart from external influences the vernacular Anglo-Saxon before the Conquest was undergoing that

change which all languages suffer in obedience to an internal law. After the Conquest the mother-tongue of the people was banished from Court and public life, and fled in exile to the woods and fields. There it stubbornly maintained its ground, but debased and degraded, though vulgar, strong, and healthy, while the lordly Norman prolonged a sickly existence in the close air of walled town and gloomy castle. Thus each continued to exist apart so long as the Norman barons looked to Rouen as their capital, and the duchy won by Hrolf Ganger from the Carlovingians as their true home. We jump in retrospect at results, and fancy because Duke William overthrew Harold he made England a Norman land; but in that sense he never won England; nay, it may rather be said of the Normans that they were at last subdued by their serfs. From William till John the Norman barons strove to subdue the land and held it as foreigners. In John's time they ceased to be aliens, England then lost her possessions in France, the Norman barons began to look on England as their home, the languages began to mix, and the fusion of speech which had scarcely begun at the beginning of the thirteenth century was almost complete in the fourteenth. Hitherto there had been a debased Anglo-Saxon literature fast falling into semi-Saxon, and a

cultivated courtly Norman-French literature, of each of which Layamon and Wace may be taken as the two representatives. In all Layamon's lengthy alliterative poem there are scarcely more Norman words to be found than can be proved to have been current in Anglo-Saxon in the days of Edward the Confessor, and Wace's Norman has few Saxon words. The Conquest then had little direct influence at first on the vernacular dialects in England. We say *dialects*, for besides the West Saxon form of speech which had been the language of literature and the Court, there was the Northumbrian or Scandinavian dialect in the North and East. The first suffered most by the degradation of the vernacular which followed the Conquest; it was expelled from Court, and lost its precedence, and was thus placed on a level with the Northumbrian, East Anglian, and other provincial dialects. The result of the Conquest was a general scramble of all these forms of speech for precedence, a struggle for mastery more or less desultory, but which, after centuries, has ended in our modern English, which presents to those who read it aright a wonderful blending of those various dialects, in which no one quite won the day over the other, but in which the Northumbrian on the whole had the mastery over the West Saxon, and that not only in conjugation and

construction, but even in accent and pronunciation. A dialect which was so powerful as to supplant many of the West Saxon forms of the verb *to be*, to throw them out of the philological nest, and bring in its own offspring, must have been strong indeed; and yet this is just the way in which the Northumbrian cuckoo—or "gowk," as the bird would be called beyond the Humber—has treated the West Saxon hedge-sparrow in regard to the verb-substantive. The present plural of *am*—we *are*, ye *are*, they *are*—are Northumbrian forms which have supplanted the *syndon* of the West Saxons, which clung closer to the *seyn* of the Germans. So also *am* is nearer to *em*, the Northumbrian first person present, than to the West Saxon *eom*; and the same remark holds good of many other examples both of declension and conjugation. As for single words, the preference given to the Northumbrian is even more striking. Not content with existing merely as a kindred or sister form, the Northern dialect has often entirely extirpated the West Saxon equivalent, and will not suffer it to live by its side. As for our pronunciation, it certainly appears to be much more Northern than Saxon. There are some young ladies indeed who talk of *skjy*, and *kjind*, and *chjild*, for "sky," and "kind," and "child;" some, too, talk of *cjare* for "care;" and some

clodpoles in the West talk of being *sceared* for being "scared" or frightened, or of a *meare* for a "mare;" but as a nation we speak with a less mincing mouth. We speak our vowels out broad and boldly; and in speech at least, we have sent the West Saxon broken vowels to the right about, and even where we have kept them to the eye, as in *swear*, and such-like words, we have lost them to the ear, for though we write *swear*, we pronounce *sware*.

During the eleventh, and all through the twelfth centuries, the vernacular dialects of England were left by the Normans to adjust their differences as they could. The King and his barons spoke Norman-French, their subjects and serfs, whether Scandinavians or Saxons, might speak whatever jargon they chose. It never occurred to the Conqueror or his sons, or to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, that a Norman could be anything else than a Norman, or his speech anything else than Norman. But after John's time, in the thirteenth century, and especially towards its end, the case is very different. Now there are not three languages but one language, not three dialects but one dialect, not three peoples but one people. Now we have an Anglo-Norman literature, in which the body and bones and muscle are Scandinavian or Saxon, and all its articulations

English, but the skin, and dress, and garb, are Norman. That is the period of knightly romances, of William the Werewulf, and Havelock the Dane, but as year after year goes on the language becomes more and more Saxon, using Saxon as a common term, the Norman dress is cut more after the Saxon pattern, the Saxon articulations become more and more fined down, here a joint of speech or a case-ending or conjugation is worn away and rubbed off, as the two elements of the now common tongue are rolled together down the stream of time, like water-worn pebbles in a river's bed, whose very original angularities only serve to render them at last more smooth and round. So we pass through the reigns of Henry III. and of the first Edward and his weak son. In all of these England had much work to do at home. She was exposed to little foreign influence. During this time, then, her language revenged itself upon the Anglo-Norman, which ever lost ground. But with the glorious reign of Edward the Third, and his victories and conquests in France, the French element in our language gained fresh force, and a new stream of life-blood was poured into its veins. Then it was that those *integra verborum plaustra*, those "whole wains full of words," were imported from France, and hence it is that the language of the courtly Chaucer

shows such a great French infusion if compared with the homely dialect of *Piers Plowman*. But the new infusion was too late to affect either the root or the bole or the boughs of the old English stock; it showed itself as it burst and budded out in fresh leaves and flowers, in the new verbs and adjectives and substantives made English by the great Father of English poetry, but the trunk and branches of the tongue remain the same, they support bravely the new foliage which covers them, and without them the new graftings and offshoots would not last a day. As it is, many of them dwindled away; the untimely fruit of Chaucer's or Gower's brain they do not now see the sun, but others take fast hold of the parent stem and still survive.

During the fifteenth century the literature of England was well-nigh mute. It was a time of strife both political and religious; there were rebels, traitors, and heretics in abundance, and as a necessary consequence murders and executions, whether by the axe or at the stake, were rife. Men had much to do and think about, but little time to write except on religion, and that too often in no Christian spirit. "The fathers had eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth were set on edge." The treasons of Henry of Bolingbroke were cruelly avenged on his saintly grandson, and the treachery shown

towards Henry the Sixth was justly punished by the long struggle of the Roses, in which and the desolation which followed on it, the philosophic De Commines saw more plainly than in any other land the finger of God. But though a literature may slumber and sleep for a century and more, then to wake up like a giant refreshed by sleep, a language so long as it is alive in the mouth of a nation never slumbers; it never altogether rests, it always advances, sometimes with hasty giant strides, sometimes at a creeping tortoise-pace, and so it was with England in the fifteenth century. During that period the language made great progress, but inasmuch as a living literature—that Pole-star by which a language steers its course—was wanting in great measure, it progressed in different directions, that is, still greater play was given to the dialects which it fostered in its bosom, and it was in danger of resolving itself into its several component parts. It was the great evil of the time that there was no sure pattern of the mother-tongue to which men could look up and appeal, and say, "That word is true English coin current all over the land, but that is merely a base token of a country town which will not pass beyond its native walls." In such a time it was that Caxton could tell the story of asking for "eggs" on the south-east coast and not

being understood. But those times like all times had a remedy for every wrong, and towards the end of the fifteenth century the discovery of printing came to the rescue of our mother-English, and the mechanical art of Caxton, and the labours of his disciples in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey restored a standard to our tongue.

In the sixteenth century the seeds of religious strife which had already borne bitter fruit to the heretics who first sowed them, shot up into the goodly harvest of the Reformation. Men not only acted and thought, but they wrote, and wrote well and much, about religion. The disciples of Wycliffe had already, in the previous century, tried their hands on rendering the Bible into English. In the sixteenth when it was first revised and printed, a new element of stability was at once added to the thought, the literature, and the language of the nation. Then came many other prose translations into English from the Latin, from the French, and from the Italian. On every side the language is trying its breath, exercising its muscle, and pluming its wings for that great flight into the boundless realm of thought which it was soon to make. Now there were poets, Skelton in England, and Lindsay and Dunbar, those great Scottish lights, which kept the lamp of literature alive when it seemed about to expire,—all three most original in

their way; then there was a play or two,—*Ralph Roister Doister*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. A little later and we have Surrey and Wyatt and Sackville, and in the dark Marian days we have Greene and Ascham; all, bitter controversialist, dull translator, grotesque rhymer, silver-tongued poet, and fettered playwright, all preparing a path and making the language smooth for Shakspeare, the sun of our literary system and his satellites, all—

> "Preluding those melodious strains that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still."

But besides our sun we have other lesser lights. Orthodox divines and stern natural logicians as Jewel and Hooker, sweet Arcadian shepherds like Sidney and Spenser, natural philosophers like Bacon, topographers in verse like Drayton, translators from the great Italian masters like Fairfax, all working steadily on, and adding day by day to the treasures in the national storehouse. With James the First came Jonson and the minor dramatists, allegorical writers like the Fletchers, conceited theology like Donne, sweet affectation in rhyme like Herbert and Cowley, love-songs bordering on lust in soft Carew and Randolph; Milton is laying up that store of learning which, wedded to solemn verse, raises him a generation after next to Shak-

speare's throne. We are beginning to think too. Henry More and Cudworth and Hobbes are each students of philosophy in their own way; Clarendon is laying up facts or what he calls facts, and taking breath before he writes his endless history. The Puritanical struggle in Charles the First's reign makes us go to the theatre less but think and preach more. We cut off our lovelocks and put our players into the stocks. We rather neglect the vernacular and affect Latin as we see it chosen by Selden and Milton; but that is only for a moment; it is but the genius of English winking for a while; on the whole our style under the Commonwealth is cumbrous and involved, if we may judge from Whitelock's works and Cromwell's mysterious speeches, out of which the genius of Carlyle can scarce make common sense. Were it not for Waller and Mrs. Hutchinson and a few letter-writers, we should say the art of writing English was lost. But the Commonwealth is overthrown, Charles the Second returns with all his rights and vices, the sour Parliament leaven with which the literary bread of that generation was made so unwholesome is thrown to the dogs, and the children of the Antechamber at Whitehall are fed upon fancy rolls, white and light with yeast brought over from France. But it does not nourish us, we sigh

for more solid food, we try our hands in Dryden at political pamphleteering in Alexandrines. It is a new fangle and takes wonderfully. So do the new kind of plays, those of intrigue and gallantry, the Spanish drama with something of Calderon's rapt force, and with plots as involved but not nearly so artistic as his. But we still think, for Hobbes is still with us as selfish as ever, Locke is working away in his rooms at Christ Church. Then we have many books of travels, and Pepys like a black spider is every day creeping from his web in the Admiralty, and every night crawling back to it again, noting down in the most truthful way everything that passes good and bad before his eyes, and worst of all his own vice and corruption. Lawyers are a doubtful race in all ages and in all lands, but our Filmers and Jeffreys, and a few others in this reign and the next, would match with the worst examples of any time. But even lawyers add to the language with their fantastic theories of divine right and high prerogative, and the brutality of Jeffreys has rendered the new-fangled word "Trimmer" more famous by his brow-beating than the candour and double-facedness of Halifax and his followers. We swear now as we used to swear in the good old times, and the ruffian Tyrconnel, "Lying Dick Talbot," can swear so hard that he curses all the

way from Dublin to London. So we go on thinking, acting, libelling, gossiping, fawning, dicing, drinking, and swearing in the most charming French way, going fast politically speaking down the steep place into the sea of French dependence; yet all the while the language thrives and prospers. Wherever we see a want we remedy it, not logically or grammatically perhaps, but still we stop the weak link in our mail; it may be with an ugly patch, but ugly as it is, the patch will last for ever. Thus, between the days of *Paradise Lost* and Dryden, we invent "*its*," a little word which every one now uses every other minute, but which for all that is never found in the authorized version of the Bible, and is only once or twice used by Shakspeare and Milton. *His* was the true common genitive of *he*, *she*, and *it*. Thus in Scripture we have, the gate that opened "of *his* own accord;" but as time went on we find this common genitive confusing and awkward, and so we coined and forged the barbarous "its." Still, barbarous as it is, does any purist think that the day will ever dawn when English shall exist and "its" be done away?

Now we begin to borrow largely from foreign languages, but in a new way. Of yore we imported our words as in Chaucer's time by cargoes and batches. They came over as it were

by the ship-load, were put up to public approbation by this or that great writer; if approved they took the place of, or stood side by side with, the old vernacular equivalent. In this way to "err" and to "stray" find themselves after the lapse of years cheek by jowl in the English Liturgy, and in this way in many an English sentence, what seems to be a confirmation or corroboration of an argument or an assertion, is merely an idle repetition in one great element of the language of something which has been already uttered in the vocabulary of the other. "'Tis hard to choose," we remember once hearing a great master of English say to an upholsterer, who had laid some patterns at his feet. "Yes," was the tradesman's answer, "certainly it is difficult to select." The one was as Saxon as he could be, and the other as French or Latin as he could be, for over the "it" and "is" and "to,"—those Saxon forms of construction, that framework so needful in building up the simplest sentence,—he had no power. That was the way of old time, but in the seventeenth century it was not so. As no dictionary can contain all or nearly all the words in a language, so no language can contain every word needful to express ideas or even things. Some languages have fifty words for a sword and twenty for a horse, but it would

puzzle them sorely to express even our lumbering "steam-engine." The case is worse in words which express abstract ideas, new products either of the earth or mind, new coin in fact to pass current in men's mouths. The closer that nations live bound together by trade or war the more they feel on either side the need of adopting new words to express things or ideas which they have not of their own, but which they must use. Thus the French have taken from us "comfortable" and "club" and "jockey" and "sport," and so we have taken from them "bayonet" and "prestige" and "solidarity," and many more. As too we have more trade and dealings with other nations than any country in the world, as we go everywhere and bring all things to our stores, so we have imported "tea" and "coffee" and "cocoa" and "china" and "porcelain" and "tobacco," and a thousand others, not at all in batches as of yore, but choosing this one or that one just as we wanted it, or as it took our fancy, bringing it into the land, calling it by its name, and finally naturalizing and adopting the alien as our own. Besides trade, war worked in this way, and early in the seventeenth century the comrades of the great Gustavus and his Swedes brought home with them from the great war in Germany such words as "plunder" and "lifeguard,"

which are pure Swedish forms, and of which the last has nothing to do with "life" but is formed from the Swedish "lif" or "body," answering to the German "leib." So that our "life-guard" means simply "body-guard," and does not, at least not in the first instance, refer to the preservation of the sovereign's existence. "Furlough" too we got at the same time from the Swedish "forlof," which old Monro spells "furloofe." At that time too we got the phrase "running the gatloup," or as we now call it "running the *gauntlet*," which has nothing to do with a steel glove, but means running a certain distance between two files of soldiers, who beat the offender with rods as he passes, *gat* meaning a path, and *loup* the act of running, akin to *leap*. The curious reader will find this punishment fully described in Monro's "Expedition" with Mackeye's regiment which served in the Thirty Years' War.

Now comes Dutch William, always beaten, yet ever winning as much by a defeat as by a victory. With him came many an outlandish word, and in his time too flourished Defoe, whose prose is still unsurpassed. During the eighteenth century we have many poets and many divines. We are good logicians of that old formal sort now brought to its true level, a system which stands in the same relation to

the laws of thought as the Alphabet does to Macbeth or the bellows to the Haarlem Organ. We could not think without these elementary forms, just as Macbeth could not have been written had Shakspeare not learnt his A, B, C, or the best player in the world struck a symphony on that great instrument without wind, but each and all of which are merely mechanical aids to a far higher aim. The Alphabet, we believe, has never asserted its superiority over the poet, though we have heard of a bellows-blower who brought an organist to a standstill; but logic long lorded it over thought, saying, "thus and thus only shalt thou think," till thought arose, shook off the mediæval yoke, which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had made narrower and tighter still, and reduced mere formal logic to its true position as an underling rather than a lord. In that century, Swift scorches and withers; and Pope, the champion of the classical school, blazes as a satirist and translator, but our most remarkable literary productions are our essayists and novelists. Addison and Fielding, and Sterne and Smollett and Steele will live as long as English lasts. Hume tries his hand at history, and his work is still our best. At the end of the century we find out political economy and agriculture, just as in the present we have discovered cleanliness and

philanthropy, and if we have not made all mankind wash, or brought every one to love his neighbour as himself, we have taken more steps that way than the nation ever took before, and in this respect may boast ourselves better than our fathers. If the last century was the schoolroom of the classical, the present has been the play-ground of the romantic school. In the first quarter of it authors thought before they wrote, and the result was often satisfactory; now our authors write before they think, and having once written leave out thinking altogether. Of late we have been handed over, with few exceptions, to the tender mercies of the sensationists both on and off the stage. "Come early, seven murders in the first act," is pretty much the shape of the alluring bill posted to draw us to the theatre, and our novelists combine the wearisome twaddle of a Scuderi with the choicest atrocities gathered from the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*. We are glad to see that the English archbishops are turning their attention to this sad state of things; for really if we except the works of the laureate and one or two others, English literature at the present day is like a plot of ground which once was a lovely garden, but which is now all overrun with weeds; and in this rank jungle lies in wait the penny-a-liner, whose calling it is to fall upon every fresh

fact, and to tell it in the most diffuse and rambling way. Like a Thug, he chokes the life out of a sentence by a long coil of words. In general this assassin of the mother-tongue has very vague notions of spelling. He could not write "irrelevant," or "veterinary," or even "separate" correctly from dictation. With him women in what the Germans call a state of *guter Hoffnung*, or *gesegneten Leibesumständen*, are always "*enceinte*." When a frost comes, though he revels at the prospect of accidents on the ice, his notions of zero are most perplexing. Sometimes he will tell you that "zero rose to freezing-point during the past night, but that as the sun rose zero fell suddenly, and a thaw set in." Sometimes he seems to think the Centigrade thermometer is a malignant monster, a water-god that lurks among the weeds of the Serpentine in defiance of the First Commissioner of Works and the park-keepers, for he has been known to warn his readers on no account to venture on the ice so long as the Centigrade is below zero, but to wait till they see their old friend Fahrenheit below the freezing-point, so that to him these two scales are the Ormuzd and Ahriman of skaters and sliders, the good and evil principles of frost, instead of two different scales expressing exactly the very same thing. With him all accidents are "awful," but he much prefers "catastrophe" to "acci-

dent." So too a fire is invariably a "conflagration," and not only a conflagration but an "alarming" one, as if it were likely to be anything else. If he describes a shop it is an "extensive establishment," though the owner may be merely a cobbler. At a launch he is in great glory, nor is he satisfied till he has described how "the noble triumph of marine architectural construction"—a periphrasis for *ship* which would delight the heart of an Anglo-Saxon "maker"—has "glided like lightning into its native element." A most puzzling assertion, seeing that the native element of no part of a ship is water, either salt or fresh. He makes his way everywhere, and we find him even in the very last Queen's Speech, in which he makes Her Most Gracious Majesty talk of a "friendly reconciliation" between contending powers; as if a reconciliation could ever be anything else than friendly. Sometimes he goes up in a balloon, at least he says he does, though we hardly believe him. Were we there on the spot, endowed like Nero with absolute power, and sure that he were the only one of this wretched class alive, we would, without a moment's remorse, take such steps that the balloon, and he in it, should never come down. To the Moon he might rise, and write a long description of Earth to the "man" in that planet, but

earth should be rid of him and his twaddle. But, alas! he goes up and comes down, and talks of the "veteran Æronaut" and of zero rising and falling up there in his distracting way. But we leave him where we found him, "the last man in possession" of the English language abiding in that stately palace which our forefathers have reared, and rendering it hideous by his utter ignorance of regimen or syntax, of mood or of tense, of person or of gender. Standing there, in the very fore-front of our language and literature, read by millions every morning in the newspapers, his power for harm is incalculable. "To this complexion," after an existence of eighteen centuries, "have we come at last."

We have thus rapidly run over our language and literature from the earliest to the latest times. Celt, Roman, Saxon, Northman, and Norman spun the woof and warp. Since then we have broidered it with many a foreign word, tokens of national triumphs or defeats, and with many a household phrase taken from factions or parties, terms often of reproach which have been adopted by those to whom they were first applied in derision as watchwords of all their class. Besides the great main elements of our tongue we have borrowed at all times and on all hands during these eighteen centuries. It

has been a long race, and we have thrown off most of our wraps and ornaments by the way. We are almost bare of conjugation and inflexion. We have little superfluous flesh left, but our wind and muscle and bone and thews are strong. No tongue can match ours for strength and suppleness of expression. But just in proportion to our scantiness of form is our richness of vocabulary. A word is self-existent. It can stand alone in this sense whether it be substantive or adjective. It has a settlement by the natural law of language in the land which has either begotten or adopted it, that is its birthright of which none can rob it. "I am an English word," "*Civis Romanus sum*," who dare cast me out? But an inflexion or form or mood is quite another thing. It cannot stand alone, like ivy it clings to the trunk, but you may tear it off from its hold and trail it through the mire, often very much to the good of the stem which upheld it. Inflexions therefore may be rubbed off, conjugations may wear out, a word may change its form and spelling, especially if it be an alien word, but it is still not only *a* word, but *the* word it has been from the first, under every change of form and under every kind of alteration or mutilation it has had but one original meaning from which all its later senses may be traced. It may become

obsolete and out of date, but then it is not the less an English word, though we may have forgotten its existence. A man may have cousins and may forget them, as who does not even in Scotland, but they are still his cousins. So it is with words. Where then shall we look for all these English citizens, who claim to vote as English representatives by a sort of universal suffrage? Can any dictionary contain them? As we write the word "dictionary" we have unconsciously abandoned the point, for a Dictionary like a Lexicon originally meant only a selection or collection of choice phrases and words in a tongue, not an aggregate of every word in the language. That was the Greek and Roman idea, and our modern classical dictionaries help themselves out by *Totius Latinitatis*, or *Totius Græcitatis*, *Lexicon*, to show by their title the completeness of their work. It is probable that our Greek and Latin dictionaries which are supposed to contain every known word in those tongues really contain but a portion of those vocabularies, because as many classical authors have perished numbers of words may have perished with them, and instances such as *nero*, the modern Greek for water, which evidently stands in the closest connexion with the water divinities *Nereus* and the *Nereides*, prove that many Greek and Latin words which now exist only in the modern

dialects have only escaped notice as ancient words from the fact that the authors who may have used them no longer exist. But of modern languages such as French, German, and English, the vocabulary is so immense, and the numbers of authors published and unpublished so boundless, that no dictionary can hope to be exhaustive. An approach to completeness is all that can be expected. Like a man who sits down to invite his friends to a feast and finds he has thirty to ask while he has only room for ten, we at once begin to pick and choose, to see in short what kind of words ought not to be in a dictionary before we settle those that ought to be there. First and foremost, proper names and names of places fall away; interesting and instructive though they may be, we treat them as Don Quixote's medical and religious advisers did his romances, "Out of the window with them! They shall find no place here." Each of these classes in fact requires a special dictionary of its own.

Next come jaw-breaking names of scientific implements and technical nomenclature in general, unless such as are so common as to be of constant occurrence in English authors. On this principle let such words as "Acotyledon" and "Dicotyledon," and all that barbarous botanic clan be banished from our dictionary.

Let "sextant" and "quadrant" and perhaps "theodolite" be admitted. But let almost every word of this kind which has only a special and technical meaning, which is merely a scientific label having existence in this or that branch of knowledge, but which cannot show its citizenship by quotation from some work other than one which treats of that particular science, also follow its botanical brethren to the dreary columns of a technological dictionary.

Again, a question arises, Shall the words which excite a feeling of shame be excluded from our dictionary? Here the rule *Naturalia non sunt turpia* holds. A dictionary which is worth its salt does not exist to suppress but to utter words, and words of all kinds so that they be not filthy and obscene. "Muck" is a nasty thing, though it has been well defined as only "matter out of place;" but the man who excluded it from our English dictionary would make a mistake, because though it is dirty it is not obscene, not to speak of the fact that it is just such a word as this which shows that primeval affinity which binds so many tongues together by a golden chain. Sanscrit, *mih;* Lat., *mejere*, or *mingĕre;* Anglo-Saxon, *migan;* Gothic, *maihstus;* modern German, *mist;* Anglo-Saxon, *meox;* English, *muck*, and *mixen*. Our forefathers spoke with a manly mouth, and

uttered many a word which now shakes our weak nerves, but as they spoke so they wrote, and what they wrote remains. To exclude all free words from our dictionary would cut us off from a rich store. Besides, as Grimm well says, a dictionary is not "a moral treatise." It is not the Whole Duty of Man; its duty is towards the language, and it knows no law except that of showing fairness alike to all. What shall we do with our Shakspeare, what with our Bibles, if we are to strike out from them all the outspoken words that shock the taste of our mincing age, which will gloat for hours over the double meanings of a novel like Gerfaut, and be charmed for a whole day with its unblushing profligacy, and yet cannot suffer its delicate ears to be polluted by any one of our fine old English words which still exist, and will always exist so long as the needs which they express are the lot of poor weak human nature. These words must be there then, for our dictionary affords an asylum to all its children; it should be a sanctuary large enough to hold them all. There there are no outcasts or exiles, all have an equal birthright, old and young alike they should be all there, except the aliens and the obscene. Let those alone be profane, and let those whose taste is too refined to bear what they may find in Shakspeare or the Bible forgive the presence

of the offenders, and console themselves with the overwhelming majority of words fit to be presented in their society."

We have now settled the words which a dictionary should contain. All English words, except the classes we have set aside, have a born right to be looked on as free of the tongue. As a child has one first look, one original form of face and feature by which its mother knows it all through life, however much that face and those features may be marred by time and age; so every word has one original meaning, one form by which it may always be known, however long it may have lived, and however much it may have been modified by use. But as the child changes as it grows older, so words change in centuries. As every human being has a history often written on his face, so words have their history as they appear in the literature of the race that speaks them. A dictionary, then, has first to prove the birthright of a word; it has to find out its original meaning, and to produce, in fact, its certificate of birth by quoting if possible the first, or at least a very early passage in which it occurs. After that comes the history of the word, in which, by a string of quotations down to the latest times, the various changes of meaning which the word has undergone may be faithfully presented as in a mirror. Nor is it

enough merely to quote a passage. Chapter and verse should be given, the name of the book and the page, so that a careful reader may verify them if he pleases, and all may know the kind of writer from whom they have been taken. We need not add that the reading of the compiler of a dictionary must be wide and deep. It must begin early and end late. He must have neither religious nor philosophic bias, for in a dictionary there are no religions except that of justice and impartiality, no philosophies except the philosophy of language.

But besides all this, we expect more in our dictionary. There should be occasional definitions, not such as *Table*, "a raised flat surface, at which one stands or sits to take various things from off it," or "a plane resting or raised upon legs, at which a number of occupations are performed;" or *Nose*, "the protruding and elevated portion of the human or animal face, situated immediately over the mouth, the seat and organ of smell." How much better would it be, as Grimm says, in quoting these long-winded definitions, to content one's-self with simply giving the Latin equivalents, *mensa* and *nasus*, which afford at once a sure explanation of what is meant to be understood in a language at once the widest spread, and best known, and most precise that the world has ever seen. What

pedantry and affectation to forsake such a help, and betake one's-self to such particular and preposterous definitions as these we have mentioned! Every word should have an explanation, should be followed in a dictionary by something, whether a Latin word or an English word or two, which helps the reader to understand its meaning; but to do this by a cumbrous logical definition, is merely to explain something of which a little is known by something of which nothing is known, and to throw a cloud of dust into the reader's eyes, which robs him of the small insight which he already had, and leaves him blind instead of short-sighted.

Anything more? Yes, something more. Every word has an *etymology*. We well know the tricks which have been played under this name, and the reader of this new Dictionary will find not a few of them; so long as etymology was merely the field on which word-jugglers and mountebank professors of philology met to play their pranks, it was often "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." As a science its rules are even now scarcely settled, but it is a science; the false professors and tumblers have been chased from the field, and etymology, from having been the bane and byword of philology, has now become its medicine. It has been well likened to the salt or spice in a dictionary, without which many

a word would be tasteless; but yet all food may be over-salted and over-spiced, and there are some things which have a greater zest if they are eaten raw, without either pepper or salt. Let there be moderation in all things, therefore, and among the rest in Etymology.

There was a time, indeed, when the classical languages, those twin tyrants Greek and Latin, lorded it over all the tongues of the earth. They had crushed the vernacular in every land by the weight and beauty of their literature, and by the fulness and symmetry of their grammatical rules. With their yoke on our necks, we scarce thought our own baser tongues worth studying as languages, however much our literature might demand our admiration. We reformed all grammar to their standard, and scarce dared to have a rule of our own. But when Sanscrit was discovered, the two despots were hurled from their thrones, and a new and juster reign began. It was as different from the tyranny of Greek and Latin as the gentle influence of a mother differs from the domination of a step-dame, or the mild sway of a legitimate king from the upstart arrogance of an usurper. "Obey my rule or perish," was the old decree. "Respect me and respect yourselves," was the new philological dispensation. Before the venerable age and boundless fulness of Sanscrit all other tongues

must bow the head, and in the clearness of its forms many dark roots are transfigured, and glow with purest light. We complain of the moon, and ascribe all sorts of evil influences to her. Why? because she is too near us, she interferes with our tides, makes men mad, and rots our meat. It is unlucky to look at her through glass, and woe betide the wight who does not turn his money in his pocket, if he has any to turn, when he catches sight of her as she begins to wax. We abuse our stars, too, and impute malevolence to them; but do we ever dare to take such liberties with the sun? No! and why? because he is too great, because he is too far off, because he is too bright. Not even in these islands, where no one can say that his beams are often oppressive, does any one venture to speak ill of the sun; we all revere him as the great centre of our system. So it is with Sanscrit: it warms and vivifies our vernacular philology, it has made it a living thing, it has made our dry roots shoot up into flower and fruit, out of the ugly bulb has burst forth the lily more bravely arrayed than Solomon in his glory; it has done all this like a god from afar, without passion or pedantry, and without insult or oppression. It lives and it lets live. Each of our European languages, and best of all the two old tyrants who have now learned better behaviour,

looks into its own bosom and there finds the features of the great mother reflected, and the whisper of her voice speaking to its conscience, and bidding it be a freeman and no longer a slave. But no man can be free without self-respect, he cannot respect himself until he knows himself, and he cannot know himself till he looks more at home and less abroad, and so sees at last what manner of man he is. Let our philology, therefore, be rather home-born than foreign; let it rather be near-sighted than far-fetched; let it know itself before it claims to know others.

And now comes the question, to which all that has been already written is but a preface, How has Dr. Latham fulfilled these duties in this Dictionary? Six parts of it lie before us, though if the work had progressed as it began, there ought to have been nine; but still there are six, from *A* to *Combust.* The letters *A* and *B*, and part of *C*, are enough to judge from. Let us say at once that we are much disappointed. In this dictionary we miss many words, old and coarse perhaps, but not obscene, and which are deep-rooted in the language. But this is a small point compared with the poverty of the quotations, which do not give the earliest, and in many cases not even the latest uses of the words. The quotations in fact seem taken almost at haphazard, some on insignificant words are enormously

long, and others ridiculously short. No attempt is made to let the word tell its own story by a series of quotations; there it stands as it stood, it may be, in the days of Elizabeth, or of the Georges, or as it stands nowadays, when it had perhaps already existed hundreds of years, and undergone all sorts of modifications. The definitions, when any are attempted, are rather logical than grammatical, and are generally so stated as either to embody a crotchet, with which few can agree even if they understand it, or they are so transcendental as to be quite beyond the comprehension of even an enlightened reader. The etymology is generally of the scantiest, and sometimes of the wildest kind, and scarcely an attempt is made to show the place in which English stands in the great Indo-European family. We believe Dr. Latham is an unbeliever in the truths of philology. He thinks the wise men came from the West. He is welcome to his unbelief; but a dictionary is not written for unbelievers but for believers, and the new philological faith is too firmly rooted to be simply ignored. Whoever compiling a dictionary does thus ignore it, must do so at the peril of his head, and must look to hear hard things. We expect him, as may be gathered from what we have said above, to be moderate in the use of his etymological spice-box, but

when we find him either not using it at all or using it at random, what can we say but that we love English rather than Latham, and must criticise his shortcomings?

So much for the general, now for some particulars; though our bill of indictment is so long, that even in *A* and *B* we shall not nearly have room for all.

A. *prep.* For its power in such expressions as

They go *a*-begging to a bankrupt's door (*Dryden*),

See On.

It is very doubtful whether this gerundial *a-*, as in a-begging, a-dying (*morituras*) is a preposition at all, and if it be, it has not come from *on*. This will be plain if we consider the very next word in Dr. Latham's Dictionary:—

Aback, *adv.* [*on back*].

1. Back.

They drew *abacke*, as half with shame confound.
Spenser, Pastorals; June.

2. Behind; from behind.

Venerius, perceiving the danger of the general, was about to have assailed the poupe of Italy his gallie, so to have endangered her being set upon both before and *abacke*.—*Knolles, History of the Turks*, 879 A. (Ord. MS.)

Here we cannot help thinking that Dr. Latham is quite wrong in supposing that the *a* in *a-back*, and very many words of the same kind, comes from the Saxon *on*. The meaning of that prepo-

sition is quite as much that of rest as of motion, and no sense but that of motion will suit the passage quoted from Spenser. Besides, what authority is there for the change of *on* into *a* in all these compounds. "How then is it to be explained, and what is the true etymology of such words as *a-back*, *a-gog*, *a-loft*, *a-lone*, *a-loof*, *a-mong*, *a-new*, *a-sunder*, *a-thwart*, and many more? Why, simply that in the scramble for precedence and adoption which took place between the various dialects in England between the Conquest and the invention of printing, the Scandinavian element won the mastery in these forms as in many others. Thus, though we cannot point to any Anglo-Saxon equivalents of *a-back* and its followers on the list, we can in almost every case point to the Old Norse counterparts of these English words, all formed of the preposition *á*, the long and broad *a* still heard north of the Humber, which governs the accusative with the idea of motion, and the dative with that of rest. Thus *á baki*, with the dat., "on the back, borne on the back," where the "*i*" of the case is preserved in the now silent but once sounded "*e*" of *abacke; á bak*, with the acc., "on the back, put on the back," whence also we have an adverb *abak*, the exact equivalent of our *a-back*. That was the word as it stood in the Northumbrian dialect before it had spread itself

over all England, and thence has our modern word been taken.

So also ABOARD, which we have now limited merely to a sea-faring term, but which originally meant quite as often sitting at a table as standing on a ship's deck, *á borði* or *á borð* are the old Norse forms whence our modern adverb has come. Nor can we help turning here to "board," to which Dr. Latham refers us after telling us that "aboard" comes from "on board." This is what he says:—

> **Board.** *s.* A.-S. *bord.*—*Bord* is a German word; but it was taken up in the French, whence it reached England as an Anglo-Norman one. Hence, it is difficult to give the exact details of all its derivatives. As a general rule, it may be laid down that it is a word of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means *piece of wood, table*, and the like; of Anglo-Norman when the notion of *side* prevails. It is certainly Anglo-Norman when, as a verb, it can be rendered by *accost.*

This is a most mysterious passage, from which we infer that there are two boards in English, one derived from the Anglo-Saxon and one from the Anglo-Norman. In point of fact there never was but one *board* in the English tongue derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and meaning originally a flat plank, a board in fact. The word was common both to the Norsemen and Anglo-Saxons, and was used by both in precisely the same sense. The Norsemen carried it with them to Normandy, and it was ingrafted in some of

its senses into Norman-French; but to say that "it is of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means a piece of wood, table, and the like, and of Anglo-Norman when the notion of *side* prevails" is sheer nonsense. Nor is it "certainly Anglo-Norman when as a verb it can be rendered by accost." All this confusion arises from disregard of the rule laid down before that a word has one meaning, and only one, out of which all its after-forms are made. What then is the Anglo-Saxon and Norse *borð* from which our "board," as well as the Anglo-Norman *aborder*, and our obsolete substantive *abord*, sprung? First of all it meant a flat piece of wood or plank, then because planks or boards were used as tables it meant a table, as we use it every day in many expressions, "to be bonny and buxom at bed and at board," "the festive board." Then because planks were used for the decks of ships, the deck of a ship was called board, whence we have the expression "all fair and above *board*," meaning open, unhidden, upon deck where all may see it, not down below in the darkness of the hold; unless this expression too relates to a table, and contrasts the light above the table with the darkness under it. It may be so, but we lean to the metaphor from the deck of a ship. For the same reason because planks were used for the sides of ships, a ship's

side was called board, whence starboard and larboard; next it was used for the whole ship, whence "on board," and "aboard," the first of which is the Saxon, and the last the Norse form. But the list is not nearly out: sailors who in sea-fights try to scale the sides of an enemy's ship are called "boarders"—a word Dr. Latham has omitted, though he uses the verb to "board" in that sense. From this sense we used to call any ardent attempt to force one's company on another to board. "He would have *boarded* me in his fury," says one of the merry wives of Windsor, speaking of Falstaff's impetuous wooing. But those who are fed in any one's house and sit at his table are also called "*boarders*," and such persons are said to "*board*" with the master. Hence too we have *boarding*-school, and *board*-wages, that is, money allowed to servants for their food. Furthermore, because board means side of a ship, by a very natural metaphorical process it is transferred to the side of anything. And now we drop the "*oa*," which only marks the length of the vowel, and go back to the original "*o*" of the word, and form a number of words, as "border," the outer side or edge of anything; thus we speak of the "border" of a cloth or the "border" of a garden, and of "the *Border*" between Scotland and England, meaning the tract where the two sides of each

country touch, and by a reduplication we speak of the *Border*side, and we say to *border*, meaning to be on the march or edge of a country, and those who live there are called *Borderers*. So also a book is said to be in *boards* when its outside case is formed of paper pasted together and called paste*board;* and finally people who sit round a table and do business are called a *board*. All these meanings come from the first rude flat plank of wood, *tabula*, *asser*, which our forefathers hewed out in some forest in the morning of time, and called *board*, perhaps because it would *bear* something when set upon it. It is a very simple word, and tells its own history without confusion if Dr. Latham would only let it. Nor had the Normans, except collaterally in *abord* and *aborder*, both derived metaphorically from ships, anything to do with the development of the word, which was complete in its notion of plank, table, ship, side, and sustenance, before the Conquest both in England and the North.

But to return to our adverbs in "a-": we have no time to examine them all, but here are some :—

Agog. *adv.* [?] In a state of desire or activity; heated with a notion; longing; strongly excited.

Then follow quotations from South, Cowper, Dryden, Roger l'Estrange, Butler's *Hudibras*,

and the *Spectator*, in the order named. Then comes something from the late Mr. Garnett, which shows how sure his philosophical insight was:—

> We believe that the Roxburgh phrase, *on gogs*, adduced by Mr. Brockett, points to the true origin, viz. Icelandic *á gægium*, on the watch or look out; from the neuter passive verb *gægiaz*, to peep or pry.—*Garnett*, p. 30.

This little bit from Mr. Garnett, one of the best philologists England ever had, might have shaken Dr. Latham's belief in his "on backs," "on boards," and other adverbs of the same kind. No doubt Mr. Garnett was right, and to be "agog" is to be beset with that eagerness which makes men and women run and stare and peep and pry instead of minding their business; but why, when Dr. Latham was on the right vein, did he not tell us that "goggle eyes" are wide staring eyes, or eyes that stare with something of a sidelong, furtive look; and that when we call spectacles "goggles," we mean that they are glasses through which shortsighted people stare and peep? All this information is no doubt reserved for "goggle," but a little of it would have come in very well under "agog." Before we pass on we may remark that, in Richardson's Dictionary, which is one that *does* try to make each word tell its own story by quotations, there is a very curious passage from

Wycliffe, in which the *luscus* of the Vulgate is rendered "goggle-eyed" in the verse, "It is better for thee to enter heaven having only one eye," &c. So that "goggle-eyed" is equivalent to "one-eyed," though here again the original meaning is not wholly lost, for the peculiar staring one-sided expression of a face with only a single eye seems to have caught the translator's fancy; and so he rendered *luscus*, whence the French *louche*, by "goggle-eyed." One little correction of Mr. Garnett, and we leave "agog:" *á gægium* does not come from the verb *gægiaz*, or as it would be more properly spelt *gægjask*, but from the plural substantive *gægjur*, staring, peeping, prying, the Roxburgh "gogs," a form which presupposes a lost singular "gog" or "gágr," the full broad vowel of the singular being broken in the plural by the final "u," in obedience to a well-known law. The expression *standa á gægjum*, to stand agog, to stand and stare or pry, is still common in Icelandic. They have also the adjective *gagr*, *gögr*, *gagrt*, "twisted," "turned awry." In *Snorro Sturlusons Edda*, ii. 496, "Gogr" is given as an appellative of "man" in a bad sense, and in early times Peeping Tom of Coventry, who stood and stared and peeped at the Lady Godiva, would have been called "gogr" by an Icelandic Skáld, and his deed of shame, "*at standa á gægjum.*"

He was all "agog" to see the charms of the fair lady, and so he stood and peeped while all others turned away their eyes.

Let us get on.

"**Agate**," according to Dr. Latham, is "*adv.* [*on gait*] on the way, a-going.—*Obsolete.*

Is it his 'motus trepidationis' that makes him stammer? I pray you, Memory, set him *agate* again.

Brewer, Lingua, iii. 6."

If by "on gait" Dr. Latham means that the second part of this adverb is derived from "gait," mien and manner in walking or going, and that the office of Memory, in the quotation, is to set the stammerer on his legs again and set him agoing, we think he is wrong. Our "gait" comes from the Icelandic "gæta," to take care, to give heed, whence come a host of compounds and derivatives, as "gætir" *custos*, "gætinn" *circumspectus*, "gætimaðr" *vir diligens*,—such an one as he of whom the Psalmist says, "I will take heed to my paths;" a man who walks straightly and carefully in the eyes of God and man, whose "gait" is good. It is remarkable that from this very word an adjective is formed with "á," "ágætr," where the "á" is not the preposition, but an adverb, meaning "ever," so that "ágætr maðr" is a man ever careful in his ways, a discreet, and therefore famous man, who walks well, because he knows that all eyes are

fixed on him. But the substantive "gait" and this "ágætr" have nothing to do with our obsolete "agate." The first part of that adverb is the preposition "á," which Dr. Latham will call "on," and the last has nothing to do with the "gait" or going of the stammerer, but relates to the road or path, or to use a Northumbrian word, the "gate" on which he walks. "Agate," in fact, is the old Norse "á götu," from "gata," which means a path or road. Here again the broad vowel of the nominative singular has been broken by the final "u" of the declension. If any one objects that "á götu" is unlike "agate," the answer is easy. The first thing to perish in a dialect so shattered as the Saxon and Scandinavian tongues were in England after the Conquest, is the inflexions. The prepositions are tougher and remain. Thus, while the "á" remained, the Northumbrians soon forgot that the "u" final broke up the "a" of "gata;" gate, the nominative form, was used for all the cases, and *á götu* became first *á gata*, and then the adverb *agate* or *agates* was formed. When our version of the Psalms speaks of "letting the *runagates* continue in scarceness," the Hebrew poet is but inculcating the truth of the proverb, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." The "runagates" are the vagabonds, the "gangrel loons" who roam

over the country, trying path after path; wanderers without a settlement, who have neither time nor means to acquire a fixed abode. No word can better prove the truth of our assertions, first that the "a" is the Norse preposition "a," governing the accusative with the sense of motion and the dative without it; and secondly, that "gate" has nothing to do with "gait," which we have shown to be derived from another word, but is nothing more nor less than the old Northumbrian or Norse "gata," a path.

So also AGROUND, after which Dr. Latham omits the stereotyped [on ground], merely calling it an "adverb, stranded, hindered by the ground from passing farther." Hindered by what ground? not "ground" in the sense we now commonly use it, of firm and solid earth, as "the ground" we tread on; or metaphorically, "Tell us the 'grounds' of your belief?" that is, "Tell us the firm basis on which your faith rests?" In fact, there are two "grounds" in the English language, which Dr. Latham has rolled into one in his explanation of "aground." The "ground" which, according to him, hinders the ships from passing farther, is not the same word as the "ground" we tread, and which is often distinguished from it by the epithet "dry."

"Now, if these boys had been at home,
A-sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one pennie,
They had not all been drown'd."

And so it would have been better if Dr. Latham had told us that there are two "grounds" in the English language, the ground of the land and the ground of the sea. One derived from the Icelandic *grund, planities, terra,* which we will call "dry ground;" the other which shall be "wet ground," derived from *grunn, vada, brevia,* in which sense the word can scarcely be said to be obsolete, as it is of frequent occurrence in English literature, and still lingers in "aground," that is to say, fast on the shallows or grounds at the bottom of the sea, and also in "ground-swell, that is, the sea swell which rolls in over the shallows. We also speak of "coffee-grounds," that is, the sediment at the bottom of the liquid. Both "dry ground" and "wet ground" have their equivalents in Icelandic, "á grundi" would be on dry land; "á grunni" would be on a shoal at the bottom of the sea. When the Northumbrian dialect was shattered, both were rolled into one word in sound, with two meanings as distant as black and white. The Icelandic equivalents of "ground-sea" or "ground-swell," are "grunnföll" and "grunnsæfi," both of which the readers will find in Egilsson's Dictionary.

We hasten on with our adverbs in "a-": ALONE. Here too Dr. Latham drops his [on lone], and merely calls it an adverb meaning "only;" but not content with letting "alone" alone, he goes on to make it an adjective. This is what he says:—

> **Alone.** *adj.* The exact details of the form of this word are obscure; and they belong to minute philology, rather than to lexicography. The *al-*, in the first instance, looks like *all.* In *lone*, however, we have it without the *a*: a syllable which, viewed merely with respect to its form, may represent the initial of *all*, the French *a*, or Anglo-Saxon *on.*
>
> The second element, however, is *one;* the construction of which is peculiar.

He then treats the reader with some logical transcendentalism, which, even if Dr. Latham be right in asserting Dr. Guest to be of his opinion, certainly only shows how much two philologists of very different ability may agree in a mistake. The "one" and "ane" on which these learned men rely in certain passages, seem to us to be much more like forms of "own" than of "one;" and even if they are forms of "one," they would not prove either that "alone" is to be dissected into "all one," or that it is an adjective. So far from this latter proposition having been proved, every one of Dr. Latham's quotations seems to show that "alone" is neither more nor less than an adverb. We believe it to be an adverb, and we believe

it to be made up of "á" and "lone," not of "all" and "one." What then is "lone," which we may remark exists in "lone," "lonesome," and "lonely" and "loneliness," a fact in itself enough to show what the formation of the word really is. It is nothing but the Northumbrian "á laun" or "á lön," both of which would be pronounced very nearly as our "alone." Now to do a thing "á laun" or "á lön," is to do a thing by one's self, apart, privately, secretly; "mœla á laun" is to talk aside; "hylja hræ á laun" is *clam occultare cadaver*, "to bury a corpse by one's self." A base-born child is said to be "laun-getinn," that is "lone-begotten;" "launkrá" is a hiding-place in a corner; "launþíng" is *conventus clandestinus*, what we should now call "a hole-and-corner meeting;" from "laun," the feminine substantive, comes the verb "leyna," to conceal, pronounced "laina" as in "alane," and "leynigata," a lonely path. Hence come too our English "lane," a bypath, and many others. To be "alone," then, is to be by one's self, whether for a good or bad purpose, but as the life of the freeman in early times was open and above-board, as the difference between murder and homicide lay in the one case in the concealment, in the other in the open avowal of the deed, any one who shunned the company of his equals was looked upon with

an evil eye. But as the word waxed older, the spirit of that free and open life died away with the freeman himself and his rights. It became no longer a disgrace, though it might be misery to live alone and work and think alone, and so the old "á laun" with its uncanny feeling passed into our "lone" and "lonely" and "alone." Our "alone," therefore, now merely expresses "solitude," with no notion of evil. It is a misfortune not a fault.

ALONG reminds us of ABROAD, and we take them both together. The first Dr. Latham tells us is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "andlang," which, if it be genuine Saxon, can only contain the ideas of length and opposition; the Saxon and Scandinavian inseparable particle "and-," German "ant-," being the remnant of a primeval separable particle or preposition. Its equivalents are the prepositions "and" in Gothic, the Greek "*ἀντί*," and the Latin "*ante*." We use this inseparable particle every day in "answer," and even in "end," which is the point of an object opposed to anything else; the Germans use it in "antwort," in "antlitz," and many other words beginning with "ant-" and "ent." It is more than likely that it is the original of our conjunct "an," if, and that the true form of the word is "and;" nay, that our everyday "and" itself is this very word. But this "and"

of opposition, doubt, and suggestion, has in our opinion nothing to do with "álong," which is merely our old friend the preposition "á" or "a" governing the adjective "long" from "lángr, löng, lángt," and some substantive which has disappeared; the notion throughout all the passages quoted is one of lengthened progression in the same direction, of going along with the object in short, instead of opposition or of motion towards or against it. If this first meaning of the word be kept steadily in view, there will be no need for word-splitting in the case of "along," and for making it, as Dr. Latham does, a preposition as well as an adverb. To prove his point, he quotes the vulgar expression, "it's all along on you," and "who is this 'long of?" the last from Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*, ii.; and to strengthen his opinion, as he brought up Dr. Guest as his backer in "alone," he brings up Mr. Wedgwood as his armour-bearer in "along," this being only one out of numberless occasions in which he falls back on that writer. We give the extract at length:—

> We must distinguish *along*, through the length of, from *along*, in the sense of causation, when some consequence is said to be *along of* or *long of* a certain agent or efficient principle. In the former sense *long* is originally an adjective agreeing with the object now governed by the preposition *along*. In the latter it is the O.-S. and A.-S. *gelang*, owing to, in consequence of; from *gelingen*, to happen, to succeed. 'Hii sohton on hwon

þat *gelang* wære:' 'they *inquired along* of whom that was,' whose fault it was, from whom it happened that it was.—*Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology.*

We here observe with pleasure that Mr. Wedgwood confirms our assertion that "long" was originally an adjective agreeing with some object, but we differ with him when he calls "along" a preposition, it being invariably an adverb. With the last part of his statement we altogether disagree. The true rendering of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather of the Northumbrian, passage is, "they asked of whom" or "to whom that belonged." That we believe to be the meaning of the sentence, and we think that the Northumbrian "a löng," and not the participial form "gelang," from "gelingen," is the original of "along."

After splitting "along" into two parts of speech, the fact being that where it can be twisted into a prepositional force, it must always have a real preposition, such as "with" or "of" to help it out and govern the substantive which it is supposed to govern, Dr. Latham passes on to ALONGST, which he calls an adverb meaning "along." But in this obsolete word we hail one of the strongest confirmations of our theory as to the origin of all these adverbs. "Alongst" is an adverb, but it means much more than "along," just as a superlative is a much better

and stronger thing than either a comparative or a positive. Precisely as "along" is formed from "a" and "long," so "alongst" is formed from the superlative of "lángr, löng, lángt." This is "löngst" or "lengst," and out of this an adverb "álengst" or "álöngst" has been formed, which means not "along," but "alongest," it being, as is common enough in old Norse, a superlative adverb, meaning not *longe* but *longissime* in Latin. The meaning of "alongst" is therefore not merely "along," but along and much more; as is plain by Dr. Latham's quotation, which he seems not to understand:—

> Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. *Alongst*, in a border, grew maidenhair.—*Greene, Quip for an upstart Courtier*, p. 6.
>
> The Turks did keep straight watch and ward in all their ports *alongst* the sea-coast.—*Knolles, History of the Turks.*

In the first of these the word means "farthest on," "at the very end," "after one had gone along as far as one could." In the second the Turks kept watch and ward all along their coast, from the very end on one side to the very end on the other, as far as ever they could.

Returning to "answer" for a moment, we may add that though Dr. Latham derives it from the "weak" Anglo-Saxon "andsvarian," it is more probably derived from the "strong"

Norse form "andsvara," and that the word is a reduplication like "lukewarm," "loupgarou," and others, as it contains the idea of opposition twice over. "Svara," akin to but not the same as "sverja" to swear, is in itself to "answer," as we see not only from the old Norse "svara," but from the modern Swedish and Danish "svara" and "svare," so that "answer" contains the notion of a reply repeated, first in the particle "an," and then in the verb "svara" itself.

AGEN, AGAIN, and AGAINST. These are separate though kindred forms, and "again" and "against" stand in the same relation the one to the other, as "along" and "alongst." First, of "agen." This adverb, Dr. Latham says, "is used chiefly by the poets in cases where the spelling with '*ai*' might lead to false pronunciation, and spoil the rhyme." He thus treats it as identical with "again," except in poetry. But in truth it is a distinct form, and comes from a separate word, as we shall soon see. "Again" Dr. Latham derives from the Anglo-Saxon "ongeanes" without knowing how much nearer the word lies to the Scandinavian than to the Saxon element in English. The truth is that there are two parallel forms in Icelandic, "gegn," from which "agen" comes; and "gagn," from which "again" comes. The pri-

mary meaning of both is that of opposition and motion towards, and that is the primary motion of "again," which is formed like all these adverbs in "a-" out of "á" and "gagn;" what happens "again" is something which meets you twice, which throws itself in your way. This primary meaning shows itself in "gainsay" and "gainstand," which are earlier forms than "againstand" and "againsay," and have their Icelandic representatives in "gagnstanda" and "gagnsegja." In Wycliffe we have—"We hopeden that he should have 'agenbought' Israel" (Luke xxiv. 21), that is, bought over again, redeemed; and also Romans i. 4, "agenrising" for "resurrection." From "gagn" the Icelanders made a substantive "gagn" meaning victory, "gain," because what opposes or thwarts one is fought and conquered, and so out of strife comes "gain." What opposes is often broken through, and so "gagn" in Icelandic means "through," as well as "opposed to." As for "gegn," it is almost in every respect a parallel form to "gagn." As for "against," which out of a superlative adverb has almost entirely passed into a preposition, we think that it originally came from "á gegn," because there is in Icelandic a superlative of "gegn" which is an adjective as well as an adverb, "gegnst;" thus, "hit gegnsta" the shortest way, the way which

leads to some place most directly opposite to you, or, as they still say in the North, as well as in other parts of England, the "gainest" way. But "agen" and "again," though cognate, are distinct formations, and Dr. Latham has no right to confound and roll them into one. If he had sought for some prose quotations of an earlier date, he would have seen that as "gegn" and "gagn" are kindred collaterals in Icelandic, so are "again" and "agen" in English.

And now for ABROAD, which Dr. Latham merely calls an adverb, giving no etymological hint about it. This word is in no sense a correlative of "along," as "broad" is the opposite of "long." It has nothing to do with breadth, while "along" has everything to do with length, and exists only in that idea. The first meaning of "abroad," whence all the rest naturally follow, is, like "agate" of which we have already spoken, and "away" of which we shall have to speak, one of travel or progression on a path or road. It is derived not at all from "broad," but from the old Norse feminine substantive "braut" or "bröd," a way, a path, or road. This word itself is derived from "brjota," to break or open a path. Thence we have "á brautu" on a path or road,—in *via;* and thence an adverb "ábraut" or "ábröt:" so "Reginn var ábraut horfinn," "Regin had taken himself

off, had gone away;" but as ways lead out of the land, a man who had gone away often left the country, or went, as we now say, "abroad," that is, quitted his native land. All the other meanings of the word spring from this; as "out of doors" in the well-known line of Dr. Watts,

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad;"

that is, Whenever I go out of my house, and walk on any road, in any direction; or,

"Again the lonely fox roams far abroad,"

where Reynard tries many paths in the pursuit of prey.

The old Norse "braut" has many children, as "brautíngi," a vagabond or beggar; and hence the proverb, "Bráð eru brautíngja erindi," "Beggar's business brooks no delay," which answers perhaps to our "Beggars must not be choosers." Here to-day and gone to-morrow, ever tramping on the road, they must take what they can get, and take it at once, or not at all.

After "Abroad" we may as well take AWAY, the last of our adverbs in "a" in alphabetical order, though not the last of which we shall have to speak. In the case of this word, Dr. Latham returns to his "on way." Its first meaning, he says, is "in a state of absence," but he omits either to explain how "away" means in a state

of absence, or to let it explain itself. It is the Northumbrian preposition "á" with "veg," from "vegr" in the accusative; whence an adverb "áveg," pronounced "æway," has been formed precisely in the same manner as all the rest; *á götu* or *á gata*, and *á braut* or *á bröt* are its exact counterparts, and as in their case, all the meanings of "away" spring from the one primary sense of motion on a path or road.

We have not nearly exhausted all these adverbs in "a," but we have only space for two or three more.

Aloft. *adv.* [A.-S., *on loyfte* = in the lift or air.] 1. On high, above, in the air.

This explanation as to the meaning of the word is no doubt right, but in all our reading we have not met the Anglo-Saxon form *on loyfte*, though we have heard of *on lyfte*; but here again it is not to the Anglo-Saxon but to the Scandinavian element of our language that we owe the word. *Lopt* or *loft* is the old Norse form, from which we get both our word "loft" as an upper chamber, which has now sunk into a room over a stable, though of old it had a nobler use (see Acts xx. 8, 9), where the slumbrous Eutychus, wearied with St. Paul's long sermon, sitting in a window, "fell down from the third loft"—or as we should now say from the third storey—"and was taken up dead."

That we take to have been the first meaning of the word, something raised or "lifted" from the ground; thence it came to mean the air, which is the sense of the old Norse "lopt," the old English "lift," and the modern German "luft," being applied not only to what was raised by man above the ground, but to what was spread by God above and around the earth; finally it was used for what was supposed to be above the air, the sky or "heaven itself," which last is only another word for expressing the same thing, the arch "upheaved" above the earth. We need hardly add, after our other examples, that "aloft" is a genuine old Norse form, "á lopt" or "á loft;" "vera á lopt," with the accusative of motion, *sursum tollere*, "to bear aloft;" "vera á lofti," with the dative of rest, *esse in sublimi*, "to be aloft." From "loft" comes "lypta," to lift, and "lypting," the poop, half-deck, or raised and lifted stern of the old Norse ship.

Aloof. *adv.* [A.-S. *on-lyfte* = windward: see Aloft.]

So says Dr. Latham; but in the first place the Anglo-Saxon "on lyfte" does not mean to windward, and in the next "aloof" has no connexion with "aloft" in any of its senses. It has nothing to do with the "lift" or air. It comes from "á hlaupi" or "á ̆löpi," for the "h" is not essential, and ö is only another form of writing "au," the pronunciation being very nearly

"aloof." But "hlaup" or "löp" is the act of running, and "hlaupa" or "löpa" is to run, near akin to our Saxon "leap," but not the same in sense, the idea of motion being less prolonged in our "leap" than in the Norse "hlaup" and "hlaupa." There is another form, "hleypa," with the same sense, and from it comes "hleypíngi," as from "hlaupa" comes "hlaupíngi," both meaning runagates and vagabonds. A man who holds himself "aloof," then, is not one who, according to Dr. Latham, gets to windward of you, or gets "aloft," upstairs, or up into the air or heaven, to get out of your way, but merely one who, in plain English, runs away, and keeps at a respectful distance from you. In this way Spenser can describe his knight as saying, in his fantastic English of no age—

> "Then bade the knight this lady yede aloof,
> And to an hill herself withdraw aside."

That is, "then the knight bade the lady run away, and withdraw aside to a hill." In this sense, too, a sinner may be said to be "aloof" from God or from grace. In the quotation given by Dr. Latham from Bacon the word looks very much as though it were used in its strict primary sense:—

> Going northwards *aloof*, as long as they had any doubt of being pursued, at last when they were out of reach, they turned and crossed the ocean to Spain.—*Bacon.*

However that may be, though in its secondary state its meaning is standing aside at a respectful distance, its first sense was running away from pursuit, and out of this the secondary and metaphorical meanings have been derived.

One more of these "a-'s" and we leave them.

Askance. *adv.* Asquint; sideways; obliquely.

Of this word Dr. Latham gives no derivation of his own, but after the quotations comes a long extract from Mr. Wedgwood, who, after throwing a good deal of etymological rubbish in our eyes, which makes such a dust that we can scarce see where we are, seems to consider its connexion with "scant and scanty" as undoubted, and suggests that the Icelandic "skammr" "short," may have something to do with the "scance" of "ascance," after it has undergone such a change of consonant as is exhibited in the Italian "cambiare" and "cangiare." But though he is right in referring the verb to "scamp," to "skammr," as used of work done in a hurry, and therefore badly done, and as we may add, though it is true that a "scamp" is a good-for-nothing fellow, who slurs over all he has to do, and does nothing well, yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. Wedgwood is wrong in connecting "scance" with "skant" and "skanty," and that to use another derivative from "skammr," made after what has been called that "Bow-wow"

theory of language, which would make everything "onomatopœic," he talks a deal of "skimble skamble" stuff about "askance." This is the more odd, because in the passage about "askew," which Dr. Latham has also embodied in the dictionary, Mr. Wedgwood quotes the very Icelandic word from which "askance" comes, but which he is as wrong in referring to "askew" as he is in referring "skammr" to "ascance." This word is "skakkr," he spells it "skackr," and probably had he known that the double "k" in Icelandic is an assimilation for *nk*, he would have seen at once that "skakkr" is as near akin to "ascance" or "askance," as, to use an Icelandic proverb, "nose is to eyne." This formation of "skankr" is corroborated by the old pret. of the Norse "hanga" to hang, which is "hekk," for "henk," and in other words where the same combination of *k* occurs. Such are "bekkr" and "bakkr," which are the counterparts of the Danish "banke" and "bænk," and of our "bench" and "bank." But the meaning of "skakkr" or "skankr" is not that of shortness and haste as shown in "scant," "scanty," and "scamp" from "skammr," but of motion "sidelong" or "aside;" it is the Latin *obliquus*, and the Icelandic "at lita á skåkkt," or "á skankt" would exactly answer to our "look ascance" both in form and sense.

We should be inclined to refer "askew" with Mr. Wedgwood to the Icelandic "skeifr," which is the German "schief," not "scheef," and the Dane "skiev," were it not for "skewbald," of which we wish to say something under "Bald."

What then is BALD? All Dr. Latham tells us about it is, that it is an adjective, and the first sense he gives of it is "wanting hair," despoiled of hair by time or sickness. His second is, "without natural or usual covering," and then he gives this passage from *As You Like It*, IV. 3—

> "Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
> And high top bald with dry antiquity."

This quotation might have suggested to him the first meaning of the word, which is "glistening," "white," or "bright;" it is the white scalp stripped of its hair, like the withered hoary top of an old oak, which raises its head to heaven stripped of leaves and bark. But besides this suggestive passage, we have "the bald-faced" stag, a common sign; that is, the stag with a white blaze down his face; and we have "skewbald" of a horse, where "skew" denotes the variety of colour; and "bald" the white, which is always one of the colours of a skewbald. Then we have "pie-bald," where "pie," from magpie, denotes the variety of coat, and "bald" is again

white. But why is "bald" white? We think there can be no doubt that the notion of whiteness and brightness in "bald" comes from the glorious whiteness of the god Baldr's face, who was so white that the great oxlip, the *Anthemis cotula* was called "Baldrsbrá," "Balder's brow," because the whiteness of its beaming petals was likened to the shining, glistening face of the sun-god. The word does not seem to mean stripped of hair, in Icelandic. The higher attributes of the god have clung to the word, and it means, "divine," "glorious," "mighty;" but perhaps its sense of whiteness still lingers in the "Baldjokul" in Iceland, which raises its hoary pate not far from Kálmanstunga. For our "bald" the Icelanders used "sköllóttr," of which -óttr is only the adjectival ending. Their word for baldness was "skalli," and the same word was used personally for "bald pate." "Go up, 'skalli,'" the children afterwards eaten by the bears would have said to Elisha, had they spoken Icelandic. From this Norse root we have many words, as "skull" or "scull," the bones of the human head stripped of hair, skin, and flesh; and again we have "scalp," the skin of the head without the hair; and again we have "scald head," for the baldness caused by ringworm; and "scalding water" is water so hot that it will take the hair off, unless it comes from "skella,"

and means water that boils so fiercely that it makes a shrill, ringing sound.

As we have said something about "skewbald," let us go back to "askew," and say why we think that the Icelandic word from which "skew" is formed is not "skeifr." The reason is this, the modern Icelandic word for a skewbald is "skjóttr," and a horse skjóttr is called "skjóni," and a mare of the same piebald colour, "skjóna." Perhaps the difficulty may be solved by supposing skjóttr to be itself a compound of skeif and the termination -óttr, so that the meaning would be the skew-coloured pied sort of horse! But in favour of skjóttr as an independent word, is the fact of the accent over the óttr, as well as the fact that it may be derived from "skjóta," to shoot—pass rapidly with the eye from one colour of a skewbald horse to the other—in which sense we also use the word in English when we talk of a "shot" silk, meaning by the term, a silk in which various colours are so blended that the eye cannot tell what the true hue of the dress really is, so rapidly does it pass from one tint to another.

From "bald" we go on to BALDERDASH, which Dr. Latham says is Welsh, "Balldorddus = imperfect utterance." As its first meaning he gives "lax and mixed language." Its derivation is not Welsh, but the Norse "baldrask," which

makes in the past tenses "baldradisk" and "baldradask," from "baldur," noise, clamour, and the meaning of the verb is "to pour out noisy nonsense. Hence it came not only to talk nonsense, but it was used metaphorically for any vile mixture with which better liquor was adulterated, and so the scandalous Geneva ballad of 1674, quoted by Dr. Latham, can talk of the time

"When Thames was 'balderdashed' with Tweed."

And Mandeville on Hypochondria can speak of wine or brandy being "balderdashed" by simple water. First of all, the word meant to pour out nonsense noisily, and then it came to be used of pouring vile liquors, or even simple water, into generous wine, and so spoiling it.

On very many occasions Dr. Latham, by taking his quotations too low down in time, confuses the meanings of words, or merely gives them their bad senses.

Take BULLY, which Dr. Latham defines to be "a noisy, blustering, quarrelling fellow (generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage)." Here we have only the modern meaning of the word, and no attempt is made to explain its history. And yet one of Dr. Latham's quotations under "apitpat," and another under "bully-rook," might have put him on the right

scent. When mine host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* says, "What says my bully-rook? speak soberly and wisely," he certainly does not use the word in our modern sense. Nor again when the lady says, in Congreve, "Oh! there he comes. Welcome, my bully, my back—(a misprint in the New Dictionary for *buck*)—agad my heart is gone 'apitpat for you;' it is rather used as a pet term for endearment than as one of reproach. These quotations, which are Dr. Latham's own, should have held him straight. Here are two others, not in the New Dictionary, which will set the meaning in its true light. In that very rare work recently sold at Mr. Daniell's sale, entitled *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Poules* (London, 1604), the "fatte" host tells tales at the upper "ende" of the table, and thus answers one of his guests who is supposed to allude to Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, "O! my bullies, there was many such a part plaide upon the stage." Here surely the host uses "bully" in no bad sense. Again, when Col. Robert Monro, in his *Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeye's Regiment* (London, 1637), thus speaks of himself, Part ii. p. 33, we may be sure a "bully" is used as a term of friendly endearment. He is describing what he calls the "intaking," that is, the storming of

Frankfort-on-the-Oder, one of the sturdiest assaults in the Thirty Years' War. "The valorous Hepburne leading on the battaile of pikes of his owne briggad, being advanced within halfe a pike's length to the doore, at the entry he was shot above the knee that he was lame of before; which, dazling his senses with great paine, forced him to retire, who said to me, '*bully Monro*, I am shot,' whereat I was wondrous sorry."

Having thus rescued the word from its later and bad sense, we go on to ask what it originally meant? Nothing worse than a rattling, roaring fellow, it may be, with better heart than brains, but still a good and true man. Monro, one of the bravest of the brave, would have challenged the "valorous" Hepburne, even while his wound was yet green, if he had shared Dr. Latham's belief that the word was "generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage." The word is near akin to "bull," concerning which Dr. Latham tells us next to nothing etymologically. All he says is this, "Bull [German and Dutch, *bulle*, *bul*], male of black cattle;" but *bull* etymologically, as well as physically, is a good deal more; it is the noisy, roaring, bellowing beast, but not a cowardly beast for all that, any more than a "bully," or a "bully-rook" in the days of Eliza-

beth or James was synonymous with "coward." The "rook" of the latter word we take to be the Icelandic "rakkr," "rokk," daring, dashing, so that "bully-rook" would be a dare-devil rattling blade, which is just the sense in which the word is used by mine host of the Garter, and because we men, and still more women, admire daring by a law of our nature, the dashing rattling word became a term of affectionate endearment. But that was in the coarse old days of beef and beer, and pike and headpiece. Since then we have become delicate and mincing; we hate rudeness, roughness, and noise, and our forefathers, before the second half of the seventeenth century had well begun, hated them too. Then "bully" got a third sense, of a noisy boasting braggart, who will oppress the weak, but fears to meet his equals in strength. This third sense is Dr. Latham's first. His first quotation is from Dryden's "Juvenal:"—

> "'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
> A bully cannot sleep without a brawl,"

where the Latin satirist describes the Roman bully who cannot sleep a-nights unless he has thrashed some quiet citizen who cannot raise a hand in self-defence, in terms which exactly suit our Mohawks. After being thus dragged through the mud, the word, as was likely, never

rose again, but sank and sank. So Pope, a century nearly after, could write:—

> "Where London's column rising to the skies,
> Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies,"

where lying is added to a bully's other base qualities. Now we know the word chiefly from the tyranny and "bullying" of big boys over little ones at great schools; but when in the police reports we see some vile fellow described as a "bully" at a house of ill-fame, we may yet discern some lingering traces of the woman's affection which makes Congreve's lady call her lover her "bully."

Other words afford instances of ridiculous word-catching etymologies, which appeal neither to the ear nor to the sense. In most of these, Mr. Wedgwood has led Dr. Latham astray. In fact, like the Troll, who when he was eating rag-broth could not tell which was thick and which was thin, when we regard the etymological part of the new Johnson, we cannot tell which is Dr. Latham and which Mr. Wedgwood, so often does the former hurl the latter at our heads by pages-full. Take BALCONY:—

> [From the Persian *bâla' khaneh*, upper chamber. An open chamber over the gate in the Persian caravanserais is still called by that name, according to Rich. The term was then

applied to the projecting platform from which such a chamber looked down upon the outside. As this *balcony* over the gateway is precisely the position of the *barbican* in a castle-wall, it is probable that the latter name, in Mid. Lat. *barbacana*, is only another corruption of the same word which gives us *balcony*. If we compare the various modes of writing the word from which our belfry is derived, and especially the two, *belfredum*, *bertefredum*, we shall find nothing startling in the conversion of *bâla khaneh* into *barbacana* by persons by whom the elements of the word were not understood. A barbican was a defence before a gate, originally, doubtless, a mere projecting window from whence the entrance could be defended, or the persons approaching submitted to inspection, the word being probably brought from the East by the Crusaders. *Balcony* is a much later introduction, and has accordingly better preserved the true form of the original.—*Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology.*]

Now we have no hesitation in saying that all this etymology from the Persian is laborious trifling, and may be crushed by one little sentence from a greater philologist than either Dr. Latham or Mr. Wedgwood. This is what Jacob Grimm says about "'Balcony,' 'Balkon,' a projection of balks or beams on which one can stand in the open air to enjoy a prospect; from the Italian *Balcone*, which itself was borrowed from our Balk." So that, instead of the Italians borrowing it from the Persians, they, in fact, took it from the Teutonic tribes, in all of which the word seems primeval: Old High German, "balco" or "palco;" Old Saxon, "balco;" Old Norse, "bálkr" and "bjalki;" whence the Swedish and Danish "bjelke." Dr. Latham

gives the Anglo-Saxon equivalent as "bælc." We should be glad to know on what authority. Early English, "balk," modern English, "balk," all meaning a beam, *tignum*. A balcony was simply such a projection of the main beams of the house as would afford room to stand on out in the air; and it is strange that Dr. Latham should not have seen this, because in the very next page to that on which all the stuff is quoted from Mr. Wedgwood, he quotes under BALK a deal more from the same authority, in which this passage occurs: "Hence," from *balk*, a beam, "also probably the Italian *balco* or *palco*, a scaffold, a loft-like erection supported upon beams." With regard to which we can only say that this sort of scaffold strikes one as being very like a balcony, which, on the opposite page, Mr. Wedgwood tells us comes from the Persian. But in this, as in many other cases, like Saturn he eats his children after begetting them, or, like Tom Thumb, he makes giants first before he slays them. Life is too short for such etymological trifling.

To go on with "balk:" from this first sense of "beam" spring all the rest. Beams not only support houses, but they serve to divide them into rooms; so a balk means a division, and not only one indoors, but out of doors also. The strip of sward left between ploughed land

where two holdings would otherwise touch is called a "balk." In the Scandinavian races the sections of the law are called "balks," but what divides you and cuts you off from something which you wish to reach, also checks and disappoints you, and cheats you of your desire. Hence a whole string of meanings of "balk," akin to which is "bilk," which sometimes expresses very nearly the same thing as "balk." So also "balkers," are men set up on a scaffold made of balks, to watch the shoals of herrings in Cornwall.

Of BASTARD, Dr. Latham gives no derivation. The word appears nowhere before the time of our William the Bastard: "*Iste Willelmus quem Franci bastardum vocant.....cui pro obliquo sanguine cognomen est bastardus*" (Adam of Bremen, ii. 52, and iii. 51). And in his own deeds: "*Ego Willelmus cognomine bastardus.*" It was not early French, and its origin must be looked for in the North. Grimm, *sub voce*, calls attention to the fact, that a Scandinavian jarl had a sword called "basthar$\eth$r," that is as hard as "bast;" but "bast" is the inner bark of the linden-tree, and a sword as hard as "bast" could only be a mocking name, though the blade might be a good blade. So "bastard," as applied to a man, might mean a base son, and yet he might be a good man and true. Perhaps

the termination "hard," or "ard," has nothing to do with the meaning, and the idea of degradation lies in "bast," which was used at any rate in German, like "straw," for anything vile and of no value. Here the old French expressions, "*filz de bast*," "*venir de bast*," as applied to "*bastards*," would come in. Perhaps too "bastharðr" was given to William in his boyhood for some fancied weakness, which those about him, some of whom were also against him, had spied out. The expectation was belied by the daring and deeds of his after-life; but the mocking nickname stuck to him. And so from the first "*basthar*ðr," all base-born sons were called "*bastards*." From this sense it soon passed to other spurious and adulterated things. In *Parzival*, 552, 12, quoted in Grimm under *bastart*, that is, already in the thirteenth century, *samit pastart*, "bastard sammite" is spoken of as distinguished from the genuine stuff, and in English we spoke of *bastard* silks, meaning an inferior kind. It was also applied to wine. Besides the "brown bastard," quoted by Dr. Latham from *Henry IV.*, without explaining its relation to "*bastard*," in its first sense, there was a white bastard known in Germany as "*weiszer bastart*," and no doubt it was known in England as well as the brown kind. The Italian *bastardo* is a wild grape. The French *charette bastarde* is

explained to be *quæ inter majorem et minorem media est*, and to this day *écriture bâtarde* is a kind of handwriting between the round and pointed Italian style. In the quotation given by Dr. Latham from Beaumont and Fletcher, *bastard* wine is described as being "heady and monstrous;" every one of which instances shows that a degeneration or deterioration from a better sort is implied in "*bastard.*" If Dr. Latham had turned to Grimm's first volume, and extended and arranged his English quotations, he would have given a more satisfactory account of this curious word.

But if he is scanty under "Bastard," under BOTH Dr. Latham launches out into more than five columns of transcendental philology or philological logic, after reading which the reader feels as though he had swallowed five bowls of syllabub; puffed out, and yet empty. Dr. Latham labours to give the word a Saxon derivation,—from the somewhat doubtful combination *ba twá*, which are Anglo-Saxon parallel forms, the one from "begen," and the other from "tvegen," "twain,"—to do which he shuts his eyes to the difficulty raised by Mr. Garnett, that the cognate form "beide" exists in German. Then, according to Dr. Latham, "both" is a natural dual, not only in sense but in form; it is also, according to him, both a pronoun and an

adverb. Besides these statements, the five columns contain many abstruse and superfluous speculations as to "natural" duals in cognate tongues, which have very little to do with "both;" we mean the speculations, for "both" has a long string of relations in the Gothic and classical tongues. It is a pity Dr. Latham, before he wrote this long story about "both," had not turned to "*beide*," in Grimm's Dictionary, published in 1854, where he would have seen all that Comparative Philology can do for the word; and he would also have seen this sentence: "The inquiry how far dual flexions have come into play here, and have mixed themselves up with plural flexions, would lead us too far away." In our opinion, "both" is originally a numeral, *ambo*. It takes two things or two persons abstractedly, and sets them side by side, and thinks of them as one; and this is enough to show that it is not a true dual or a "natural" dual, for a dual takes two things or persons together, and thinks of them as *two*. A dual, in short, without the notion of two, would be nonsense. "Both" may be used to supply the place of the perished duals "*wit*" and "*git*,"—"we two" and "ye two,"—in sentences where we speak of "both of us" or "both of you;" but for all that it can never be a true dual. But besides being strictly a

numeral, it is also a pronominal numeral, in which cases it answers to the Latin *uterque*. As "*both*" when it can be translated by *ambo*—the *bo* of which is the *bo* in "*both*"—means "two" taken together, so when it is translated by *uterque*, it means two taken separately, or as distinct component parts of a pair. The following passage from Cæsar, *De Bello Civili*, iii. 30, shows excellently these two meanings of "*both*," as well as of *ambo* and *uterque*: "Cæsar atque Pompeius diversa sibi *ambo* consilia capiunt, eodemque die *uterque* eorum ex castris exercitum educunt," "Cæsar and Pompey *both* take to themselves different counsels, and on the same day *both* [= either or each] of them lead their army out of the camp." In the first *both*, Cæsar and Pompey are taken together, and regarded as an unity; in the second, they are resolved again into the two individuals which form the pair.

We have already mentioned the parallel form *beide*, we now give the true derivation of *both*. It is nothing more nor less than the Northumbrian or Scandinavian *báðir*, pronounced *bothir*. In the course of time the *-ir* of the plural has been rubbed off, but "both" has remained. With this simple derivation from a word which is plural in form, and which is only dual in sense by a confusion as to the notion of a dual,

all Dr. Latham's transcendental logic disappears, and instead of having to fall back on the somewhat apocryphal Saxon "bá tvá," for though Dr. Latham reads "ba" without an accent, it has one as well as "tvá," we have our "both" made to our hands. It is no slight confirmation of this view that the old English genitive *bother* or *botheres*, quoted by Grimm under *beide*, exactly answers to the old Norse masculine genitive *báðra*, pronounced *bothra*, which is sometimes found, though less often than the common genitive for all genders, *beggja*.

After BAIT the substantive, and BAIT the verb active in the sense to *bait* a horse, Dr. Latham puts a query to show his ignorance of their derivations. The substantive comes from the Icelandic substantive *beita*, in the sense of a bait for fish, and to bait a horse from the verb *beita*, to turn out to grass, which again comes from *beit*, grazing-ground, or the act of grazing itself. To *bait* a horse then was originally to turn a horse into a meadow, when horses were fed on grass alone, as they still are in Iceland. Now that we feed them on corn, to *bait* a horse means to give him a feed of oats. We may add that *beita*, which is akin to *bita* to bite, is pronounced "baita."

But there is another verb to BAIT, older and more savage. It also comes from a verb *beita*,

the same in form, but with a different sense. Used in poetry first of violent action of any kind, as of exciting to blows or sword-strokes, it came afterwards to mean to throw any one to the beasts, as in the expression, *at beita einhvern hundum til bana*, "to bait or torment any one to death by dogs." Hence came our bear and bull baits. Dr. Latham, in despair about the true derivation of the word, tells us it comes from the French *battre* = "to beat down," but, as we have shown, it has nothing to do either with *battre* or *beat*.

From this same *beita*, to urge on, comes another English verb, which Dr. Latham has classed with BEAT, which he says comes from the Anglo-Saxon *beatan*. We should have thought indeed that all the English "*beats*" came from the savage "*beita*," to strike, drive on, urge on, bait; but be it so; if there be an Anglo-Saxon *beatan*, let it be the father of all our "beats," save the one we are about to rescue. This is "beat" in the sense of "tacking," which Dr. Latham says means "striving against the wind:" so it does, but by tacking; in no other way. In Egillson's Dictionary we find *beita skipi, navem obliquo vento obliquare*, and absolutely without "*skipi*" *beita, obliquo vento navigare*. When the adventurous Earl Rognvald of Orkney set off with his chiefs for the Holy Land, sailing all the

way from Kirkwall to Acre in Palestine, he was caught in a storm off the Durham coast, and being a good "skáld" as well as bold sailor, he burst forth into extempore verse on the occasion:—

"Off the muddy mouth of Wear,
Out the boom to beat we bear."

In the original:—

"Ut berum ás at beita."

Furthermore, when in shooting a dog *beats* a field, he does it by crossing backwards and forwards, and to *beat* a cover is to go up and down through it.

So again because a ship tacks, it is called "*beit*" and "*beiti*," and a sea-king is called "*beitir*," unless indeed the derivation went the other way, and *beita*, to beat or tack, came from *beit*, a ship. But there can be no doubt that to "*beat*," as a nautical term, came from the Scandinavian *beita*, pronounced, be it remembered, "*baita*."

While we are thinking of the sea, let us say a few words about AGAR, which Dr. Latham tells us is the same as "*Eagre*," reserving himself, we suppose, for that word to say more about it. But we prefer to say something about "*Agar*"

now, the more so as, except in the very interesting quotation from Lyly's *Galathea*, the Dictionary gives us no information at all about the word than that it is "rare." The following is the quotation :— .

> "He [Neptune] sendeth a monster called the *agar*, against whose coming the waters roare, the fowle flie away, and the cattle of the field, for terror, shun the banks."—*Lyly, Galathea*, i. 1.

This refers to the "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*" of the Trent and some other English rivers, in which, at certain times of the tide, a "bore" rises to the height of many feet. But why was it called "Agar" or "Eagre," and why, according to Lyly, does Neptune send this monster at whose approach all nature is so scared? Because the monster that Neptune sends is no other than a personification of Neptune himself. "It is "*Ægir*," which you may call "Agar" or "Eagre" if you will, the great god of the sea himself, who thus leaves his own domain, and rushes up the rivers to affright the land. Fire and storm are his brothers, the rolling waves are his daughters, gold is called his flame. Rán is his wife. Hers are all those who are drowned, with them her wide hall is filled. He is in general a terrible god, but he is especially styled *Ægir Engla*, "the terror of the English." When he puts on his *Ægishjalmr*, "his helm of

fear," he is so awful, that the expression passed from him to all sorts of fear, and "to overshadow any one with Ægir's helm," came to be a term for giving any one what we should call "an awful fright." It is not at all certain that our "*Ogre*" does not come from him, for "Ögr" is another form of his *terrible* name. And so this Ægir, the god of the sea, has sunk to be the mere name of a high tide.

From Rán, his wife, who catches the drowned in her net and holds them fast, but treats them well in her hall, we have a whole host of Scandinavian derivatives, all of which relate to wrong and robbery, and robbers were called *ránarar*, and robbery "rán," from the goddess who stole the bodies of shipwrecked sailors. Some have sought her name in our "*ransack*," a word which stands alone in English, and is unintelligible till the connexion between it and its Scandinavian cousins is explained. To "ransack" is to search thoroughly, to leave no stone unturned to find anything out. It comes from the Icelandic "*rannsaka*," to make a legal inquiry, or *perquisition* as the French would say, in a house, and to search it from top to bottom for stolen goods or for offenders. The first part of the word is "*rann*," *ædes, domus*, and the last is the legal word "*saka*," to accuse or proceed against any one at law, to have cause of action against

any one. When in English we say "do this for my *sake*," we only mean do it "*because* of me," or "in my *cause*." From its legal sense it passed to any inquiry, but always with the notion of thoroughness and completeness, and our English "*ransack*" certainly implies turning everything topsy-turvy, very often with the idea of plunder added. With us it almost means to carry off as well as to search.

For ANGER Dr. Latham has no better derivation to propose than the Latin *angor* = distress. He defines it to be "indignation attended with irritation and mental disturbance," and he gives "pain" as its secondary sense. In doing this he has just reversed the history of the word. But first for its derivation. It is a true northern word, wanting, so far as we know, in Anglo-Saxon, and has come into English from Northumbria. In the earliest poetry of the North we find the neuter substantive *ángr*, *dolor*, *ágritudo*. Side by side with it we have the parallel and feminine substantive "*ángist*," answering to the old German *angust* and the modern *angst*. The original meaning of all these words is grief that knows not which way to turn, from the root *angi* in old German, the new German *enge*, and the Gothic *aggvus*, where no doubt the double *g* was sounded *ng* as the double *k* in words already quoted. The Latin

angustus, *anxius*, for *angsius*, *angustia*, and *angor* are from the same root, expressing the sorrow which arises from being in a strait. *Bange*, as Grimm well points out, is from the same root, for *bange* is only *be-angc*, *be-engt*, that is, driven into a corner or strait. So much for the first stage of the meaning of this old word, at which the German and Latin stopped. In the North the meaning was carried further still. It is but a step, as we should say, from grief to wrath, and so we find in Northern poetry the masculine substantive *ángr* for *res molesta*, *res ingrata*, and the verb *ángra*, governing both the dative and accusative. With the first the notion of grief or trouble seems still to prevail, as *harmr strángr fær mèr ángrat*, "strong grief (harm) angers me," *i.e.*, "troubles my mind;" while with the latter the notion of wrath is getting the better of grief. "*Orð þau, er ángra fyrða*," "those words that anger (enrage) the people." *þau þing of öngruðu þengil*," "those things angered the king very much," where Egilsson translates "*regis animum exasperarunt.*" From these words come very many derivatives. In English we have carried the notion of wrath further still, and have nearly suppressed the notion of grief in *anger*. But if any one will compare the word with "wrath," as both occur in our literature, he will soon see that "wrath" is a far hotter

thing than "anger," which always presupposes a feeling of grief and vexation in the mind of the angered person; in wrath, on the other hand, the notion is rather that of a fierce and furious thirst for vengeance. Perhaps we may define them by saying that "anger" is wrath at rest, and "wrath" anger in action! *Anger* is the grief and vexation which sits in a strait with folded hands. *Wrath*, which also is from the North, from *reiði*, is up and doing; a wrathful man is a "ready" man, who avenges with his hands what his heart feels. The word probably comes from *reiða, tollere, ferre, agere, movere*, and Egilsson, under *reiðr* the adjective, while he gives its first meaning as *iracundus*, adds, that it can be as often as not rendered *alacer, magno ardore rem administrans.*

Under BEDRID and BEDRIDDEN Dr. Latham is again in error. "*Bedrid*," he tells us, comes from the Anglo-Saxon *bedrida*. We are ignorant of any such form, though we know many Icelandic forms by which the word might be explained. In that tongue there are a number of compounds which end in *-riði* in the masculine and *-riða* in the feminine, *atriði, ballriði, blakkriði*, &c., in all of which *riði* means "he who rides" or "is carried." So too for the feminines there are, *kveldriða, myrkriða, túnriða*, &c., where *riða* means "she who rides" or "is carried."

Thus *blakkriðí* is "the man who rides on a black horse," while *kveldriða* is "the hag who rides at night." The termination comes from the intransitive *riða*, "to ride, or be carried," *equitare, vehor*. But besides this derivative, *-riði* or *-riða*, *riða* has a past participle *riðinn*, which does not mean *ridden* in our sense, as when we say "a horse is ridden," but "one who has ridden," "who has been and is carried;" *qui vectus est vel fuit*, as Egilsson has it. Now whether *bedriða* or *beðriða* be a Saxon form we know not; but this we know, that as "*beðr*" is very good Icelandic for "bed," so *beðriði* or *beðriða* would be quite legitimately formed on the analogy of the words already quoted, the one meaning a "bedrid" man, the other a "bedrid" woman. That is, a man or woman who rests on a bed and is borne by it.

In the same way we may form, and not only form, but understand, "*bedridden*," from the masculine participle *beðriðinn*, in Icelandic, a word formed on the analogy of "*rammriðinn*," and many others. But, as we have already proved, the meaning of this "*beðriðinn*" does not bear our passive sense of "*ridden*," as when we say a horse is "*ridden*," using the participle of the intransitive verb, all action ceases and rest takes its place. In other words, we regard the rider, him who sits or is borne on the horse,

and not the horse. We say, therefore, in Icelandic, that a man "*riðr*," "rides." We also speak of him as *riðandi*, "riding," and as *riðinn*, "carried or borne on a horse." In modern English we generally use the transitive sense of the verb to ride as regards a horse; but yet we often use the intransitive in an expression sometimes thought vulgar, when we talk of "riding" in a coach; though it is just as good English to use "ride" as an intransitive as a transitive verb. We say "bedridden," and no one smiles, though few can explain it; but if we said *coachridden*, or *horseridden*, every one would laugh. We use the participle of the transitive "to ride" when we say a country is *priest-ridden*, where we regard the country in the light of a horse who has got a rider on his back. *Ridden*, what is ridden? the country; who rides the country? a priest. Here the action is carried on. When, on the other hand, we say "bedridden," we use the participle intransitively. It is not the bed which rides the man, but the man who is borne by the bed. "Bedrid" and "bedridden" are therefore two equally good but distinct forms; the one is a termination meaning rest on some object, whether in motion or not, the other is a past participle of an intransitive verb, from which the termination also comes, meaning also rest on some animate or

inanimate object. This is the true history of these forms. Of "bedridden" Dr. Latham tells us that it is "catachrestic for 'bedrid,' which is not a participle." In his temporary preface he tells us :—

"In a genuine catachresis, there must be not only an original error in language, but an error that is adopted, and held to be no error at all. Nor is this all. It must simulate a true form; in other words it must follow an analogy, though a wrong one."

No doubt there are many such forms based on false analogies in English, but *bedrid* and *bedridden* are not of them. Nor do we think that Dr. Latham is always very happy in his attempts to explain phrases or idioms by what he calls a "catachresis." Take, for example, the following under "*all*." "I think that in some cases, especially in such phrases as 'lose one's all,' this sense may be a Latinism, catachrestic for *naulum* = passage-money, as in *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*." One would have thought that to lose "one's all" was sufficiently plain English to require no explanation at all, least of all such a far-fetched one as that just given.

"Apple-pie," under one of its idioms, is a catachresis, but is that any reason why the word should be altogether left out of the Dictionary, though the obsolete "applemos" is inserted? Under APPLE, too, why are we not told that in

early English an "apple" was used of the fruit of any tree?—

> "Impe on an ellere,
> And if thine appul be swete
> Much wonder meseemeth,"

says Piers Plowman of an elder-tree, referring to the popular belief against that tree, which was supposed to be the kind of tree on which Judas went and hanged himself. We still talk of the fruit of the potato as "apples;" and we speak of "*gall-apples*" and "*oak-apples*," on the oak; we call fir-cones "*fir-apples*," so that even yet the practice has not quite gone out. Other nations, too, call the pupil "the apple of the eye" as well as we; thus, in Iceland, "sjónepli," "the sight-apple," for the pupil, and just as we used "apple" for any fruit, they used oak, *eik*, for any tree.

The word "apple," of which Dr. Latham does not even give the Anglo-Saxon equivalent, *æppel*, plural *æpple*, is one of the most widely spread and interesting words in English. It stands with its cognates in the Celtic, Slavonic, German, and Lithuanian tongues well defined against the *malum* and *pomum* of the Greeks and Romans, and it means any round, full-hanging fruit in general, though it is commonly limited to the fruit of the apple-tree. It holds its own against the classical tongues, in the same way as "ape,"

German "affe," Old Norse, "api," stood up for their own against *simius* and *simia*, French *singe*. "Ape" probably means the "gaping," "wide-mouthed beast, just as *simius*, from the Greek σίμος, means the "snub-nosed beast." Much more comparative philology, and of the most interesting kind, might be spent on these two words, but of one Dr. Latham, who spends so much powder on a flash in the pan on *Both*, gives no derivation at all; of the other, he merely tells us it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *apa*.

Having put forward the claims of APPLE-PIE, we should like to ask what "apple-pie order" is? Does it mean in order or in disorder? We rather incline to the latter, and think it means, or meant originally, in a muddle. We think, too, it is a "catachresis," to use a favourite term of Dr. Latham's, and that it has nothing to do with "*apple*" or "*pie*" in the common sense of the words. We believe it to be a typographical term, and that it was originally "*Chapel pie*." A printing-house was and is to this day called a Chapel—perhaps from the Chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton's earliest works are said to have been printed—and "pie" is type in a mess after having been accidentally broken up, and before it has been re-sorted. "Pie" in this sense came from the confused and perplexing

rules of the "Pie," that is, the order for finding the lessons in Catholic times, which those who have read or care to read the Preface to the "Book of Common Prayer," will find thus expressed and denounced. Here is the passage:—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie, and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." To leave your type in "pie" is to leave it unsorted and in confusion, and "apple-pie order," which we take to be "chapel-pie order," is to leave anything in a thorough mess. Those who like to take the other side and assert that "apple-pie order" means in perfect order, may still find their derivation in "Chapel pie;" for the ordering and sorting of the "pie" or type is enforced in every "chapel" or printing-house by severe fines, and so "chapel-pie order" would be such order of the type as the best friends of the Chapel would wish to see.

Why too when the ALMUG trees that Hiram brought from Ophir for the temple are mentioned, are the unhappy ALGUM trees in the parallel passage in the Book of Chronicles not given? One has as much right to a place in the Dictionary as the other; perhaps "Algum"

rather than "Almug," which we think were decidedly not "almond" trees, *amygdala*, as Dr. Latham suggests, for no almond-tree is of value for timber.

Why too when inserting AIT as a small island in a river, and referring us to *eyot* for further information, does he not tell us that the "t" in this little word is one of the remains of Scandinavian forms in English? The original of the word is "ey" an island—not necessarily a small island, but any island. But *ait* is something more than "island" or an island, it is *the* island, "ey-it." It being a peculiarity of the Scandinavian tongues to make the definite article a suffix, thus—*maðr*, man, *maðrinn*, the man, *ey*, island, *eyit*, the island, *eyit*, *eyt*, and then *ait*, which again is pronounced just as the Icelandic original. We daresay Dr. Latham will deny this Scandinavian origin, and assert that "eyot" is only a little "ey," the *ot* being a diminutive termination, but he will have hard work to make "ait" out of the Anglo-Saxon *ea*, or when he has so derived it to give a more plausible account of the "t" than that just given.

ADVENTURE, another very interesting word, is dismissed most drily by Dr. Latham. He tells us it comes from the French *aventure*, that its first meaning is "accident, chance, hazard," and its second "haphazard," or when it is preceded

by "at all," the combination *at all adventures*. Here, again, we have the first meaning of the word entirely missed. Before "adventure" came to mean "chance," "accident," or "hazard" it meant the setting out on some search of a doubtful and dangerous result, on a daring "quest" of strange and uncertain event; on a deed of daring, whether in religion, love, or war. Such searches, quests, and deeds formed the pastime of Arthur, "the blameless king," and the great champions of his Table Round. An "adventure" in this sense was a plunge from the dull routine of every-day life into the unknown realms of chivalry and romance. Around it hung the charm of novelty and mystery. It might be followed by risk; those who went out on it might be the playthings of blind chance, and it might end in accident or death; but these were only the consequences of an "adventure," not the adventure itself, which belonged altogether to a higher and nobler nature than that which makes danger or accident, or death itself, the first consideration of a man. Sir Galahad's search for the "Holy Graal," the hallowed cup of the sacrament, was an "adventure" in this its first sense. The "Aunters of Arthur," that is, the Adventures of Arthur, published by the Camden Society, are a series of such quests, and Dr. Latham, under the letter

A, might have given *Aunter* for Adventure, as well as *Anchor* for *Anchoret*.

But besides these "adventures" of religion and knight-errantry, there were those of love. Lancelot's dealings with Guinivere were *adventures*, and so were the tender passages between Tristan and Isolde. So far was this spirit of adventure carried by the German poets, that they personified the notion, and called her "Lady Adventure," *Frau Aventiure*, as Grimm has well shown in his little essay, "*Frau Aventiure klöpft an Beneke's Thür.*" We too still talk of "adventures" in love and in war, and though we use *peradventure* as equivalent to "perhaps," and so rather regard the chance and accident, which are the secondary meanings of the word, we have not yet altogether lost our feeling for its original sense. So we talked, too, of "adventurers," as when Sir John Davis says in the passage quoted by Dr. Latham, that Ireland was conquered by "adventurers and other voluntaries who came to seek their fortune." Now, we rather use the word as one who has nothing to lose, and therefore is ready to run all risks; but *adventurous* is still synonymous with courage and daring, and Macaulay talks of "men of steady and 'adventurous' courage," in the highest sense. To treat a word so full of poetry, and with such a history, in this dull prosaic

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way, is not only to rob a dictionary of one of its greatest charms, but also to treat the word itself with the greatest injustice.

Under BLUSTEROUS, Dr. Latham, again led away by Mr. Wedgwood and the bow-wow theory, labours to show that in the combination "bl," we have a number of words formed on the "onomatopœic" or "imitative" principle. We have no desire to ignore the bow-wow theory altogether, but a theory, like a horse or a donkey, may be ridden or driven to death. In other words, we believe that other principles than the "imitative" lie under language. So therefore though one may admit that "blow" and "blast" and "bluster" may be formed on the imitative principle, we should be inclined to deny that "blaze" or "blush" are formed on the same principle as "blow" and "blast." Dr. Latham says that BLAZE is "a rush of flame," as if the first notion in the word was the draught of air which sends up a blaze of flame. But this draught of air or rush of flame appears in none of his quotations. He then brings forward another substantive "blaze," with the sense "mask, blazon," and quotes Cowley's Account of the Plagues of Egypt, in which he says that the sacred ox had "*a square 'blaze' on his forehead.*" This "blaze" on the forehead of Apis ought to have opened Dr. Latham's eyes

as to the true meaning of both his substantives, for as he sometimes rolls two words into one, he has here cut one into two. A "blaze" on the forehead of any animal is a *white* stripe down the face. Blair Athole, the winner of the Derby this year, had such a "blaze," and the "blaze" of a fire is only white flame, as opposed to red flame. We turn to our Icelandic, and there we find that "blesi" is the name for a horse with a "blaze," and "blesa" the name for a mare with such a mark. We also find an adjective "blesóttr," for a blazed horse. These words would be pronounced as if spelled "blazi," "blaza," and "blazottr." The notion of whiteness is therefore fixed, but "blesta" is also "iron at a white heat," where we have the notion of whiteness and fire combined. But what is fire at a red heat, it may be asked, if "blaze" is fire at a white heat? We have the word, though in English we only use it in a secondary sense. It is BLUSH, which Dr. Latham says comes from the Saxon *ablisian;* its meaning, he says, is "to betray shame or confusion by a red colour." But why do we call this red colour a "blush?" Because "blossi" is the poetical Icelandic or Northumbrian for "red flame," and we know that it was also applied to what we should now call a blush. When old Egil Skallagrim's son, the famous

Icelander who stood so stoutly by Athelstane at the battle of Brunanburgh, was of extreme old age, and his feet were icy-cold, he said, as he tried to warm his heels at the fire, "These widows have need to blush." But "hæl," the Icelandic for "heel," is also a poetic word for a "widow," and so, by a play of words, he meant "these heels have need of the fire." From "blossi" we have "blossa," to flame, to burn red; and "blys," pronounced "blus," a torch. It is from this family of words, and not from "ablisian," that we get our "blush," which contains the notion of "red," while "blaze" is the very word for "white flame."

Here we must stop, not certainly because we have no more fault to find, but because we have found enough to prove our point. Johnson's Dictionary was a wonderful work, and so no doubt was Noah's Ark; both answered their end well when they were first made, but neither would suit the wants of our time. In Johnson, the etymology was almost invariably wrong, the quotations insufficient and often ill-chosen, and the explanations absurd. That is to say "wrong," "insufficient," "ill-chosen," and "absurd" for our age. A hundred years ago, when men knew no better, they passed muster, nay, they were beyond the knowledge of the world. But the world goes on, science spreads, we are wiser

than our forefathers, we know more about ourselves and our language. Regions of thought and learning, of which they never dreamt, lie stretched before us; our old guides no longer stand us in good stead. They must be mended, or we shall have to hurl them behind us to the moles and bats. Here too the words of warning ring in our ears, "Let the dead bury their dead." Something might have been made of Johnson's Dictionary, if the etymology had been wholly re-written, the quotations multiplied and arranged in order of time, and the definitions rendered more reasonable. Whether the work so handled would have been Johnson's Dictionary or not, is quite another question. To some minds it would have been like the knife which, after having six new blades and five new handles, is said to be still the same knife. But to others it would still have been Johnson's Dictionary. In the present edition, we have almost every one of Johnson's errors and Todd's absurdities, with others which neither Johnson nor Todd would have committed. The truth lies in a simple sentence. Johnson was before his age, Dr. Latham is behind it. The one knew many things of which no one else was aware, and so his work brought light to their eyes; the other seems not to be aware of many things which every one who has any right to call himself a philologist

must know, and thus his work serves rather to blind than to enlighten. Johnson's etymology we now see to be entirely wrong, but it was the best the age afforded. We now see in it nothing but confusion; but Dr. Latham's is confusion worse confounded. In this notice we have mainly striven to show how, after the long battle between the dialects which followed the Conquest, the Northumbrian or Scandinavian form of speech gained the day in many expressions over the West Saxon; and having established this fact, we have shown the mistakes into which Dr. Latham has fallen, by referring such expressions to pure Saxon forms. In all cases where the Northumbrian forms are nearer to our modern English equivalents than the parallel Saxon forms, we have thought that the Northumbrian and not the Saxon is the source whence they have sprung; but we have also shown that many of these Saxon forms which Dr. Latham brings forward are either imaginary, or so overstrained, as to answer to the modern English neither in sound nor sense. We have already shown that he is not happy when he has to explain a purely Norse word like "anger;" and under BOULDER the reader of the Dictionary will find an absurd attempt to explain a very simple word. "*Boulder*," Dr. Latham derives from the Swedish "*bauta-sten*."

Now, what is this Swedish "Bauta-sten?" It is almost letter for letter with the old Norse "bauta-steinn;" which again is a compound formed from *bauti*, a warrior, derived from the old verb "*bauta*," akin to *beita* and our "*beat*," "slay." "*Bauta-steinn*," and the Swedish "*bauta-sten*," are nothing more nor less than the "standing-stones" so common in Scotland and the North, which were set up to mark the spot where a brave warrior had fallen in fight and lay buried. As if to distinguish them more thoroughly from "boulder," they are almost, without exception, stones cleft as the strata lie, and however much they may be weathered, they still show the ragged edge which marks the handywork of man. They are the earliest tombstones which the North can show. But what is "boulder?" Let Dr. Latham answer. It is a "fragment of rock, which has partially lost its angularity after removal from its original site." Just so; it is a block of stone *rounded* by the water and ice which have borne it from its native bed. This *roundness* is the notion which is contained in the word. Its Northern original may be found in the Icelandic "*böllr*," the Danish "*bold*," and Swedish "*ball*," and our English "*ball*," which Dr. Latham derives from the French "*balle*," but which probably came from Northumbrian "*böll*," or "*baul*," as the word

seems to be wanting in Anglo-Saxon. Be that as it may, "boulder" has certainly nothing to do with "bauta-sten," and as certainly means a round water-worn rock.

ARK, again, Dr. Latham derives from the Latin "*arca*," adding that it was "introduced during the Anglo-Saxon period."* Yes! no doubt during the Anglo-Saxon period, but by the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who brought it with them into the land. It is a very old word. Gothic, *arka;* old High German, *archa;* modern German, *arche;* Anglo-Saxon, *earc;* old Norse, *örk* genitive *arkar*, and *ask* for *ark;* English, *ark*. The Latin *arca* is only cognate, and has nothing to do with the derivation of our English word. Its first meaning is *chest, coffer, bin*, as we have it in the Bible in the "ark" of the Tabernacle, and the "ark" of bulrushes on which Moses was exposed as a child; but because the ship which Noah built was like a huge box or chest, it was called an *ark*. Dr. Latham, as usual, has confused his quotations by placing Noah's ark first, and by adding the meaning of "chest" at the end. The word, he admits, is still used in that sense in the northern counties; and those who agree with us rather than with him will see in our "ark" a pure Northumbrian form, which, both in spelling and

* "Earce innan."—*Cædus Thorpi*, p. 82.

sound, has ousted the West-Saxon "*earc*" or "*yark*."

We are curious to see what Dr. Latham will make of such undoubted Norse words as "threshold," which has as much to do with "threshing" and "holding" as the German "*armbrust*" from "*arcubalista*," has to do with "*arm*" and "*brust*." *Costermonger*, too, is a philological nut, and cannot be ignored, as the word is used by Shakspeare. An English Dictionary is a task not lightly to be attempted, and one may break one's neck at every step. Such a work, therefore, should be treated with forbearance in minor faults, and we are not inclined to make much of such confusing errors of the press as "Van Harmer's *History of the Assassins*," where Von Hammer Purgstall, the great Oriental scholar, is turned into a name which, under a Dutch form, reminds us of a distinguished Old Bailey attorney and thief-catcher, who was also an Alderman of London. But, on the whole, we may say, that if the parts of this Dictionary which have yet to appear are not a great improvement, both in etymology, quotation, and arrangement, on these six which have already seen the light, this new edition of Johnson's Dictionary will be very far behind the wants of the age.

THE GREEK AND ENGLISH QUARREL.

(BY HERODOTUS, JUN.)

(1850.)

Now, the quarrel between the Greeks and English arose, as the Greeks themselves say, pretty much in this wise:—For a long time the Greeks had been subject to the Turk, who made them hewers of wood and drawers of water, besides ill-treating them in many other ways; but the rest of Europe took it ill, seeing the Greeks, a small and weak people, kept down and enslaved by the Great Turk. So the whole Christian world was shaken from one end to the other by the friends of Greece, and at last the French and the Germans, and the English and the Russians, egged on the Greeks to rise against their masters, and sent them men, and ships, and money to help them to throw off the yoke. And after much fighting the Turk was driven out, and the Greeks were free, and all the barbarians clapped

their hands, saying, "Greece is free! come let us set a King over her, and let her be one of the family of nations." So they looked about, and with much ado chose Otho the Witless, or Lack-brain, a Prince of the barbarian German Bavarians, and made him King of Greece, and looked for thanks. But they reckoned without their host, for the Greeks were not so thankful as they should have been, inasmuch as they sent heralds and an ambassage to ask for more money, saying, "You have made us a nation and given us a King, now therefore lend us some money, that we may live like freemen, as befits the offspring of those who fought at Marathon and Thermopylæ." So the French, and the Russians, and the English took counsel, and agreed to lend the Greeks money, if they would promise to pay the interest regularly, and to repay the principal by instalments; but when the herald came to the Germans, those barbarians buttoned up their breeches-pockets after the fashion of their country, and bade him go about his business, calling out in the barbarian tongue, "*Sie kriegen keinen heller*," which is as much as to say, "You shan't get a single brass farthing;" adding, that they had lent the Greeks a king, and would lend them nothing more, and that if they did not like that answer they might lump it, besides other hard words, which the Greeks

have not handed down; and in this it is clear to me that the Germans were wiser than the other barbarians, who showed in this matter the truth of the old saw, "Fools and their money are soon parted," for the end of this story will prove that it is easier to get blood out of a stone than money out of a Greek. In this then the Germans were wise, and the rest of the barbarians silly. So the Greeks began to be a nation and to run in debt, and Otho the Witless reigned over them in great glory till the time came when the debt was to be paid. But when the heralds of the Russians, and the French, and the English asked for the money the Treasurer of King Otho played a most clever, but, as it seems to me, a most scurvy trick. He bade the heralds to his dwelling, and showed them the King's treasure-house, full of nothing; and then, adding insult to injury, he took two plates and an obolus, and jingled the copper between the plates, bidding the heralds catch the sound and pay themselves with it. The heralds, stung to the quick, asked why King Otho had borrowed the money, if he did not mean to repay it. But the Treasurer, answering, asked them why they had made Otho a King, and the Greeks a nation, if they did not mean to support them, and whether so many great nations could find it in their hearts to let Greece, the smallest of their family,

starve, and many other bitter things not worthy of note. So, the heralds having come on a fool's errand, went home like geese. Now, when the French heard that the Greeks would not pay, they put up with their loss, which, after all, was not much, thinking it better not to throw good money after bad in trying to get back their loan from the Greeks, for they foresaw it would be like shearing a pig—"great cry and little wool." Besides, the French pride themselves on being a great nation, and are fond of being magnanimous when they can do it cheap. As for the Russians, who had only helped the Greeks from a wish to pull down the Turk, they had reckoned on losing this money for a time, meaning to take it out, with interest, when the time came for swallowing up Turkey, so they held their tongues and said nothing; but the English, who wanted their money, made a great outcry, and kept on asking and asking, while the Greeks kept on refusing, till at last years rolled on, and men laughed at the thing as a stale joke. Now, a few years since the Queen of England—for these barbarians are sometimes ruled by women—took for her Minister one Palmerston, of whom all declare that he is the greatest meddler in the world. Now, this Minister made up his mind to make the Greeks pay up, and so he launched a great fleet—for these barbarians are the best sailors

known—and sent it to the Piræus under the pretence that it was come to avenge certain injuries done to Englishmen, but, in fact, to satisfy his old grudge against King Otho's treasurer in the matter of the loan.

This, then, is the Greek account of the quarrel, but the English story is quite different; for they say that they did not send their fleet for the sake of the loan, as the Greeks affirm, but really on account of certain wrongs done to one Mr. Pacifico and others, as well as to ask back the two islands—Elaphonesus, or Stag Island, and Sapienza, or the Isle of Wisdom. Now, to me, considering the case of Mr. Pacifico, it seems that the Greeks speak the truth, while the English are entirely wrong, for the wrongs done to this Mr. Pacifico, who was first a Jew, then a Portuguese, and last an Englishman, were committed twenty-five years ago, before Greece existed; so that if he were wronged at all, it is plain that it is the Turk, and not the Greeks, who should make amends: besides, who can believe that this man, being born a Jew, should become first a Portuguese, and then an Englishman? And, again, how can the English with justice lay any claim to Stag Island or the Isle of Wisdom, after holding their tongues about the matter for so many years? But being in England at the time, and much puzzled with the

story, I fell across certain priests of the Foreign Office, who told me many superstitious secrets under the seal of confession, as their saying is, which seal I willingly break for the good of my readers, praying the Divinity who watches over these things to pardon me if I do wrong. Now, these priests say that these demands were made in obedience to an oracle; for they told me that Palmerston, taking to heart the answers of the Greeks to the heralds, sent round to all the most famous shrines to know what he should do, and amongst the rest to the Hermit of Vauxhall. But first, wishing to prove them, he bade the messenger to ask what the man that sent him was thinking of. Now, the other oracles answered, some one thing, and some another; but the Hermit of Vauxhall, taking up the tallow-candle which lit his cave, let fall some drops of grease on the table and said, "He that sent you is thinking of that." So Palmerston hearing that, sent divers gifts to the Hermit, feeling sure that he was divinely inspired, but to the rest he sent nothing at all. So the messenger who bore the gifts asked what Palmerston must do to make the Greeks pay up; and the Hermit, having smoked a pipe and drunk a quart of stout, sat down on his three-legged stool, and delivered the following verses :—

"Lions roar, but cannot talk,
Let your prating lions walk;
When that babbling tongue shall cease,
Then you'll get your tin from Greece."

And after he had raved out these lines he fell back senseless—some say from divine fury—some say from the bottle; but I will say nothing about it, for I cannot tell.

Now, when Palmerston heard this oracle, he saw at once what it meant, for it happened that his herald at Athens was one Lyons (a sea captain and a great talker and blurter out of secrets), and it was plain that he was the prating Lion mentioned by the Hermit; so he made up his mind to call Lyons back, but first he sent to ask the oracle whom he should send to Athens in his stead. But when the messenger came to the Hermit he found him in a strange state, singing, and swearing, and laughing, and dancing, and hiccoughing, being so filled with the spirit of Gin, in whose temple he was a daily worshipper, that he could scarce stand upright. And when the messenger, in fear and trembling, as was right in the presence of so powerful a Divinity, asked whom Palmerston should send in Lyons' room, the Hermit, still dancing and hiccoughing, roared out,

"A wise man, or a man that is wise;
Ask me no questions I'll tell you no lies."

So the messenger returned and told Palmerston, who was in no small strait when he heard these verses, nay! was wroth with the Hermit, and thanked him for nothing, for it needed no oracle to tell him that a herald should be a wise man. But not daring to disobey the oracle, and besides having faith in the Hermit, he cast his eyes about, and at last found out one Wyse, of whom men said that he was a great clerk, and an amiable, thoughtful man. Him, then catching at the name, he made his herald and packed off to Athens. But he soon found that things went worse instead of better; for the Greeks, so far from repaying the loan, would not even pay the interest when it came due. Whereupon, being vexed with the Hermit, he sent another messenger to revile him, calling him filthy names, as the manner of these barbarians is when they are angry; at all which the Hermit only laughed, saying that he had never thought much of Palmerston, who was too heavy a swell, but now it was quite plain that he ought never to have been Minister, seeing, when told to pick out a wise man, he had chosen one that was stupid, and then lost his temper about it. And, besides this, the Hermit said that he would give him one more oracle free gratis for nothing, as the saying is, begging the messenger to ask Palmerston to put it in his pipe and smoke it, and uttering

many other sharp things which the messenger could not carry away with him. Now the oracle which the Hermit gave for nothing was very long and dark, but in plain English it came to this, that if Palmerston wished to make sure of his money he must take as his ally "a peaceful man, who was neither Jew, nor Portuguese, nor English, but all three, and who was living in a country which did not exist when he was born;" and at the end of the verses he said, that the Whigs, of whom Palmerston is now one, would never prosper till they had drunk of the water of the well of wisdom that lies in the island of Sapienza or Wisdom, nor England thrive till she had got Elaphonesus, or Stag Island, as a place of exile for her stags. Now to treat of the last part of this oracle first, it is clear to me that the Hermit was quite right, for sure I am that in all my wanderings I never set my eyes on a more silly tribe than these Whigs, which are a set of busy-bodies having a finger in every man's pie, and bringing sore troubles on England. So that if there be any water of wisdom it would be cheap at any price if it were only to cure the Whigs of their silliness; and for the matter of Stag Island, I must tell you how England at that time was overrun with a great herd of stags, at the head of whom was one monstrous beast with a face of brass. A stag of more than fifty branches—

verily a Hart of Grease—wondrous fat and bold. And for his impudence, and the harm that this monster did in running through men's land, and leading all the others astray after him, men were sore afraid of him, and wished to be rid of him, so that the Hermit was right in saying that England would never thrive till she got Elaphonesus or Stag Island as a place to which she might banish her stags.

But to return to Palmerston and the Hermit: you may fancy that the Minister was not a little cast down at the oracle, so that he was at his wit's end in guessing what it could mean, but the more he thought the less he could make of it. Now, the barbarian French have a saying, that Heaven helps those that help themselves; but it is also plain, that Heaven helps those who cannot help themselves, as it turned out in this case, for just as Palmerston was in despair, he got a letter from Mr. Pacifico, of whom I have spoken before, saying how, though born a Jew, he had changed himself into a Portuguese, and then into an Englishman, to serve his turn; and how he had been wronged five-and-twenty years ago, and how he hoped, as Palmerston had an old grudge against Greece, he would take up his cause and see him righted. So when Palmerston read the letter he jumped for joy and cut three capers, for he could see with half an eye that

this Pacifico, which means peaceful, was the peaceful man of whom the oracle said that he was neither Jew, nor Portuguese, nor English, but all three, and that he was living in a country which did not exist when he was born, for Greece was not a country till many years after. So he sent precious gifts to the Hermit—a hogshead of tobacco, a cask of brandy, a puncheon of rum, and a whole vat of gin; and then he sat down and drew up his demands against King Otho, setting Pacifico first and foremost, and putting in the demands for Sapienza and Elaphonesus, for the sake of killing two birds with the same stone.

This, then, is what the priests told me, and to any one who looks clearly at the matter it will be plain that their account makes the Greek story square with the English, for it is hard to believe that even the Whigs could have been such blockheads as to send a fleet to the Piræus for such silly causes unless money—of which the Whigs are very fond—had been at the bottom of the business. Thus, then, I have set down the causes of this quarrel, and any one who does not believe what I have said is welcome to his own way of thinking; but this is the best account I could hear of the affair, so I shall say no more about it.

THE STORY OF FREE TRADE.

(BY HERODOTUS, JUN.)

1851.

BEFORE I came into England I had heard much of Free Trade and Protection, but, as often happens, the more I heard the less I knew, for those who spoke to me about it knew nothing of the matter themselves, as will always be the case with men who take things on hearsay which they have not seen with their own eyes. But, being in England, and inquiring into that Greek quarrel of which I spoke some time since, I began before long to understand the ways of Englishmen, and especially this question of Free Trade, which hath made more noise than any before or since. I found, then, that this island of England had been, time out of mind, in the hands of landlords, so that to have land was everything, and to be in trade little or nothing, and all honours, and titles, and places went with the land, and nothing with trade, which was

counted altogether mean and base. Now, so long as English trade was poor and trifling, just so long was this rule of the landlords fair enough, for they were, so to speak, the only power in the land under the King; and who should rule a land except it be those who have the power? Besides, these Lords grew corn and to spare for the poor, who were well off, and Englishmen lived happily, for there was food enough and room enough in the land. But about a hundred years since, Trade, which before lay grovelling in the dust, gave a great start, and began to raise her head, and many shrewd men of the artisans laid their heads together and thought out clever devices in the various crafts to help on Trade, which kept on growing and growing. At last one man came who found out Steam, and, as one of my countrymen said of yore, this man seemed, compared with all the rest, as a sober man among drunkards; so mighty a leap did Trade make upon the spur of Steam. As I asked about the beginnings of this mighty power of Steam, I heard a strange story, which seems worth telling. They say, then, that the daughter of one of these great landlords, walking in her father's park, and thinking, it may be, how brave a thing it was to have so fair a heritage, came upon a cottage in which dwelled one of the artisans that worked in a town hard

by, and before the door was a little boy playing with the model of a steam-engine which his father had thought out. The girl, wondering at the plaything, took the child up in her arms and carried it, toy and all—for the way was not long—to her father. "See, father, see, what a pretty child, and what a pretty toy! What shall I do with him and it?" Then the father looking at the steam-engine, and heaving a sigh, bade the girl to take back the child and his plaything without hurting a hair of his head, and to leave them just as she had found them, adding, "the day will come when we and ours shall be cast out, but that child and his steam-engine shall rule the land." Now, if this tale be true, it is clear to me that this old Lord was wiser than his peers, for while Trade was a-growing the most part of them stood by and laughed at her, and though some few of them patted her on the back, saying, "Well done, Trade!" their heads were too full of their old quarrel with their natural enemy, the barbarian French, to think much about her, and as for her ever being their equal, such a thing never once crossed their minds.

But as Trade grew, the men who lived by Trade grew too, and towns sprang up where before were only villages, and at last, with so many mouths to feed, bread began to run short, and England which used to send some of her

corn away to other countries, had need to go and buy corn of them. But the landlords, instead of letting this corn come in free, as they ought to have done, thought it a good time to put money in their pockets; so they put so heavy a tax on it that it was hardly worth while to bring it in—besides which the war that was going on against the French helped to keep it out—and broke up their waste lands, and sowed them with corn, which they sold to the people at a great price. Thus things went on, the people and tradesmen buying their corn at a high price, and selling their goods high too, for the war kept up the price of all things, till at last the French were fairly beaten, and the war came to an end. Now, when the war was over, Englishmen began to take breath, and to look about them, and the landlords could scarce believe their eyes, for they saw that Trade, which they had not long since thought so little of, had grown wonderfully, and was strong enough to be a power in the State, and they were forced to own that there were two powers in England, Trade and themselves. Howbeit they managed to keep up the price of their corn some time longer, until Trade opened her eyes, and began to clamour for cheap bread, which the people will always do when corn is dear.

So the tradesmen and artisans went on calling

out for cheap bread for several years, till at last there was not a statesman in England who had not tried his hand at settling the question between the Landlords and the Tradesmen. But of all who tried I find the greatest to be one Peel, who in some sort belonged to both classes, for his father had been a Tradesman, but who was himself a Landlord, for part of the money which his father had left him he laid out in land, and part he laid by in the bank for a rainy day. And here I must tell you one strange thing which I have found out about Englishmen. You must know that the hearts of Englishmen lieth not in their bosoms like the hearts of other men, but in their pockets tied up with their purses; so that in England to speak of heartstrings and pursestrings is to speak of one and the same thing; and all agree that this Peel was the only man whom the merchants of England would suffer to come nigh their pockets, and this they have often shown, for when the Whigs have tried to get money out of their purses they have kicked them out of doors, but Peel might put his hand into their pockets and take out as much as he pleased. So then this man tried to patch up the quarrel between the landlords and tradesmen; but he might as well have tried to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so long as the laws against the bringing in of foreign corn

were in force. But though he saw that these laws must go, he knew very well that their hour was not yet come, so he bided his time and went with the stream for a while, trying his hand at other things, doing some ill and some things well; and, amongst other matters, he broke down the wall of separation between the Protestants and Papists in Ireland, an act for which so much mud was thrown at him by some of his old friends that he was fain to give up London and take himself off to his great house near Tamworth.

Now, when Peel went down to Drayton—for that was the name of his manor near Tamworth—his place was filled by a lord named Grey, who was a Whig and a friend of the people, and the only gentleman, they say, in England, who laughed when the French king's head was cut off. And with Grey came his boy of all work, Finality Jack, whose hobby-horse was Reform and whose dunghill was "Constitutional liberty." So the two fell to work, Grey sharing out the loaves and fishes which the Kings and Queens of England keep locked up in their Royal cupboard, and Finality Jack riding his hobby "Reform" up and down the land. At this time, too, the house in which the "Faithful Commons" were wont to meet was filled with Tories and rats and all manner of unclean things, and the

'twin Giants Bribery and Corruption had made it their lair. So full, indeed, was the old House of these abominations that the voice of the People could scarce make itself heard. So Grey and John, and the rest of the friends of the People, set about clearing the House, and, by the help of a pack of pure Whigs, they hunted out the Tories and rats, and by clubs and other contrivances slew the Giants Bribery and Corruption and carried out Reform. After they had done that they began to meddle with everything. To show their love for their species they set the slaves free, and robbed the West Indians to do so; but in the end they made the lot of the negroes worse than it was before. And by help of Daniel the Big Beggarman, who then had all Ireland under his thumb, they vexed the Church both in England and Ireland, and pulled down the Municipal Corporations, so that at last there was scarce anything old and sacred in the country that they had not tried their hands at. But all this time Peel sat and bided his time. Before long, however, people began to grow weary of the Whigs, who were spending money right and left, so the old King, who hated the Whigs from his heart, turned them to the rightabout, and sent for Peel one fine morning and bade him try and patch matters up. Then Peel tried what he could do, but the Whigs by the aid of Ireland,

which they had given over bound to the Beggar-man and the priests, were too much for him, so he gave up the task; and the Whigs, who had got rid of Grey and put one Lamb into his place, had it all their own way for a while. A year or two after the old King died and the kingdom came to the Queen. Now, if I were to say the Whigs were sorry for his death I should tell lies, for they were more glad than one can think, and stood on their heads for joy, thinking they would twist their young mistress altogether after their own fashion. And at first everything went as they wished, for the Queen made a pet of Lamb and put a blue ribbon round his neck and had him often to dine, though his enemies gave out that he was no lamb at all, but a wicked old ram gifted with great powers of speech. About the same time, too, there were hard times and bad harvests, and the people called out angrily for food, and said the Whigs had gulled them with "Reform" and "Constitutional liberty," which were fine words indeed, but buttered no parsnips, and they would be glad to know "whose belly the Reform Bill had ever filled." All the time, too, the Whigs kept on spending money like water, and because they could not get rid of it fast enough on their brothers and cousins at home they got up half-a-dozen little wars, and sent ships and soldiers against the Emperor of

China and the King of Cabool, and the end was that at last there was no money in the public till. Then every one began to quarrel with them and to pick holes in their coats, and those who had toadied them before now cut them when they met them in the streets, and called Finality Jack and his friends "a miserable faction," though before they had been "a great party." So they went on floundering a year or two more, during which time Peel and his followers grew stronger and stronger, until they had got more friends among the Commons than the Whigs, who at last had scarce a friend left, insomuch that the Lamb to save his place took refuge under the petticoats of the Bedchamber Women whom he had set about the Queen, and so the Whigs stayed in a little longer. But the evil day came at last, when Peel watching his moment set upon Finality Jack, and gave him such a thrashing that he ran off to the Queen and gave her warning, for said he, "I'm not going to stay here to be bullied by that fellow Peel." Now, perhaps you may have heard, as I have, from some of the Bedchamber Women, that the Queen was grieved to part with the Whigs, and that the tears fell from her royal eyes when the pet Lamb came to take leave. But the truth is, that she did nothing of the kind; and I believe she was as glad as any one of her people to get rid of the Whigs.

So Peel was in power again, and fell a-thinking how he could best govern the country. Before him was a lean and hungry people bawling out for bread; and added to it, the lean and hungry Whigs greedy for place; but behind him were the landlords who had helped him to power, and a worse than empty till, for the Whigs had spent all the money in it and run the country in debt into the bargain; and, to speak the truth, I do not know which was worst, the hungry and greedy foes before him, or the empty till and more empty-headed friends behind him. But he set to work like a man; first of all, he said the people must pay off its debt, and that all who had above a certain sum a year must bear the burden for a short time; and he put it to the merchants, and tradesmen, and monied men of all ranks, if such a plan were not the best, and they all answered "Yes;" so he carried his plan to the faithful Commons, and they agreed to it, and it was called the Income Tax; but the Whigs could sooner have flown than have persuaded the merchants to let such a measure pass. So Peel got over his first trouble, and by this time the harvests were better, and bread was cheaper, and the cry for cheap food had gone down a little, so that he had breathing time to look about him.

As I have told you before, he had long ago made up his mind that the Corn Laws must go

if England were to exist at all, and though his friends the landlords wished still to keep them he thought the time was come to get rid of them by degrees. So he began to accustom the mind of his party to Free Trade by letting mastic and divi divi and dragon's blood come in free, but even then some of his party grudged the poor their untaxed dragon's blood, saying it was a dangerous "precedent," and they began to call him a traitor to his party, though he had given no pledges before he came in. But Peel for all that went on letting first one thing and then another come in free, and I daresay thought it better to be called a traitor to his party than to betray his country; and here again the truth of the saying was shown, that Heaven helps them that help themselves, for while Peel was easing down the public mind to Free Trade another run of bad harvests came in the very nick of time, and Poor Richard, or "Tumbledown Dick," as he was afterwards called when he began to meddle with everything, and to break down in everything, and a set of Manchester men, got up the League, and went about the country lecturing and speaking against the Corn Laws. And, I say, Heaven helped Peel in this; for, as men say, in some mysterious way, but, as I say, by the grace and good pleasure of God, the potato crop failed, cut off as it were in one day, and gave Peel the

handle for which he had been waiting; so he went to the palace and presented his humble duty to the Queen, and said, "Your people are starving and the worst is still behind. We must have all the corn we can get lest the people should die, and I have persuaded the Old Duke, who is over the troops, and Aberdeen, the Athenian, and I have the people behind me, and as for the rest of your Majesty's servants, I care not whether they follow me or no, whether they call me a traitor or no, for the people must have food, and I am the man to feed them." So the Queen, like a good and gracious lady as she is, bade him go on and prosper, and never mind what men said, but feed the people, and remember that he had a firm friend at court. Then Peel went home, and issued a decree in the Queen's name opening the ports at once, and letting foreign corn in free. And you should have seen men's faces when they read that corn was to come in free, and that a bill was to be laid before the faithful Commons by virtue of which corn was to come in free for ever. First of all there were Peel's friends, the landlords, who swore terrible rustic oaths, and said it could never be true, and some of his own fellow servants swore as loud oaths as any, but for all that it was true. Next there were the Whigs, who swore too, not so loudly, but more spitefully,

that Peel had stolen their measures. "Stolen their measures!" Why, a giant might as well steal a dwarf's Sunday suit. And, not to mince the matter, I may say at once, that the only difference between Peel and Finality Jack was, that the one could do what the other couldn't; for Peel could lift with his little finger what Jack could not lift with his whole body, if he strained ever so. Last of all came "Tumbledown Dick," and said that Peel had taken the bread out of his mouth; but people only laughed at that, and told him if Peel had taken the bread out of his mouth he had put it into the mouths of the whole people, and bade Richard stick to his last, for though he might be a great agitator he was not yet a great man, and a great many other home truths, so that Richard was forced to hold his tongue and go abroad, and his friends entered into a subscription for him.

Thus then the people had their bread free, for you must know that the faithful Commons passed the bill, and lucky it was they did, for the famine grew so sore that the struggle now was not to keep corn out, but how to get it in; so that even the landlords turned tail and gave in when wheat rose to five pounds a quarter, and they were merry and happy when every other class were starving, and I daresay they thought corn would never go down. But they still called Peel a

traitor, and the Whigs called him a thief, and at last, being above all party, all parties rose against him, and out-voted him one fine summer day. So he went to the Queen and said that now he had fed the people he did not care to be her servant any longer, and that Finality Jack might have the place if he chose. The Queen was loath to part with him, but he would not stay, so her Majesty begged him to give Jack a few words of advice before he went. And he called John and said, "Now, Jack, I'm going out, and you're coming in. When you went out you left me two little wars. What has become of them? They are both ended with honour, and I have made our enemies pay the costs. That till too was empty when you went out; look at it: it is crammed full, and there are millions besides in the Bank. This comes of the income-tax, which you may keep on a year or two if you like till the country gets over the famine, but no longer. Besides this, I have taken off more taxes in these four years than you put on in ten, and when you think how many taxes you Whigs can put on in ten years, that is no small praise; and though I have taken them off there is a surplus, but though you laid them on there was a deficit. Now, therefore, take warning and behave well, and I will be your friend, and when you are in a strait come to me, and I'll try to help you out: and

above all things, don't lose your temper, but try to be a great instead of a little Minister." And having said that he walked out, and Finality Jack walked in.

So John and the Whigs came in under the wing of Peel, and followed in his steps as well as they could; but they had to make such long strides that more than once their backs were well-nigh broken. First of all came the Irish famine, and then they got into a sad scrape, but Peel helped them out; and just as the famine was mending, came the great crash at home, which upset half the merchants and railway-mongers in England, and close at its heels the great crash abroad, which upset half the thrones in Europe, and people in England thanked their stars that the Whigs were not out of office, for if they had been out ten to one they would have taken up with the Chartists and got up a revolution. But as they were in they stood by the Throne, and all good men and true rallied round them. And then they began to think themselves quite popular, and grew lazy, and did scarce anything for two years, till a sad thing happened, which showed them how weak they were.

Well, we all remember what this sad thing was, and I think just now no one in England is likely to forget it. One Sunday morning, not a year ago, when the London folk were going to church,

they heard men say as they passed one another in the streets, "Peel has fallen from his horse, and is hard at Death's door." So he lay and groaned three days, and on the fourth day he died. Then there was weeping and wailing all over England, and it was as if three winters had come together; so great was men's grief, for every house seemed to have lost a friend. And as ill-luck would have it, the people could not even mourn in peace, for a Royal Duke died the very next day, and the toadies and flatterers, of which the town is full, when they saw any one weeping for Peel, or with a black coat on, cried out, "Ah, poor fellow, see how he mourns for the good Duke," when, in truth, not one in ten thousand mourned for the Duke, who was a good and virtuous man enough, but whose death was, after all, only a court sorrow, not a public loss. And you must know that the Whigs were either so frightened or so glad at Peel's death that they all ran out of town, and there was not one of them the next morning to say a good word for him in the House of Commons. But the day after that they came and did what they should have done the day before, and Finality Jack, in his languid way, spoke as kindly as he could of any one, and many who had never a good word for Peel when he was alive now could not find words to express the loss the country had met with, and so on, and

so on, the old story over again—first stoning the prophets and then building their sepulchres. And after they had done praising Peel, the Whigs huddled up their traps, and shut up the Commons' House, and ran off to make holiday in the country.

But Peel had not been dead long before they felt his loss, for the party of the landlord, or, as they called themselves, "the country party," who had been always snarling at the Whigs and calling Peel a traitor, but whom he had kept down when he was alive, began to show their teeth; and their mouthpiece in the Commons was one Stunning Ben, or Dizzy, so nicknamed from the dizziness which came over every one when he began to speak of his scheme of Protection. This man, it was said, Peel might have had if he would have given him a slice off one of the State loaves, or the tail of an official red herring, but he would not have him at any price, so Dizzy went and joined the landlords, though he was not a landlord born. And of all the men who now are, he is the greatest master of claptrap, so that in the mouths of all who came before him it seemed a trade, while in his it has risen to a science. And when the Corn Laws fell and Free Trade came in, the landlords held their peace and pocketed the money when corn was at a famine price; but when the price fell

and fell they began to cry out that free trade was only an experiment, and that if corn fell any more they should be ruined, and they were silly in their generation, for they wished to be the only class in the country to sell their corn at the old price when everything else could be had for half the price it fetched before. And so it turned out that the worst thing happened to them which could happen to any men—that they sunk into a class wishing to profit by the sufferings of the whole community. And instead of teaching their tenants, who, like all protected interests, have ended in being the most ignorant and stupid race of men, how to turn their land to good account, they sent Dizzy round the country spouting and speaking, and telling them that if they would only make an effort they should have back Protection. So Dizzy for two or three years past set off every autumn to throw dust in the eyes of the farmers, and he took with him the Terrier of Downing Street, who was as deaf as a post, whom Palmerston lent him, for he had bought him dirt cheap from the late Mr. Jenkins, when he gave up fashionable life and retired to Russia, and the household dog of Knowsley that belonged to the old woman who lived in a shoe, and with these at his heels he starred it through the agricultural districts. And I think if the farmers had spent all the time they wasted

in riding to Protectionist meetings and dinners in improving their farms, they would be in a better state to meet their difficulties, but as it is they have lost four years in waiting for protection, though it will never come back.

Thus, then, the Protectionists grew bolder when Peel died; but this was not all, for the Pope, as soon as he heard that Peel was dead, plucked up courage and issued a bull, parcelling out all England, and assuming a Royal dominion over the land. And Finality Jack was brave at first, and with his fingers itching to be at His Holiness, down he sat and dashed off a letter, hurling back defiance; and the people of England, who hate the Pope as they do the Evil One, clapped their hands and said, "Well done, Johnny," and waited to see what he would do. But this brave beginning had a very weak ending, for of all things to handle this Papal aggression is hardest; there is a lie at the bottom of it, for it comes to you pretending to be purely religious and a matter of conscience, though all the while it is really political and aims at a Sovereign supremacy. The way to deal with it is to grasp it boldly like a nettle. If you begin to play with it, you will sting your fingers. Men say that at a distance a dead dog smells like musk, and so it is with the Pope; here in England he seems enveloped in an odour of sanctity,

but visit Rome and you shall find him mere carrion propped up by foreign bayonets.

So things went on till the other day, when the Whigs came back from their holiday to meet the faithful Commons. To look at them they seemed as strong as ever, but they soon showed their weakness. First of all there was Johnny's speech against Papal aggression, which like March came in a lion, and went out a lamb. Then Dizzy got up and told such a pitiful tale of the farmers' distress, showing how they only wanted to grow tobacco and sugar, and perhaps tea and indigo, that the faithful Commons nearly outvoted the Whigs, for Peel was not there to help them. And next, Finality Jack forgot Peel's advice about the income-tax, and the man who was over the till got into such a mess with his figures that the whole country got disgusted. Last of all, Finality Jack was beaten on his own dunghill "Constitutional Reform," and he took this so much to heart that he forgot Peel's advice again and lost his temper, and ran off to the Queen and resigned, for he could not bear that any one should be the people's friend but himself. Then the Queen, who had listened to all the fine words of the Protectionists, sent for Hotspur, their leader, and said—"Go to, now, we have heard all that you have said and that Stunning Ben has said. Behold, the whole

country is given over to you to make a Ministry." So Hotspur went away and communed with this friend and that friend, but they were all like those who were bidden to a certain supper. One had married a wife, another had bought oxen, and the end was that none would join him, for they all saw it was easier to talk of governing than to govern. Then the Queen sent for Johnny and bade him try and make it up with Peel's friends, but they wouldn't join him; and the Queen sent for the Iron Duke to take his advice; and what he said no one can tell, but this I know—that if something be not done soon, the people out of Parliament will begin to think of making a Ministry for themselves, so the rival parties had better make up their differences and form a strong Government. Thus, then, this long story is over, and the moral of it is that Protection is dead and buried, though in dying it has nearly carried the Whigs to the grave along with it, and I think that some of those who used to laugh at Peel for his three courses would be glad if he were alive now, for they have no course at all, but out of his three one, I daresay, would have been right.

HOW WE WERE ALL VACCINATED.

APRIL, 1871.

To the Editor of the NEW GAZETTE.

"THEY must all be done," said my wife, and when my wife says that, there is no gainsaying her, the only question was what the doing of which she spoke so resolutely was to be. Some of you may think she was thinking of cooking, and was about to issue an ukase as to roasting or boiling. If so, you are greatly mistaken. It was a much more serious question; nothing more nor less than that she had set her heart on being vaccinated with her whole house. And here let me remark how silly most men are on the matter of the small-pox. To listen to them one would think it mattered nothing at all whether the human face divine were seared, and scarred, and seamed like a lava stream, or a furrowed field, or pitted like a Wimbledon target. The reason of their indifference I find in the fact that looks are

little to men, but a great deal to ladies. Nay, I have known some men whose personal appearance was much improved by the small-pox, but never, on my honour, one lady. How true it is, alas, of women what the poet says, in prophetic verse, "My face is my fortune," and how lucky it is for the mass of men that they have not to depend on their features for furtherance in life. How heavy they would be in hand, how hard to get rid of. In short, what a drug they would be in the matrimonial market. I could dilate a good deal on this delicate subject of personal appearance, but I hope I have said quite enough to show that the small-pox is especially a ladies' question. A man takes it, and as he tosses in the first fever, says to himself "It will be a mild attack; I shan't die of it." Dying is all the cowardly wretch thinks of, but put a lady, young or old, in the same position; she thinks nothing of dying, but much as to whether she shall look a fright for the rest of her life, and when the doctor speaks to her of speedy recovery her head is full of regaining her looks. She cares little for restoration to health if she is to be made ugly for ever by the fell disease.

You see then that when my wife was so positive she was quite right. If any husband reads these lines, let him always say the same of his wife, and he may be sure that she at least will

not think him wrong. On this occasion, too, my wife spoke with authority, as uttering the sentiment of all right-thinking women. She was resolved, as all true mothers should be, that no woman should lose her looks if she could help it. She and all the women would be vaccinated, and though she cared little for the men or their personal appearance, still, as one unvaccinated man might bring the enemy into the house, she was determined that her husband, her sons and her men-servants should be vaccinated, whether they would or no, and that was why she uttered the sentence with which this letter begins "They must all be done."

Here let me say it would be well for the world of women if all husbands were as I am. When I get up in the morning and look at myself in the glass, I say "Behold a perfect husband." As I am the only beholder, and there is no one to contradict me, of course I have it all my own way, and go down to breakfast strong in the confidence of my perfection. I am always thanking heaven that I am not as other husbands—smokers, Cosmopolitans, members of Pratt's, playgoers, revellers, and such like. Even my amusements I take sadly, in a thoroughly old English way, and I might even go so far as to say that the even tenor of my life is as dull as ditch-water or a London Sunday. Do I repine at this?

Not at all; for my will and my pleasure is to do what my wife wishes. You may fancy, then, that a husband so perfect would not quarrel with his wife for such a trifle as vaccination. My answer, therefore, was, "Certainly, my dear, if you wish it." I own, as I said this, I had some doubt as to getting all the men to consent to vaccination, and I suppose this gave a dash of hesitation to my words, and a kind of half-heartedness of manner which my wife instantly detected. "Of course I wish it, and it shall be done." It is a curious thing that ladies never swear, and yet how very near an oath their words sometimes are. On this occasion, when my wife said "it shall be done," the meaning conveyed to my mind, who knew her so well, was as if I had heard the whole crew of an iron-clad giving vent to their feelings in unmistakeable expletives, when the captain has refused them leave on shore. After this "It shall be done," nothing was left for it but to write to Squills, the family surgeon, and beg him to come and vaccinate us all as soon as he could. Like a faithful attendant that worthy man made an appointment. Before the day came my wife harangued the maids, and I delivered a domestic oration to the men, in which the necessity of vaccination was duly impressed on the minds of the whole male household. What my wife said no man can tell. She

was not very long about it, and then she retired to her boudoir with a face slightly flushed. When I told her of my difficulties with the men she merely muttered "Yes, and think of the obstinacy of Mrs. Jellybag." That was all she uttered. It was clear that she had met with difficulties, but she had overcome them. She had her way. She imposed silence and called it peace. All the women were to be vaccinated. As for the men, our butler is nearly sixty though he only confesses to forty-five, for as I know, and as you know, ladies, who read these lines, men in all classes of life are just as touchy about their age as women, and even more so. Now when the butler came before me and I said "Struggles, you must be vaccinated; it is your mistress's wish," he began at once to make excuse, and said, "Please, sir, I am too old; I'm beyond the age." It put even my perfect temper out to hear him talk of being beyond the age, as if he were a member of parliament excusing himself from being on committee because he was over sixty, or a militiaman claiming exemption from service on the same ground. "Nonsense," I said. "Too old; why, you are only forty-five. A mere boy. Let me hear no more about it. Besides, it is your mistress's wish. I am going to be vaccinated, and so must you." "Well, sir," he replied, "Mrs. Jellybag have been mentioning

the matter to me, which it is her opinion, that we upper servants didn't ought to demean ourselves afore the under servants, and if we are done, which it is unnecessary, we ought to be done up-stairs in the library, and the under servants down-stairs in the "'ousekeeper's room." Here was an insidious attack, and I had no doubt that Struggles, who is a decent sort of man, had been set on by that odious Mrs. Jellybag to throw this apple of discord into our assembly for vaccination. In this state of affairs any hesitation would have been fatal. "No, Struggles," I replied, "that cannot be allowed. Besides, Mr. Squills might object to go down to the housekeeper's room. His feelings must be respected. He is after all just as much a man as you are. I have made up my mind that the men shall be vaccinated in the library under my eyes, and the maids in the dining-room under those of your mistress. If your mistress agrees to that arrangement I shall expect you all to be ready at twelve to-morrow morning."

The worthy Struggles then departed, muttering that he knew of butlers as would have given warning sooner than be waxinated; but nothing came of this incipient threat to quarrel with his bread and butter, and so the fatal morning came without further dispute. At twelve o'clock, Squills drove up in a circular-fronted brougham,

which looks so like a pill-box, and jumped out in that eager apothecary way, rubbing his hands as if about to partake of the banquet prepared by death. "Good morning, good morning; I hope you are all ready. How the disease does spread; five hundred and sixty deaths from it alone in Paris last week, and two hundred and thirty in this metropolis alone. Besides, it has not nearly reached its maximum. Vaccinated three hundred people already this morning. But bless me, where's my lymph?" The worthy Squills uttered all this off the reel like a sea trout going off to sea with fifty yards of your best tackle; but "Where's my lymph?" brought him up and turned him like the butt-end of a rod. Would you believe it, this degenerate son of Æsculapius had left the lymph at home. "How provoking," said my wife, "and all the maids catching cold in their arms with their sleeves turned up," as if men were not much less used to turn their sleeves up than women, who to our weak minds seem always running about and catching their deaths with bare arms. There was no help for it though; Squills had to drive back two miles to fetch the lymph. But here fortune favoured us. He had not driven far before he saw another doctor returning from the Home Office with a store of the desired lymph. On him he pounced, and begged or borrowed, or

perhaps stole, enough to "do our family." We had not to wait so long, therefore; and then the awful operation began. What went on in the dining-room we only knew in morsels. A day or two afterwards one of my best friends met me and said, "A fine show you had in your dining-room the other day, at least ten fine women of all ages all gathered together, very fresh and fat most of them seemed." The fact was that old Squills is getting old and near-sighted, so that he had each of his patients brought close to the window; and, drawing up the blind, performed the operation, much to his own satisfaction, as well as to the delight of all the little boys and girls who were passing by. I am sorry to say I was not equal to the occasion, when my friend chaffed me about it. Had I possessed my wife's presence of mind, he would have met his match. She, when one of her friends asked what in the world we were all about, for she, too, had passed our house at the same time. "What were we about?" answered my wife with the dignity of the mother of the Gracchi and the chaste Lucretia combined, "what were we about? We are setting an example to the neighbourhood, and showing all Belgravia how a British matron and her maids can be vaccinated in public."

To tell the truth, I am afraid the maids underwent the operation better than the men. I went

first, and I hope only made a wry face or two when old Squills pricked me with his lancet. As a watch is jewelled in six holes, to make it go better, so I was vaccinated six times—three on each arm. "Won't it do if it is only done on one arm?" I asked. "It is as well to be thoroughly protected," said Squills, as he began to dig into my left arm. Struggles came next, looking sixty-five at least, and as white as a sheet. "I should think you are almost too old," said the cruel Squills, "but I suppose it is right to be on the safe side." So Struggles was done. Next came our under-butler, a fine tall young man, but who under a noble body concealed a craven heart. His right arm was not done before he fell down in a faint, had to be stretched out on the floor on his back, and was only brought round by the care of Struggles, who poured some brandy down his throat. In a former state of existence that under-butler must have been a hare; and though he cleans plate beautifully I hope he will never be drawn for the militia, and have to combat with the Prussian Uhlans. A footman followed, and a page. The first thought it a serious matter, and the last a joke, and so our vaccination was over, and Squills departed rubbing his hands as he had come.

You will not expect me to describe the agonies of our household for ten days after that fatal

morning. From what I have said you will have seen that my wife is of a most angelic temper—when she has everything her own way; but, alas, when even a woman of angelic temper has been vaccinated she finds so many things against her that she is apt to lose her serenity. For these ten days my house was ruled by a termagant, and as it is always ruled by my wife, you may guess who that termagant was. Suffice it to say that we were scolded up hill and down dale for ten days. Heaven help the household, the head of which is vaccinated, I often said to myself. As for me, let any man come forward and say that he has seen me out of temper in ordinary times, and I will give him a new hat, or a Greenwich dinner, or a seat for the Albert Hall: but, I must confess it, I was then as cross as two sticks. Had I dared I would have picked a quarrel with my wife, but when I reflected that it was no use quarrelling with a person who is more cross than yourself, I gave up the notion, and took it out by scolding Struggles, and reproaching the under-butler for his cowardice. The worst was we were all cross and ailing at once. I was not so bad as the others, but I was bad enough. I could just get my coat on, but as for Struggles both his arms swelled up so, and were so stiff that he went about in his shirt-sleeves for a whole week. Our cook could do nothing, and

Mrs. Jellybag would do nothing. The maids went about the house hanging their heads and holding their arms down stiff at their sides, and one and all execrated my wife, and me, and Mr. Squills, who had brought this pain and grief on them. It was no use telling them that it was all for their good, and that they might have caught the small-pox else. All they knew was that the cow-pox was the plague of the hour, and as for the small-pox he was like death and the day of judgment a long way off, and meantime they could snap their fingers at him; and they would have snapped them, only their arms were so stiff and sore they could not lift a finger, much less snap them. My wife who had issued the ukase that all our little world should be vaccinated, was one of the worst sufferers; but she bore up bravely, and said, "But it is all for the public good and the sake of example. If every one did as we do, there would be no such disease as small-pox;" and I must say I fully believed her, till one day when Struggles was groaning and moaning at not being able to get on his coat, when some friends were coming to dinner, and I was trying to console him by saying "At any rate you are well protected against the small-pox." "I am not so sure of that, sir," was his answer. "What happens once may happen again, and as I had the small-pox wery bad when I was a boy, which

it is still that I can show the marks to any doctor, I don't know as how I mightn't have it again, in spite of this here waccination." This revelation on the part of our worthy butler was so appalling that though I have not dared to tell it to my wife, I thought I would send it you for the *New Gazette*, with the remark that though I am the greatest advocate for re-vaccination, I really do not think it necessary that men past sixty, who have had the small-pox in their youth, should be driven to re-vaccination by mistresses who may possess the angelic temper of my wife.

Believe me to be, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. SNEAK, JUNR.

MAGNUS THE GOOD AND HAROLD HARDRADA.*

1863.

MEMORABLE words were those uttered by King Olaf Haroldson, a few days before his death, as he was crossing the border from Sweden to Norway, and climbing the ridge which looks down upon Veradale, and far out towards the west: "Yes, I am silent," he replied to Bishop Sigurd, who had asked why the flow of lively wit, with which he had cheered his chosen band on their weary way, had suddenly ceased, and why the King had sunk into a fit of brooding reserve. "Yes, I am silent, for strange things have now for a while come over me. As I gazed from the Fells towards the west, I thought how many happy days I have spent in this land. Then methought I saw not as far as Drontheim alone, but over all Norway; and lo! the longer the vision

* 1. "Det Norske Folks Historie." P. A. Munch. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852-55.

2. "Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet." J. J. A. Worsaae. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghhandling, 1863.

lasted, the farther I saw, till I saw over the whole earth, both land and sea. Then it seemed as though I knew clearly all the spots whither I had been before; but just as clearly saw I the spots which I had not before seen; yea, some even I had never heard spoken of, both where men dwell and where no man dwells, so far as the wide world stretches." Then the Bishop alighted from his horse, bowed before the King, and embraced his feet. "It is a saint we here follow," were his words to the wondering band. Not the least remarkable even among that company was Harold Sigurdson, the King's half-brother, a youth scarce fifteen, but tall and manly beyond his years. Three days afterwards, the King met his rebellious chiefs at Sticklestad, a farm in Lower Veradale, and there, after a stubborn fight, he fell, with great part of his host, on the 31st of August, 1030. But though conquered, he fell a conqueror. Much perished at Sticklestad besides the mortal body of Olaf Haroldson. That was the last outbreak in Norway of the old faith and the old order of things, against the new Christianity and the new system, of which Olaf was the great champion in the North. It was a protest against progress, civil culture, social order, and law rightly understood. Many centuries of old tradition, and a whole array of popular beliefs, stood side by side with the

sturdy chiefs, who nominally fought for King Canute and the Danish rule in Norway, but really for their old prejudices, superstitions, and customs, for their isolated and individual independence, for their right of private war, for their own interests, in short, matched against the common good. Even before the fatal day, it is easy to see from all the accounts that the minds of the chiefs were ill at ease; even then the leaven of Olaf's enlightened reign was secretly working in the hearts of his people, who were led, many of them much against their consciences, to fight against their former lord. It seemed, no doubt, to many, a strange and bitter thing to fight for Danish rule against their lawful king, whose faults, whatever they might have been, were virtues compared to the insults and injuries suffered under a foreign yoke. Bitterer still for brother to slay brother, father son, and friend friend. The very fact that the host of the chiefs was overwhelming, while the King's band was small, though it helped his subjects to their hard-won victory, brought with it a reproachful feeling after the battle had ended in Olaf's overthrow, for it lessened the joy of victory to remember that numbers more than prowess had turned the fight, and Olaf's undaunted bravery only stood out in stronger and brighter relief against the dark masses of his foes. When to

all this was added the "uncanny" feeling that, as well before God as towards men, they were on the wrong side, that Olaf was God's champion, that the firmness of his faith refused all heathen aid, that he refused to have any but baptized warriors in his ranks; in a word, that the wrath of Heaven was hot against the chiefs, and showed itself by strange signs and tokens, not the least of which was the total eclipse of the sun, which happened on that very afternoon, and hid the deed of blood with thick darkness just when Olaf fell: when we think of all this, we need not wonder that those headstrong chiefs went back to their homesteads with the weight of murder on their hearts, or that they looked upon the sufferings which befell them shortly after from the Danish rule, as a just retribution for their sin. Then it was that the bishop's saying that King Olaf was a saint spread like wildfire among the people for whom he had done so much, and who had treated him so ill. Within the year, his body, which no one at first dared so much as to shelter beneath a roof, and which had been buried by stealth in a sandhill near Niðarós, as Drontheim was then called, was solemnly exhumed in the presence of, and in spite of the Danish rulers. It was found to be fresh and incorrupt, and laid in a costly shrine; and thus it was, that "Olaf the Fat," as his foes mockingly

called him from the stoutness and fulness of his figure, became Saint Olaf, the patron of Norway and the North; so fulfilling in a wonderful way, a part at least of the vision which the King had seen on the Fells between Sweden and Norway.

But the repentance of the chiefs and people went further. By his death Olaf gave Norway that common feeling which makes a nation. So long as countries are split into small kingships, and each valley has its chief, it is difficult to get them to combine for one common effort, and such countries are the natural prey of bold invaders. So it had been in Norway. Neither the mighty Harold Fairhair, great as had been his power—nor any of his sons and descendants, more or less feeble successors to his sway, had succeeded in rousing Norway to national spirit. Their time was spent in putting down rising after rising, and in bowing down the haughty necks of chief after chief. They were kings often without a people, in hiding, in exile, and often their royal robe proved at last a bloody winding-sheet. At most they were kings of a part of Norway at a time, with other parts of the country in arms against them. But after Olaf's death all felt the want of a native ruler, all hated the Danish rule of Canute's son, Sweyn, who, a mere child, was a puppet in the arms of his mother Alfiva,* the

* Her true Saxon name was Ælfgifu. She was a daughter of

hated Saxon woman, with whom the great Canute —or Old Canute as the Northmen called him— had contracted an adulterous connexion, or at best a left-handed marriage across the sea in subject England, and all turned their eyes to Russia, where, under the fostering care of King Jaroslav, Magnus, Saint Olaf's only son by Alfhilda, the Saxon slave-girl, a child of rare gifts of mind and body, was tenderly cherished and jealously guarded by his father's friends and kinsfolk.

The capital of the Russian rule in those days was Kieff, where the dynasty originally sprung from Rurik, the Scandinavian Viking, held its court. In the reign of Vladimir the Great, Jaroslav's father, those tribes had been converted to Christianity, and in his brother-in-law Jaroslav, for they both married daughters of King Olaf of Sweden, Saint Olaf had ever found a faithful friend and zealous follower of the true faith. The relations of the Russians to the North in general, and to Sweden in particular, were, for

Ælfhelm Ealdorman of Northampton. Florence of Worcester (*Monum. Hist. Brit.*, i. 597) calls her "filia Alfhelmi ducis et nobilis matronæ Wulfrunæ." He calls her also "Hamtunensis" and "Northamtunensis." Snorro (*Heimskr.*, chap. 258) calls her father "Alfrun," a name blended out of his own and his wife's name. She had long been Canute's concubine before he was said to have married her, and even Saint Olaf was said by some to have been her lover, but the great king had lured her away from the then Norwegian Viking.

the most part, friendly, and through Russia, and down the Dnieper to the Black Sea, ran a constant stream of trade between the North and the farthest East. To Russia, then, the eyes of the repentant Norwegian chiefs were turned, and messages passed between the exiles in Russia and their countrymen at home, which ended in the year 1034, in an embassy or deputation, which went through Sweden to Russia, crossed the Baltic, and so up the Gulf of Finland to Aldeigjaborg, a mart on Lake Ladoga, which was, in fact, the port of Holmgard, or Novgorod. At first, Jaroslav was very unwilling to trust the son to the murderers of the father, but at last, moved by the entreaties of the Norwegians in his service, he allowed him to go, after taking solemn oaths from twelve of the chiefs to be faithful to Magnus. So the chiefs went home by the same way in 1035; and on reaching Norway, the feeling in favour of Magnus was so general, that he won his father's kingdom without a blow, and Sweyn and his mother fled to Denmark, never to return.

Now let us leave Magnus in quiet possession of his kingdom, where, a boy of ten years old when he returned, he grew up, showing early great powers both of body and mind. We must not forget that half-brother of Saint Olaf, Harold, the son of Sigurd Sýr, who, when fifteen years old, thought himself, and was thought by others,

man enough to take part in the bloody fight at Sticklestad. True it is that King Olaf, just before the onslaught, was unwilling that his brother should share his perils. "He is a bairn in age," said the saint, "let him stand aside." Harold would not hear of such an indignity. "I will have my sword's-hilt tied to my arm, if I am not strong enough to wield it, for no one has better will than I to trounce these boors." He had his way, fought with great renown, and came out of the fray sorely wounded; but Rognvald, Brusi's son, the Orkney Earl, Saint Olaf's foster-child, brought the lad out of the fight, bound up his wounds, and fled with him in the night to an outlying farm up the dale. The owner showed him every kindness, kept him there by stealth till his wounds were healed, and then gave him his son for a guide across the Swedish wilds. The farmer probably knew the name of his guest, but his household seem neither to have known the worth of the life nor the rank of the man whom they had thus befriended; yet the son, in after days, could tell how, "after the battle in which King Olaf fell, there came twelve men to my father's house, and brought with them a wounded man. The man who led them was the fairest of men, and light was his hair. After that those men went on their way; but a while after that same summer, my father bade me saddle two

horses, and I did as he bade me, and then my father came, and led with him a man tall of growth, in a red cloak, and he had a flapping hat slouched over his brows, so that one could not see his face. My father bade me guide that man till he told me to turn back. So we fared both together, and one day, as we rode through some woodlands, he checked his horse, and turned towards me, and sung this with a laugh,—

'Now cross I wood on wood,
A wight of little worth,
Who kens but I may be
Widely known hereafter.'

"So we fared till we came east of the waste to some land where men dwelt, and which was strange to me, and soon after we found those same men who had brought the wounded man to my father's house. They hailed the man in the red cloak by the name of 'Harold.' Then saw I his face and features. He was a stalwart man, pale of hue, and yet noble, rather scowling and grim of countenance, but courteous withal. He gave me then a belt and a knife, and bade me turn back. Then I fared till I came home to my father's house."

From Sweden Earl Rognvald and his charge passed over to Russia to Jaroslav's Court, where Magnus was. Here Harold spent about two years, entering, no doubt still under Earl Rogn-

vald's guardianship, into that band of warriors, the original of those Varangians* so famous in the annals of Byzantium, and of whom we shall shortly have to speak. Here he gained some skill in war, and made a step or two on that path of fame on which, as we have seen, his heart was set. He had now another reason for exertion. At Jaroslav's Court the youth of seventeen met Elizabeth the king's daughter, and

* There seems to be no doubt that the Varangians at Constantinople were a copy of the Northern Band or Body-guard with which the Russian princes, and particularly Vladimir, had strengthened his power. Vladimir, in fact, found it prudent to disband a portion of them. The following are Nestor's words, as given by Munch: "The Varangians said to Vladimir, This town Kieff belongs to us; we have conquered it, and we will have a ransom from every inhabitant." "Wait a month," answered Vladimir, "till the sable skins come." But the sable skins did not come. Then the Varangians said, "Thou hast cheated us, but we know the way to Greece." "Very well! be off with you," said Vladimir. Meantime he picked out the best and bravest of them, and divided them amongst the different quarters of the town. The rest took their way to the Emperor's city. But Vladimir sent an embassy before them to greet the Emperor, and to tell him, "A band of Varangians are coming to thee; do not expose thyself to the risk of letting them come all together into thy city, for then they will make disturbances as they do here. Divide them, and destroy them, but above all things let none of them come back." It is very true that Nestor and other Russian writers use the word Varangian to mean a man from the western or Scandinavian side of the Baltic, and not of any particular band, but it is as true that these Varangians whom Vladimir devoted to destruction, were a part of his body-guard. The Emperor seems to have taken the hint to divide, without finding it necessary to destroy the auxiliaries, for the number at Constantinople, in early times at least, seems to have been comparatively small, nor do they seem to have originated, though they often assisted, in the disturbances so common in the imperial city.

became a suitor for her hand. Her father did not refuse his suit, but said, he must think twice before he gave away his daughter to a foreigner, "who has no realm of his own to rule, and is besides not over rich in goods." So they were to wait, as so many lovers have waited, till they were a little older, and till Harold, by the favour of Saint Olaf and his own strong arm, had won more fame and wealth.

But to fame and wealth in those days there was one royal road for a warrior from the North in the East of Europe. This was to seek service in the Emperor's body-guard—the famous Varangians at Constantinople. They are first mentioned by the Byzantine historians about the year 1034, but nearly fifty years before that date we know, from Northern sources, that it was customary for Scandinavians to enter into such a body of men. The first we read of is Kolskegg, in the Njál Saga, of whom we are told that when he parted from his brother Gunnar, in the year 985, he stayed for some time in Denmark and Russia, and at last betook himself to Constantinople, where he became captain of the Varangians. In all likelihood they were established by the Emperor, very soon after the events at Kieff, under Vladimir, of which we have already spoken. That would be about the year 990. It had always been

the custom of the Emperors of the East to employ foreign mercenaries; but these were of a peculiar sort. Their duties were extraordinary, and their discipline strict. After they had once taken the Emperor's pay, or gone *á mála*, as the Northern expression was, they belonged entirely to the Emperor and themselves. After a given time they were free to leave the band. Strife and blows were not allowed among them, and if they arose were punished with instant death, —a provision, as has been well remarked, very needful among a company of men recruited from all the nations of the North, and among whom the deadliest enemies in their native land would be thrown by fortune side by side. It was from the strictness and sanctity of their obligations and engagements, that their name arose.* But along with strict discipline and heavy obligations, they had also great privileges, and enjoyed large favour. In Russia, a Varangian, if attacked or assaulted by a Sclavonian, needed not to bring witness to prove his case; his own oath was enough. In Constantinople, they

* *Vár*, Anglo-Saxon *wær*, from which the name arose, had nothing to do with war. It meant oath, or a promise sanctioned by an oath, and from this point of view might be considered only as a translation of the Latin Sacramentum,—the oath taken to their colours by the Roman soldiers. Among the Greek historians the word Væringjar passed into βάραγγοι, pronounced Varangi, whence our Varangian. See Munch, N. H., ii. 55, *note*.

had the same great but necessary immunity, without which it would have been hardly possible for them to fulfil their duties. These were to guard, when at home, the Emperor's person and his treasures. Wherever the Emperor showed himself, either in the city or out of it, in travel or in war, his body-guard, armed with their long-hafted Norwegian axes, followed him. Their daily duty in the city was to keep watch and ward, as well outside the palace as in its innermost recesses, at the door of the Emperor's bedchamber. Their quarters formed part of the palace itself, the south-western wing of which was called Excubita, a word which Northern mouths gradually shortened into *Skift.** In all public festivals and processions, when the Emperor showed himself arrayed in all his glory, the Varangians held a forward place. They stood by him at his coronation in the church of Saint Sophia. They were inseparable from him in pomp as well as in war, and their Cap-

* This change, as Munch observed, is easy to understand, especially when one bears in mind how other words were treated by the Northmen. Thus "Hagia Sophia," now the Mosque of Saint Sophia, became "Ægisif;" the Hippodrome "Padreim;" "Monachus," "Munak." So it was that "Excubitum," which the vulgar in Constantinople itself called *ἐσκούβιτον*, and *σκούβιτον*, pronounced "Skuviton," was contracted into "Skuvt," Skyvt, and lastly Skift. Compare also Stalimene, formed from *εἰς τὰν λιμένα*, and "Stamboul" itself from *εἰς τὰν Πόλιν*.

tain was therefore rightly called by the Greeks *Akoluthos*, or Follower.

But besides these privileges which clung round the Emperor, when alive, one more valuable still was the right of his body-guard when he expired. This was the strange right or custom known to Northern writers as *Polota svarf*, literally, "the Scouring of the Palace." By it they were entitled, when the Emperor died, to roam at will through the imperial treasury, when every man as he passed might clutch and carry off whatever he could seize.

As regarded numbers, this famous band was never very large, and in this respect the Emperor took Vladimir's hint. From 1000 to 2400 men seem to have been its strength at various times. About 500 of these were often employed on service in the field away from Constantinople, as a firm knot or nucleus of strength round which the weaker and looser stuff out of which the Emperor's forces were composed might cluster and rally. The nationality of that heart or knot changed at various times, beating strongly in unison with the fortunes of the Northern races in their own native lands. At first Swedes, as nearest to Russia and the East, were strong in it; then as troubles arose in Norway, Norwegians and Icelanders, like Kolskegg and Haldor, Snorri's son. About this period there

would be fewer Danes, as they had their hands full with their English wars. Then Danes, as Norway became more settled and national, and lastly Englishmen, as the Anglo-Saxons mixed no doubt with many a sturdy warrior from Northumbria, left their native land after the Norman Conquest. And thus it is that England, last on the list in order of time, came to be considered as the main source whence the Varangians at Byzantium sprung, and that the later Greek and Italian writers speak of "Angles who are called Varangians," and make them hail the Emperor at Yule, and wish him a long life in their native tongue, that tongue being English, ἰγκλινιστὶ

Of this splendid corps at the famous city of the great Emperor at Constantinople, or as the Northmen called it Micklegarth, the "town of towns," Harold Sigurdson had often heard during his stay at Jaroslav's Court. There was the field for enterprise, and thither down the Dneiper he passed, followed by a goodly company, in the autumn of the year 1032. In that band were no doubt many of his own countrymen, but the mass of them seem to have been Russians, and they even seem to have been a body of Russian auxiliaries which the Emperor was anxious to take into his pay. We say the Emperor, but the ruling spirit in Constantinople

at that time was not a man but a woman. Romanos Argyros, or Argyropoulos, was indeed Emperor, but he was only Emperor by the will of Zoe his wife,—the lustful and ambitious Zoe, a daughter of his predecessor Constantine IX., who had died in 1028. The marriage was not one of affection on either side. It was altogether a political union. Romanos was old, and Zoe fifty. But, in spite of her years, she was soon weary of her husband, and her heart was set on the young and handsome Michael Katallaktes, whom his kinsman, John the Paphlagonian, one of the chief eunuchs about the Court, had taken care to throw in the way of the Empress. Though he seems to have been a victim to epilepsy, Michael soon found favour in Zoe's eyes, and her great aim now was to get Romanos quietly out of the way, that her guilty passion might pass into a lawful love. Romanos was not happy at home, and his life hung upon a hair; but abroad he was not more lucky. The Saracens pressed hard on his eastern border, and harried every coast in their galleys. Bulgarians and Petchengers wasted his empire on the north. In the south of Italy, where the Greeks still held their own against the Lombard Dukes, a new foe had sprung up in those Norman warriors whose prowess showed them not degenerate from their

Scandinavian forefathers. The Empire of the East stood therefore in need of brave warriors, and Harold's love of adventure, and greed of winning wealth and fame, were soon satisfied. His first campaign, in which he served no doubt as a leader over those Russian auxiliaries, was made by sea against the Saracens almost as soon as he arrived. It was followed by complete success, and Nicephoros Karantenos, the Emperor's general, utterly routed the enemy in more than one bloody fight. Harold returned to Constantinople the same winter, but though he was known to many of his countrymen there, he does not seem to have entered at once into the brotherhood of the Varangians. With characteristic prudence he even concealed his name, and was known during his whole service among the Greeks by a foreign name. He called himself "Nordbrikt," in all probability to conceal his connexion with Jaroslav, whose policy was regarded at Constantinople with great suspicion. In his Saga, written when his fame had filled the whole North, it is said that he had hidden his name, because foreign princes were not tolerated in Constantinople; but a youth of barely seventeen, unknown to fame, and coming from what must have seemed to the Greeks the very ends of the earth, even though of a princely stock, could scarcely have been

excluded on the score of birth. However that might be, he hid his name and lineage, perhaps simply from the feeling of an exile's shame, and served for a while among the Russian auxiliaries, and not with his own countrymen. Now he was sent by land to the Babylonian border, where the town of Perkrin had been seized and held by Alim, a Saracen rebel. The Emperor's forces retook the place, and Alim was slain. Of this campaign, Harold's skald Thiodolf sung in after-days, that he had harried the Saracen's land, and won eighty towns. From this time during the next four years, from 1033 to 1037, Harold was actively employed against the Saracens in Egypt, in Syria, and in the Holy Land, and in the latter year he returned to Constantinople, a warrior skilled in arms, in the full bloom of his youth and strength, twenty-two years old, fair of face and fair of hue, and wondrous tall, for his stature was above seven English feet.*

Meantime the lustful Zoe had fulfilled her plans. Romanos lived too long. A slow poison had been given him, but he still lingered. Her impatience passed all bounds of decency, and on Shrove Tuesday, April 11, 1034, she had him

* Five Norwegian ells, each very little less than an English foot and a half. According to this he would be about seven English feet and five inches, or just seven and a half of the present Norwegian feet. That his stature was extraordinary is plain from the answer made to Tostig before the battle of Stamford Bridge.

suffocated in his bath, and that very day was wedded to Michael, who now mounted the throne by her side. But remorse and his dreadful disease gave the guilty husband no peace, and they led a wretched life. It was when this deed of shame had been done two or three years that Harold came back from the wars, peace having been made with the Caliph in Egypt, and then it was that he entered into the Emperor's body-guard, and became Captain, though as it seems, not Akoluthos of the Varangians. His absence from the capital will account for the fact that his birth and lineage were still known but to a few chosen followers, who probably entered into the brotherhood at the same time. To the great mass he was known only as "Nordbrikt," over whose birth and destiny a dark veil hung, which many tried to lift without success. But all thought that fair face and kingly mien, those stalwart limbs, and that gigantic frame, were fated one day to do great things.

It was the custom of the Varangians, and part of their discipline, to hold musters and reviews, where all were bound to answer the roll-call, to show that their arms, the long-hafted axe, the heavy sword, and oblong shield running down into a point, were kept sharp, bright, and fit for instant use. After the muster followed games

and sports. Football and wrestling, the darling pastimes of the North, were not forgotten, and lest, as too often happened in their native land, the rude sport should turn to anger and strife, it was the law that whosoever dared to do his brother-in-arms wilful hurt should be punished with death on the spot.* It was on one of these occasions when the games were at their height, and some played while others sat round in a triple ring, and amongst them Harold "Nordbrikt," that the Empress and her ladies came that way, and stopped to gaze on their manly forms. After admiring for a while their strength and skill, the Empress cast her eyes on Harold, and going straight up to him, said, "Listen, Northman! give me a lock of thy hair." Harold's answer it is impossible to give, but it asked for something in return, which even Zoe, who had granted so many favours, could not have given. But the reply though coarse and rude was witty and quick, and all laughed that heard it, though they wondered at the boldness

* For their strict discipline see the pretty story in Cedrenus, where a Varangian who had tried to violate a woman had been stabbed to death by his victim, who clutched his sword in her need, and drove it through his body. So far from being angered at this bold deed, or from seeking to avenge it, the Varangians, collected in a body, crowned her with garlands, and made over to her all the goods of the guilty man, whose body was left unburied, as one whose misdeeds had put him out of the pale of their fellowship.

of the youth who thus dared to turn the tables on the Empress, and did not spare her with his biting words. Zoe herself, whose taste could not have been over nice, seems to have been little shocked, and went on her way smiling at Harold's words, and feeding her eyes on his manly form.

But it was not in witty jests and in idle games that Harold's life was to be spent; war soon called him once more to the field, and this time it was against a worthier foe. In the year 1038, he went with the Varangians under the command of George Maniakes to Lower Italy, and Sicily. Now for the first time we see him step forward as leader of the Northern Brotherhood. He was not Akoluthos, for that high officer never left the capital, and was commonly a Greek; but he had a more honourable post as leader or captain in the field of that body which left Constantinople for foreign service. George, though he does not seem to have been in good odour with his auxiliaries, was a gallant and lucky captain. Under him they won many towns, now from the Lombards, now from the Normans, now from the Saracens in Sicily. The theatre of war shifts like the colours of a kaleidoscope. In Sicily alone they won thirteen cities, and at Messina, where they were besieged by the Saracen Emir Abulafar, by a spirited sally

they routed him in his very camp, and took such booty, that the victors shared amongst them silver and gold and gems by the bushel. George Maniakes indeed fell into disgrace, and was sent in chains to Constantinople, but his forces remained behind, and did many doughty deeds, though the fortune of war gradually turned against the Greeks, and they retired from Italy at least, leaving garrisons in a few towns. But though the Emperor's fortune waned, his auxiliaries won fame and wealth; and it was in these campaigns, no doubt, that Harold laid by much of that huge store of gold and precious things which was the wonder of the time, when he brought it safe back to the North. That he was prudent as well as brave, we know, from the fact, stated over and over again in the Northern Sagas, that he sent his spoil from time to time to his Russian friend Jaroslav, who hoarded it faithfully for him, and saw in it an earnest, that if Harold lived, his daughter Elizabeth would have a wealthy as well as a daring husband.

But we must hasten on, for Harold is still but a youth, and we have still much to tell. In 1041, Harold returned to Constantinople with his Varangians, among whom was his faithful but plain-spoken friend, Haldor, Snorri's son, the son of that worldly-wise Snorri, the Priest,

of whom we hear so much in Njála. If Harold had gotten wealth, Haldor, too, had brought something away from those campaigns in the mark of an ugly scar across his face, which he had gotten in taking a town by a stratagem, when he had a lively passage of words with Harold, and showed the temper which afterwards got worse and worse in his dealings with the king. No doubt, Harold now began to feel that longing for home, which clings, perhaps, to the men of the North more than to the dwellers in any other land. But before he left the Emperor's banner, it was his lot to see more bloodshed, and to win still greater wealth. In December, 1041, shortly after Harold's return, the Emperor Michael, worn out with remorse and disease, ceased to live. Just before his death he had persuaded Zoe to name his nephew, whose name was also Michael, to the purple. She adopted him as her son, and made him emperor on his uncle's death. This Michael, commonly called Kalafates, because his father had been a ship-chandler, showed the baseness of his blood by black ingratitude to his patroness. At the instigation of his uncle John, the Paphlagonian, he had Zoe seized in the night of the 19th of April, shaved her head, and shut her up in a convent. But his villany was short-lived. Next day, when what he had done got wind,

there arose one of those fearful popular outbursts of which, in modern times, it has been reserved for Madrid to show a feeble copy. With one voice the people shouted for "their Mother Zoe;" and the maddened crowd, armed with every weapon that rage could clutch, rushed first to the Church of Saint Sophia, where the Patriarch made common cause with them, and whither they brought Theodora, Zoe's sister; her they clad in the purple, and proclaimed as empress. Next they bent their steps to the palace, where the terrified Michael sent in haste for Zoe, and again presented her to the crowd in her imperial robes. But as soon as he showed himself to the people they pelted him with stones, and hurled lances and javelins at him. At first he was for flying to a monastery, but at last, plucking up courage from the upbraidings of his friends, he put himself at the head of some of his guards, and sallied out against the crowd, who were attacking the palace from the Hippodrome, and from the Skift or wing in which the Varangians dwelt. Now arose a desperate struggle in which 3,000 of the people are said to have fallen, but nevertheless the Emperor's adherents were overcome by the multitude, aided by the Varangians, who broke into the palace to search for the Emperor, and plundered it of all the treasures they could find. Michael fled to a

monastery, and hid himself in a monk's cowl, April 20, 1042, and Zoe and Theodora were joint empresses. As for Michael, the Senate, when consulted, declared that he must either be blinded or put to death. Zoe felt pity for his misfortunes, but Theodora sent the prefect at once to put out the wretched man's eyes on the spot. At his heels followed a swarm of folk. Michael took refuge in the sanctuary of St. John the Baptist, but the mob respected no sanctuaries. They tore him from his hiding-place, dragged him to the place called Sigma, and then and there plucked out his eyes on the 21st April, 1042. His reign had lasted four months and five days.

In all these proceedings Harold had his full share. He and his Varangians sided with Zoe, as is evident from the fact that it was from the quarters of this corps that one of the attacks of the insurgents upon the palace came—that Old Seraglio which stood till a month or two ago, when, after having beheld the fortunes of the capital for 1,500 years, it fell a prey to the flames. Harold's skalds, contemporary witnesses, could sing in after-days how "the curber of hosts plucked the eyes out of the Prince's head;" and again, in another place, "the mighty leader tore out both the Emperor's eyne;" "an ugly mark set the Lord of Agdir (Harold) on the Prince's

brow, the King of the Greeks fared ill under his hand." And again, still more plainly: "The Prince (Harold) won yet more gold, but the King of the Greeks went stone blind from his sore wounds." It seems, then, as if the bloody deed had been done with Harold's own hand. The captain of the Varangians was lord of Constantinople on that day of tumult, and there is little reason to doubt that on this, the third "scouring of the palace" at which Harold assisted, he added greatly to the store of wealth which he had already won. Whether it was at this period of his service at Constantinople that he visited Greece, properly so called, is not clear from the accounts; but we know that he was both in the Morea and Attica more than once, and at one of his visits it is more than likely that he and his bands scored the Runes which tell of the deeds of *Harold the Tall* on the great lion which then lay in the Piræus, but may now be seen, a trophy of Morosini's exploits, in the Arsenal at Venice.

We have already said that Harold began to long for his native land. He had heard that the rule of Sweyn and his mother had vanished like a morning mist before the rising sun of Magnus, and he grudged the realm of Harold Fairhair to a beardless boy. This alone would have been enough to make him exercise the right of every

Varangian to throw up his service after a given time, and be free to leave Constantinople. But there was another reason. Harold, we have seen, had come with Russians to the East. With Russians he served at first, and as a foreigner with no true Northern name he had served among the Varangians, known only to a chosen few as Harold Sigurdson. In all likelihood he was always looked upon by the Greeks as a Russian adventurer, and his friendship with Jaroslav must have been well known. But now, in the summer of 1043, war broke out between the Greeks and Russians, and though the Russians were at first successful, the Emperor at last prevailed, chiefly by the aid of that Greek Fire of which we have lately heard so much. The Emperor's general Basil utterly routed the Russian fleet in a great battle at the mouth of the Bosporus, and, according to the Russian account, 6,000 of the dead floated on the waves, the Greeks reckoning them at more than twice that number. The remnant of the Russian host, which were led by Vladimir, Jaroslav's son, were glad to make their escape, a multitude of prisoners were taken, and a large body which tried to fly by land were overtaken at Varna by the Emperor's troops, and totally defeated, with the loss of many slain and 800 prisoners. But a blow struck so close to Constantinople might

well alarm the timid Greeks. Every Russian trader that could be found was thrown into prison, and every Russian was an object of suspicion. Then it was that Harold seems to have left the Varangians, and then it certainly was that the trouble overtook him which was the final cause of his departure from Constantinople. The Sagas, indeed, say little of the Russian war. They tell how Zoe, out of jealousy, now looked with hatred on the tall Varangian captain; how Harold had love passages with Maria, Zoe's niece; how they were slandered, watched, and almost surprised at one of their meetings; how the Emperor—for by this time Zoe had a third husband—chiefly through Zoe's intrigues, backed by the envy of George Maniakes, who could not forgive Harold for having proved himself a better and braver soldier than the Greek leader in their Italian campaigns, had Harold thrown into a dungeon, with his two faithful brothers-in-arms, Haldor, Snorri's son, and Ulf, Ospak's son, one of whom long lived to tell the grisly tale at the Althing in Iceland. That dungeon was an open pit, into which trickled a thin rill of water, and there, by the side of the stream, lay a huge dragon or crocodile, whose prey they were doomed to be. The pit was full of dead men's bones and bodies, the wretched remains of those who had been thrown into it by the

Emperor's wrath. The monster was asleep when they were let down, and there the three sat down among the bones, and Haldor began to bewail their hard fate. "Let us rather first call on my brother, St. Olaf," said Harold, "and then let us attack the dragon. Let Haldor throw himself on his head, and Ulf, who is the strongest of us all, on his tail. I will then try to slay him with this knife, the only weapon we have between us." So they fell upon the brute, and Harold, wrapping a cloak round his left hand, thrust it, together with a stout stick, into its jaws, while with his knife in his right he strove to pierce its scales nearest the heart. The dragon soon awoke, and showed his unwieldy strength, and though they tried to keep him down, he often had them all up in the air at once; but after a sharp struggle they mastered their foe, and that danger was over,—but how were they to get out of the pit? This came by St. Olaf's help. In the dead of night a widow passing by heard their voices, pitied them, and sent her servants with a rope, who drew them up out of their ghastly prison. Now Harold hastened to the quarters of the Varangians, where his old friends rallied round him. They broke into Maria's chamber, carried her off, made for the Golden Horn, seized two galleys, and rowed for the Bosporus; but an iron chain barred their pas-

sage. By Harold's order all the crew in both galleys crowded aft into the stern, and thus with stems high out of the water, and sterns well down, they pulled for the chain with all their strength. As soon as the stem ran well up over the chain, every man was to rush forward, and down would go the galley by the head, then another strong pull would perhaps clear the chain. Harold's own vessel stood the proof, and glode safely over the obstacle; the other hung on the chain, heeled over and foundered, many of her gallant crew perishing with her, though some were saved by Harold's ship. But at any rate he was free. So he sailed with his men from Micklegarth into the Black Sea, and so into the Sea of Azoff, shaping his course for the Don; but on the shores of the Bosporus he put Maria on shore, and sent her back to the city under a safeguard, bidding her greet Zoe, and ask who had the best of their feud, and whether he could not have carried Maria off altogether, had that been his will.

Such is the wild story of the oldest Sagas, and though the tale is told in various ways in other sources, there is no doubt that it is in the main true. William of Malmesbury, who wrote about half a century after Harold's death, told how he had been thrown into prison, and cast to a roaring lion, but that alone and weaponless he

had slain the beast by the force of his arm, and William had probably heard the story from English Varangians. Saxo too had heard how he had been thrown into a dungeon where a dragon was, and had slain the monster, aided by one trusty follower and using only a knife, and that the Emperor, astounded at the daring of the bold Varangian, had granted his life, and given him a ship in which to return to his native land. Saxo adds that King Waldemar of Denmark still had the knife, which Harold had himself given to Waldemar's grandmother. Nor, as we know from the custom of the age, was it at all uncommon for kings to keep savage beasts of strange shapes and kinds in pits and dungeons, and still less was there aught in the feeling of the time against throwing captives into their dens. This, at least, was a practice well known to the Emperors of the East, who had received it as a legacy from imperial Rome. All difficulty as to the fact will disappear, if, with Munch, we suppose the dragon to have been a crocodile, to which creature the description of the Saga exactly fits. It is another question whether his captivity was not of much longer duration than that given in the story. It is very likely indeed that he, as a Russian, or a friend of Russians, was thrown into prison when the war broke out in 1043, and that he lay there for

nearly a year, when he succeeded in making his escape with his friends during a popular outbreak, which happened March 7, 1044, when the people rose against Constantine Monomachos, whom the lively Zoe had recalled from banishment in June, 1042, on the second Michael's fall, and made Emperor after marrying him. His dissolute and shameless life caused this outbreak, and it would have gone as hard with him as with Michael, had not both Zoe and Theodora joined in entreating the populace to have mercy on the offender. But however this may have been, in 1044 Harold left Constantinople by sea, with a band of followers,—and his twelve years' visit to the East was over.

So in the service of three Emperors, and having three times "swept" or "scoured" their palace, he had won good store of gold and fame, and now made his way to Jaroslav, in whose keeping his treasures in great part already were. His way lay not up the Dnieper, but by "Elipalt," or the Sea of Azoff, up the Don; and, as his galley sped merrily over the waters, he sang of all his doughty deeds,—how he had stood by his brother against the men of Drontheim; how he had made the dark snake fly over the Sicilian waves. "Nine feats are mine —I can work in wood and metals, ride, swim, glide on snowshoon, throw the spear, shoot

shafts, play on the harp, and write verses." There were sixteen of these songs, each of which ended with the same refrain—

> "And yet at me the Russian maid
> With golden necklace looks askance."

But this was only a little affectation, or, at most, an idle fear; for, almost as soon as he came, Jaroslav kept his word, and Elizabeth became Harold's wife. He was then about twenty-nine.

But he had as yet only won his wealth, his land was yet to win. Let us now return to Magnus. For the first year the boy on whom the hopes of the nation were set, grew up quietly under the guardianship of the chiefs to whom Jaroslav had intrusted him. Many things were favourable to his success; first, the feeling of his people, who were tired of a foreign yoke; then the contentment of the chiefs, who were willing enough to reign in the name of the boy; and though last not least, the weakness of his enemies. Sweyn, the son of Canute, who was his father's regent in Norway, had fled, as we have seen, with his hated mother to Denmark, and had yielded the kingdom to Magnus without a blow. When Old Canute heard of it he threatened war, but he was in England with his hands full, waiting for an attack from the Normans; besides, he was stricken with a worse

enemy, death, which took him off, November 12, 1035. With him the Danish plans of vengeance for a time slumbered. Sweyn, whose personal interest was most engaged, died in less than half a year after his father, and Hardicanute, or Canute of Hördaland, who had been at first unwilling, from jealousy, to assist his brother to recover Norway, was now forced to turn his eyes to England, where a dangerous rival to his claim to that crown had sprung up, on Canute's death, in Harold Harefoot, Sweyn's brother by Alfiva. Canute himself had settled it, as he thought, that Hardicanute, his only son by Emma, and his only legitimate heir, should inherit both Denmark and England. But Hardicanute was in Denmark, and Harold in England, where, besides his father's body-guard, and that veteran Danish militia, the famous "Thingmannalid," a sort of native Varangians, whom the Danish princes kept to overawe the Anglo-Saxon part of the population, and whose goodwill he had secured, the pretender was strong in his Saxon mother's kinsfolk. So, after a short struggle, in which some were for Edward, Ethelred's son by Emma, and some for Hardicanute, Canute's son by Emma, most, and those by far the strongest party, were for Harold Harefoot, who thus kept the crown. But Hardicanute only waited till he could reach England, when he

thought he would easily chase his rival from the throne, and for that reason was eager to make the best terms he could with Magnus and his council, in order that his forces might be free for England. After some preliminaries, a meeting took place between the two young kings at the Burntislands (Brennoerne), off the mouth of the Gottenburg River, and there, 1038, with solemn oaths, they agreed that, in case either of them died without a son, the survivor should inherit his kingdom, and thus, in such a case, both crowns would encircle the same head. This was a memorable event for the North and for Norway, for by it, the royal race of Ragnar Lodbrok, which reigned in Denmark, and the heir of that mighty old Canute,* the fame of whose conquests had filled the world, acknowledged the upstart race of the Ynglings in Norway as equals and compeers. The other branch of Ragnar's stock, which ruled in Sweden, had already acknowledged St. Olaf, and now the Danish branch admitted the right of his son. Thus Magnus, in the beams of his father's holiness, stepped at once into the position of the great Canute's reversionary heir, not only as regarded Denmark, but all his conquests,

* Old Canute, "Knútr Gamli," or "Knútr hinn gamli," as he was called also over the North with a kind of fond pride, as having done so much.

and Hardicanute's life alone lay between him and a mighty empire. Neither Magnus nor his council seem to have thought of the tall youth who fought with St. Olaf at Sticklestad, who longed "to trounce the boors," who came sorely wounded out of the fight, fled to Russia, lingered a year or so with Jaroslav, and had then been lost to sight and quite forgotten.

Though Magnus was but a child when he returned to Norway, he early showed that he was nó child in the hands of his council. His was one of those rare cases of early development where body and mind both grow in just proportion, and the child is scarce a boy before he is a man, both in strength and thought. Such instances were often met with in the North, and there can be no doubt that Magnus was one of them. He was fair of hue and straight-featured, and his light-brown locks fell thick and long. His father had been a strong and handsome man, but the son was stronger and handsomer. The Saint's figure was too full, and his stature rather short and thickset; but the son's was a very model of manly beauty—neither too tall nor too short, neither too thin nor too stout, of perfect strength and symmetry, and altogether without blot or blemish; so that the prying eyes of a bold Icelander, who made the young king strip to see what he was like, and how he was made,

was bound to own that mortal eyes had never rested on so fair a face or so manly a form, save in one little thing, that one of his eyebrows was set a little higher up on his forehead than the other. It had been expressly stipulated, when the chiefs brought him back, that all the unlawful rules and prohibitions brought in by the Danes, which interfered with the Norwegian freeman's rights, should be done away; and even in other respects a perfect amnesty was needed, for there was hardly a man of any mark, except Olaf's kindred and personal friends, who had not stood against the Saint at Sticklestad. And yet the earlier years of the young king's rule after the Treaty of Burntislands were marked by much severity. The worst foes of his father, and the worst foes of every Norwegian king, had been the unruly men about Drontheim, who looked on themselves as the backbone of the country, and against them the king's anger was naturally turned. Of all those who had worked his father's fall, none had been more active than Kalf, Arni's son, the great chief who lived at Egg or Edge, in the Drontheim district. Though more than one of his brothers had gone into exile with King Olaf, and came back to fight with him at Sticklestad, Kalf, the head of the house, remained at Egg, under the rule of Sweyn. Kalf was the soul of the rebellion;

Kalf had exhorted them when wavering, and led them on to the fight; and to Kalf, O deed of shame! some men said, was reckoned an axe-wound on the body of the Saint. It was true that he had soon repented him of his wickedness, and gone, with the other great chiefs, to Russia. Kalf had been chosen by name, with one other great chief, as those from whom King Jaroslav took an oath that they would stand by the boy as his councillors and foster-fathers. That other chief was the wily Einar, known by the name of Thambarskelfir, or Paunch-shaker.* With great foresight he had kept away from Norway during the whole series of events which ended at Sticklestad, and he was never tired, after Magnus came back, of telling his foster-son that he at least had no hand in the murder of the Saint. When one foster-father spoke thus with no very hidden hint at the part which the other had taken, the seed sown was likely soon to bear fruit; and though Magnus was hard upon the men of Drontheim, he was hardest of all upon Kalf, whose character, much more open than that of Einar, could ill brook reproaches; the less so as he had always fulfilled his oath, and stood by his foster-child. So it fell once that the young king was at a feast with his fol-

* In vulgar English he would have been called "Tunbelly," or some such nickname, from the size of his paunch.

lowers at Haug in Veradale, the very next farm to Sticklestad, which was owned by a farmer who had fought for the king, and given shelter and burial to his body. This farmer had a boon to beg of his sovereign, but Magnus was busy and would not listen. At last Thorgeir, the farmer, sung out—

"Now, list to my making,
Magnus, my King,
For after with thy father
I followed the fight:
So down on my pate then
Blow pattered on blow,
While those yonder slew him
In vengeance and wrath.
But thou alone carest
For caitiffs like these,
Who murdered their liege lord
While devils laughed aloud."

It need not be said that the king listened after this, nor was he slow to discover the "caitiffs" at whom the verses pointed. At that very feast the young king said as he sat at meat with both his foster-fathers, "We will go to-day to Sticklestad and see the tokens that are left of those tidings which happened there." Einar answered, "Lord, I know little to tell about them, for I was not near there. Let Kalf ride with you; he will be able to tell you plainly about everything." Then the King said to Kalf, "Thou shalt fare with us to Sticklestad, and tell us the whole story of what befell there." Then Kalf answered, "You

must have your way, Lord; but I bode no good from it for myself; and I think it would be more fitting as to those tidings if they were not brought to life again by telling, and 'twould be better that you should put trust in those who are now your firm friends in all duty and faithfulness to youward, rather than to fall out with them and overbear them." "Thou shalt go, Kalf," said the king. Then Kalf said stealthily to his waiting-man, "Now thou shalt go as speedily as thou canst out to my house at Edge, and bid my men make ready my longship so fast that they have every stick and store aboard by night." But when Magnus and Kalf came to Sticklestad, and where the battle had been, the king said to Kalf, "Where fell King Olaf, my father?" Kalf stretched out the shaft of his spear, and said, "There he lay." The king asked, "Where wert thou?" "Here, where I now stand," answered Kalf. "Then," said the king, "thy axe might have reached him;" and the king's visage was very red. "My axe did not reach him," said Kalf; and with that he leapt on his horse and rode away. So the king turned back to Haug with his men, but Kalf fared home to Edge, and got on board his ship which was "boun" for sea, and out along the firth he stood, and so west across the main to the Orkneys; and he and King Magnus never saw each other again.

So Einar and his party got rid of Kalf; but the king's thirst for vengeance and his ill-will to the enemies of his father were so great, that he grew harder and harder against them; and at last he was so bitter against the Drontheimers that his best friends were alarmed, lest those sturdy yeomen should rise and throw off the young king's yoke. Meetings were held, and the discontent was spreading, but none dared to broach the matter to Magnus: at last his friends cast lots, and the lot fell on Sighvat Skald to bell the cat. Nor could it have fallen on one more fitted for the dangerous task; for Sighvat had been St. Olaf's favourite skald, and a pilgrimage to Rome had been the only reason why he had not fallen with all the king's other skalds in the battle. His genius was equal to the need. In a lofty strain, a precious string of pearls of song, the so-called Bersöglisvísur, or "Freespeaking Songs," the faithful skald reminded Magnus of his plighted word, of his forefathers' reverence for the laws, reproached him for his hardness, held up to him his bounden duty, and warned him of the evil to come. It was his own faithfulness and position, he said, which gave him the right to use such words to such a master. Many snatches have come down to us of this famous outspoken piece of poetry. It is hard to say whether it does more honour to the skald

who could thus speak, or to the king who could bear to hear such wholesome words.

But Magnus was wise in time. He heard the songs out, laid them to heart, and called a Thing, or assembly of freemen, to discuss the matter. In the king's first speech at this meeting, he still spoke rather harshly against those who he thought deserved it, and even threatened the freemen as a body. Then a freeman named Atli rose and said, with Spartan brevity and force, "My shoon pinch me so, I can't stir a step." After that he sat down without another word. The Thing broke up for that day; but the king and his council laid these words to heart, and next morning when they met again, the king spoke kindly to all; and the freemen said that God had changed his heart, so that his old hardness had turned to mildness and forbearance. Whether this change were the result of policy or conviction, certain it is that from that day forth nothing more is heard of Magnus as a hard unyielding prince, but rather as a mild and merciful ruler, whose memory was enshrined in the hearts of his nation as Magnus the Good.

But while these things were happening in Norway, the old house of Ragnar Lodbrog in Denmark was tottering to its fall. After the treaty at the Burntislands, Hardicanute had

called out his fleet, and sailed for Flanders, where at Bruges he found his mother Emma. Thence he was about to cross over to England, to fight it out with his brother, Harold Harefoot, when he heard the welcome news that Harold had died suddenly at Oxford on the 17th of March, 1040. He hastened to England, and was at once received as king. Under him and Emma the Anglo-Saxons had as hard a time as the Norwegians under Sweyn and Alfiva. Hardicanute had all the strength of Canute without any of his wisdom. He lived in drunkenness and debauchery, and made his English subjects pay heavily for his Danish followers, whose insolence and unruliness passed all bounds; and so there sprung up into full life that undying love of a king of their own race, which lies deep in the heart of every nation, however trodden down. And there, at Hardicanute's Court, the subject race saw in Edward, Hardicanute's half-brother on the mother's side, Emma's son by Ethelred the Unready, the heir of the great West-Saxon line of kings. True it was that by the Treaty of the Burntislands, England as well as Denmark was to fall to Magnus, should Hardicanute die without a male heir. Nor was there an heir for England alone; for there at the same time, in Hardicanute's following, was a pretender to Denmark, Sweyn, Ulf's son, Canute's nephew by

his sister Astrida, a man of large lands and many friends both in Denmark and Sweden, in which latter country he had lived for twelve years in exile, and where he found a firm friend in his kinsman Aunund, the Swedish king. So things stood when that happened which all who knew Hardicanute's way of life must have known might come at any moment. He died, beaker in hand, at a drinking-bout at Lambeth, over against that Thorney Island where, in a few years after, rose that splendid minster of the West from which a city took its name. This was on the 8th of June, 1042, and now the race of Ragnar had died out, and Magnus was heir to all the kingdoms of the mighty Canute. The news came to him as he sat at meat with his Court about him. "God knows, and King Olaf the Saint, knows, that I will die or lay under my feet the whole Danish realm." He lost no time. His fleet lay near, at the very verge of his kingdom. He steered for Jutland in his father's ship, the gallant *Bison*. There at the bow gleamed and glittered the gilded head of the mighty monarch of the wood, which the Saint himself had carved. Stem and stern and vanes shone bright with gold. There was no rival to contest his claim; the Danish chiefs had sworn to keep the treaty; and so there at Viborg, at the great Assembly of the Danes, Magnus was solemnly

chosen king. He granted gifts and fiefs, set up officers and authorities in his name, and went back to his kingdom, believing that he had firmly founded a new dynasty in a land which, but a little time before, would scarce allow that Norway was worthy of a dynasty of her own, or even of a separate existence.

But England also fell to Magnus under the Treaty. The Anglo-Saxons knew nothing of it. Edward the son of Ethelred, backed by Emma, would not listen to it, and he had been at once raised to the throne with one voice as soon as Hardicanute's drunken death was known. With that ended the rule of the Danes in England. But Magnus did not give up his claim. As soon as his Danish election was over, he sent an embassy to Edward with a letter, in which he bade Edward yield to him as Hardicanute's rightful heir, to give up the crown, or else try the fortune of war. According to the Sagas, Edward wrote a memorable letter in return. Thus it ran:—

"'Tis known to all men here in this land, that when I was a child I lost my father, Ethelred, who was rightful heir to this realm by every law both old and new. But for the sake of my youth my brother Edmund took the kingdom before me, according to all that I know of law and right in this land, because he was the elder of us twain. Very soon after that came Old Canute into the

land with the Danish host, and fought with us for our heritage; and so it came about that he became King in England along with my brother Edmund, but after no long time Edmund got his death, and then King Canute, my stepfather, took the whole realm under himself. And though I was the son of King Ethelred and Queen Emma, still was I without rank or honour. Then help was offered me to win back my land; but I thought rather that God's mercy would give me back the realm when I was fit for it, and so I would not waste the souls or bodies of Christian men for that end. Then time went by, and Canute's power in this world passed away, and after his end, his sons came to be chosen kings, first Harold, and I was still without rank or honour as before, and reft of all the property of our forefathers, but I was content so long as God willed it that he should have the realm. And no long time passed ere Harold died. Then Hardicanute was taken to be king, another son of Old Canute, and my brother by the mother's side. He was king over the Danish realm, but he thought himself not so great a man as he would be till he was made king over both Denmark and England, and that claim was thought to be a fair sharing of brother's heritage between him and me. And so it was now the fourth time that a king had been chosen in England, and all the while I had no

title save that of a swain of noble birth, and yet no man can say that I served King Hardicanute, my brother, worse or more haughtily than those men who were of little birth on both sides of their house. A little after Hardicanute, my brother, died, and then it was the counsel of all my countrymen to take me for their king, and I was enthroned and hallowed with the hallowing of a king, and then at my coronation I took an oath to keep God's law, and the law of the land, and to die for law and right, rather than bear the pride and wrongdoing of wicked men. And so now I am set over the land on behalf of God and the law of the land, to judge every man according to right, and to put down strife. And now, King Magnus, for that thou wilt take this land from me which is my land of heritage, and for that thou thinkest thy realm not wide enough, though thou reignest alone over Norway, thy father's heritage, and hast now taken Denmark for thine own, but yet covetest my realm also, and comest hither to fall on me with a host—Well! in that case it is likely that I will gather no force against thee, and yet for all that thou wilt not be called a King here in England, and thou wilt have no homage here till thou hast hewn off my head." Such was the meek answer which the lowly-minded Edward is said to have sent back: meek and yet full of spirit, bearing a genuine

stamp, and bright with all the long-suffering of the Confessor.

We are told that Magnus, himself a man of gentle and generous heart, and the son of a saint, was so touched with the simple story of Edward's wrongs, that he gave up his plans of conquest, and reserved his right, letting it slumber so long as the man of many sorrows lived. It may have been so perhaps, and such a letter must have seemed a marvel of meekness in that age of blows and blood-feuds; but other stories tell how Magnus threatened Edward with war, and how Edward held a fleet ready for sea at Sandwich,* then the great arsenal of the kingdom in the South. But the war-cloud went over without bursting on England, for Magnus had now another enemy on his hands.

We have already heard of Sweyn, Ulf's son, as one of Hardicanute's Court. We must now speak more of him. This man had many kingly qualities; he was easy-tempered and gracious, liberal and hospitable, of fine presence, well skilled in all the feats that became a warrior, and besides wise and full of forethought. But in early life, at least, he was given to pleasure, the slave of his passions, and in his dealings with men in matters of State he lacked that openness and

* Saxon Chron. under the year 1046. According to Florence of Worcester in 1045.

straightforwardness which more than aught else if linked with wisdom, wins men's hearts and trust. He had claims to the throne of Denmark as the great Canute's nephew, and had he been on the spot, the weight given him by his great possessions and powerful friends both in Sweden and Denmark, might have snatched the crown from Magnus, in spite of the treaty with Hardicanute. But Sweyn was away, and Magnus besides his right of treaty was on the spot, and we have seen how easily Denmark fell into his lap; but though lightly won, she was hard to hold, and Sweyn, when he found that Magnus had been already chosen, resolved to steal by cunning what he despaired of seizing by open force. He went, therefore, boldly to Magnus after he had received the homage of the Danes, and employed all his arts and all the graces of his mind and body to win his trust and favour. At last he asked him for a fief in Denmark, that he might prove himself a faithful friend. The young king, without the advice of his council, listened to Sweyn's wily words, and took his oath of fealty and homage there and then. So it fell on a day as they sat a-drinking, the king declared his purpose of giving Sweyn a fief in Denmark, and the title of Earl, and with that he handed him a splendid purple cloak, and bade his cup-bearer pour out a beaker of mead, to drink in token of

the gift. Sweyn took the cloak, but even when his schemes were crowned with success, he could not conceal the dislike he felt at becoming the vassal of Magnus, and blushing red, either with shame or rage, he gave the gorgeous garment to a bystander, and threw over his own shoulders a grey cape of common fur. The king took no notice of the way in which the gift was slighted, but the far-sighted Einar saw what passed, and angrily muttered, "Too great an earl, foster-child, too great an earl."* The king was angry too, and answered, "Ye think I have no sense or judgment, but I cannot see why some are too great earls for you, and some not men enough." So after the feast was over, a reliquary was brought, and on it Sweyn swore solemnly, as Harold Godwin's son is said to have sworn to William the Norman, "to be ever true to King Magnus, ever to add to, and never to lessen his realm, and in all things to be submissive to him so long as they both lived,"—a strong oath in those days, when perjury weighed heavy on the consciences of men. When the oath was taken, the king took a sword and girt him with it, hung a shield round his neck, and set a helm on his head, and called him "Earl." Then he gave him the same fiefs in Denmark which his father held before him, but which he had lost by his unruli-

* Ofjarl, ofjarl, fóstri!—*Magnúsar Góðar Saga*, chap. xxvii.

ness. At the same time he bade him go and guard Jutland, a border-land exposed to constant attacks from Wends and Saxons. Magnus then went with his vassal to Denmark, installed him in his post, and then went back to Norway, in the hope that he had added another prop to his dynasty. But the false Sweyn was no sooner left to himself, than he plotted against Magnus, gave himself out as the leader of the national party, raised the cry of "Denmark for the Danes!" and early in the year 1043, before Magnus had been king a year, called another assembly of the nation, and got himself proclaimed King of Denmark. Magnus, when he saw himself betrayed, and that Einar's forebodings were true, called out half the force of his kingdom, and sailed with a great fleet to chastise the rebel earl. Sweyn, who saw that he could not meet such a force, fled before it to his friend, King Aunund, in Sweden, where he waited his time, and ever and again for the next two years was a thorn in the side of Magnus. For then it was that Magnus had his hands full of the Wendish wars, which the traitor, Sweyn, had a great hand in bringing on his native land. That still heathen race, on hearing of the strife between the king and his earl, invaded Denmark, where Magnus met them at a heath near Slesvig, and overthrew them in a bloody battle, in which he,

armed with his father's axe "Hell," showed himself a worthy son of such a sire. For a mile's space the bodies of the slain lay piled in heaps, and the watercourses were choked with dead. The Wends who escaped said with one voice, that if all the Norwegians had fought as that young man in the silken shirt, none would have come back alive. No wonder, after such a victory, won too against such odds, the story ran that Saint Olaf had stood by his son in the fight against the heathen, and helped him to win the day.

Though the Wends were worsted, the strife with Sweyn still lasted. Over and over again Magnus chased him from the field, followed him from island to island, and gave him no rest by sea or land. Sweyn, strong in the support of his friends, only vanished from one part of Denmark to show himself in another; and so things went on till the winter between 1044-45, which Magnus spent in Denmark, in the hope of strengthening his hold on the kingdom, where Sweyn was now thoroughly beaten, and again forced to fly to Sweden. Magnus was now in his twenty-first year, widely famed through all the North for his generosity and power: the darling of his people, who had forgotten the harshness of the boy, so that the name of Magnus the Good was beloved over the whole

North. Even the Danes looked up to him as the conqueror of their foes, his own people saw in him a wisdom beyond his years, and though he listened with respect to the counsels of old friends of his father's, like Sigurd the Skald, or Einar, he was anything but a blind tool in their hands, and with all his easiness and gentleness, had a warm temper and a strong will of his own, as we shall shortly see. But just as Sweyn seemed utterly routed, and Denmark was again, as he thought, his own, a new foe stepped on the scene, and that one of the worst a man can have, a rival out of his own house.

When Harold Sigurdson had spent a year at Jaroslav's Court, he said he would go and ask his kinsman Magnus to give him a bit of land to rule over, as he had two kingdoms of his own. Jaroslav was willing, only he and Ingigerda besought their son-in-law to treat Magnus with all gentleness, and to stand by him in word and deed. Though not his own mother, Ingigerda loved him with a mother's love. So Harold took ship at Aldeigjaborg, steered for Sweden, ran up the Mälar Lake, and landed at Sigtuna, the ancient capital of the kingdom. Here he met Sweyn, Ulf's son, who was an exile with his kinsman Aunund, and who at once proposed that they should make common cause against Magnus. But the wary Harold said that he

could give no answer till he had seen Magnus. He set sail, therefore, for Denmark, and there in the Sound he found Magnus lying with his fleet. We may be sure that fleet reckoned many a goodly ship, but none so gallant as that of the new-comer. It was painted above-board down to the water's edge, stem and stern were richly gilt, and at the prow a dragon grinned and gaped. The sails were of costly stuff, sewed double, with the right side out both fore and aft, and one and all said no ship had ever been seen in the North more studded with gold and gems than this. The stranger, as she bore boldly on, challenged all eyes, and Magnus at once sent a ship to meet her, to ask whence she came, and what was her errand. Over the bulwarks of the proud war-ship bent a tall man, of courtly manners. He said he had been sent by Harold Sigurdson, the king's uncle, to ask how King Magnus would welcome him. Their kinship alone, and gratitude for the sacrifices which Harold had made for the king's father, ought to insure him a hearty greeting; but, besides, it was the king's own interest to treat him well, for Harold was a wise and well-skilled warrior, and had, besides, great store of wealth. When the messenger went back, Magnus at once said his uncle was right welcome, the more so as he had every ground to look for help and aid from

so near a kinsman. So the stranger steered nearer to the king's fleet, and then it turned out that the tall man was no other than Harold himself. The uncle and nephew met with the greatest love. In a day or two they began to talk of business, and Magnus himself said he wished Harold would help him to strengthen his power in Denmark. To which Harold answered, that he first would like to know if Magnus was ready to recognise his hereditary right to a share of Norway, and, in fact, to halve the kingdom with him. Magnus answered mildly and wisely, that he would be guided entirely by his council and the wishes of his people. So the matter was laid before the chiefs; and then Einar rose and said, if Magnus were to share his realm, fairness demanded that Harold should halve the wealth which he had brought home with the king, as Magnus, after his wars, stood much in need of money. But Harold said, he had not gone through so many trials and dangers abroad in amassing wealth to share it amongst his nephew's men. "Thou, Harold," answered Einar, "wast long abroad when we won back the land from Canute and his crew, and we have no wish to be split between two leaders. Up to this time we have only had one king at a time, and so it shall still be, so long as King Magnus lives and reigns. I will do all I can to hinder

thee from having any share in the kingdom." The rest of the council were of like mind. They would have but one king in Norway. Harold went back at once to Sweden, met Sweyn, and entered into alliance with him, by which they were each to stand by the other till they had regained their hereditary dominions. They soon gathered a great force, for Sweyn had many friends in Sweden. Harold's fame as a warrior was widely spread, and he, too, had kinsfolk in the land, but Sweyn was looked on as the leader, and Denmark was first to be won. And now it was that Harold in all likelihood acknowledged Sweyn as his liege lord, much in the same way as Sweyn had done homage and fealty to Magnus. It was his policy to do so, and Harold was too worldly-wise to care either about taking or breaking an oath if it suited his interest. Meantime Magnus had gone back to Norway, little thinking that his uncle would ally himself to his Danish foe. Perhaps he and his council looked upon Harold in the light of one of those well-born rovers whose home was more on sea than on land, who flitted from shore to shore and sea to sea, settling down nowhere, and at last perished either on some far foreign coast, or merged beneath the billows, which were at once their playground and their grave. They had refused to listen to his claim; he had gone away

in a huff, with the world before him; they would hear no more of him. Besides, Sweyn was an outlaw, and Denmark seemed happy under her new lord. Why need Magnus care? But early next spring, the spring of 1046, they heard another tale. Sweyn and Harold were already with their fleet in the Danish waters, the rule of Magnus was set at naught, his friends were spoiled, and the coasts of Zealand and Funen fiercely harried. Sweyn was taking vengeance on the Danes who had deserted him, and been true to Magnus; and Harold, fresh from the rapine of the East, backed him with a will. So Magnus called out his fleet again, and came South with a great host. Now they heard more of Harold. That he was taller and stronger than other men they knew already, but now they heard that he was so wise and foresighted, that he could win his way out of every strait. Victory always followed him with whomsoever he might fight, and his wealth was so great that no man could count his gold by the pound. But Magnus was not the man to show the white feather; he held on to meet the foe and punish Sweyn. And now Harold indeed showed his foresight and his guile. No sooner was Magnus well in the Danish waters, seeking for Sweyn, than Harold, instead of doing battle with him, gave him the slip, and leaving Sweyn in the lurch, fled

from Denmark, and steered for Norway; so that when Magnus was looking for him in the South, he was already far above him in the North. In aftertimes, indeed, Harold gave it out that Sweyn and not he had been the traitor. He had proved it, he said, as they lay together with their fleets, for he thought that Sweyn meant to take his life, and so he laid a tree-stump in his bed, and slept elsewhere; and lo! at dead of night, there came a man, rowing in a boat with muffled oars, and that man stole into the cabin, and with an axe dealt the stump a blow, so that the axe stood fast in the wood; and then he fled, leaving his axe behind him, and was lost in the darkness of the night. Next day he told his men, and took witness of the treachery of his ally. That was Harold's story, but Sweyn, as soon as he heard it, denied the dark deed, and declared it was a wicked lie of Harold to hide his own treachery in leaving his lord and master to fight the battle alone. However that might be, there Harold sailed along the shores of his native land, and his galleys, as they gleamed over the waves in all the glory of gold and colour, were a sight long remembered. He first shaped his course for "the Uplands," the central southern district, where his father had been a petty king in Ringarike, and where his kinsmen still dwelt. He had two brothers, but as we

hear nothing of them except their names, Guthrum and Halfdan, we may suppose they were dead, or at least faint-hearted. But a kinsman is not always a welcome guest, least of all when he comes with ugly claims on goods and land, to turn out those who have long looked on him as dead and gone, and themselves as his heirs. Besides, there was an old law or custom in the North which said, "The man who takes up his abode in Greece loses all right of heritage at home." So Harold's friends and kinsmen gave him a cold welcome; they would not so much as allow his claim to his own paternal property, much less acknowledge him as the rival of Magnus the Good. So he turned from the Uplands and Ringarike to Gudbrandsdale—where Sinclair and his Scots fell in the seventeenth century—and there he was lucky enough to find a friend in Thorir of Steig, or Step-Thorir, a mighty chief and a kinsman, a man of unsettled fickle temper, who, fond of change, was ever ready to hail a new state of things, and at once gave Harold the title of "king;" and so he went about "the Uplands," gathering force as he went, and in a little while the boors and freemen, following Thorir's example, began to call him "king."

Though Harold no doubt behaved badly to Sweyn, yet he really did him great service by his flight. At any time, and most of all in those

days, it was dangerous to leave a rival at home for the sake of warring in a strange land. The strategy and constancy of Hannibal had no followers in the North, and therefore Magnus, as soon as he heard that Harold had outwitted both his ally and himself, hastened back to Norway to check his uncle in his schemes. Landing in "the Bay," or the Cattegat, he heard that Harold was coming down from the Uplands, and turned up the country to meet him on the way. Had Magnus been in the land when Harold came, he might have quenched in his blood the flame he tried to kindle, but by this time it was too late to stay him save by a long and bloody struggle. So Magnus, with the advice of his council, sent messengers to meet his uncle, and ask him to have a meeting and settle their differences in a friendly way. Had Harold been the headstrong warrior, the self-willed man of the sword alone, which some had called him, he would have spurned the offer, and have bidden his nephew to trust his cause to the judgment of the God of Battles. But Harold was wise and politic as well as brave, and he showed it in nothing more than in his dealing with his nephew. Like the famous fetter in the legends of his race, which the gods made to bind the grisly wolf, he was strong and tough as iron, but he could be also as soft and lissom as silk.

His was the true improved Northern temper, as we see it developed in the Norman type—bold and yet wary, naturally unbending, and yet ever yielding when it was right to yield, the lion's hide eked out with the fox's skin; a temper not the most noble or the most open in the world, but worth everything in daily life, where common sense always wins the day, as lacking it all gifts of body and mind are little worth.

So the uncle and nephew met that summer at Acre, on Lake Mjösen, and there Magnus gave a great feast to Harold and sixty of his men. With Harold came Haldor, Snorri's son, and Ulf, Ospak's son, those trusty brothers-in-arms, who had been with him in the dreadful pit. There too, no doubt, was Step-Thorir and other great chiefs who had left the nephew for the uncle. With Magnus were the faithful and wary Einar, his huge paunch quaking with wrath at Harold's daring, ever ready to put in a weighty word for his darling foster-child. But though the wills of the two kings went for much, the chiefs had also something to say, and that was, that they would not suffer two kings at a time in Norway, unless they were so bound together as to be of one mind and will; and they added outright that whichever of the twain would not agree to that, and become the other's firm friend, him they would fall on and slay on the

spot. Against Harold these words were aimed, for all knew the mild and friendly nature of Magnus. Then the same terms were settled which Harold had before scorned. He was to have half the kingdom in common tenure with Magnus, and Magnus was to have half of Harold's treasures. Indeed it was a splendid feast, "and the first day as night drew on King Magnus went out, and a little after came into the tent where Harold and his men sate, and men came along with him bearing great burdens of weapons and clothes, and so King Magnus went to the last man of Harold's company and gave him a good sword, and so along the whole board, giving to one a shield, to another a cloak, or a ring, or a golden piece. To all of them he gave some costly thing, to each something that suited his degree. Last of all he stood before his kinsman Harold, and held out to him two fair rushen wands, and said, "Which of these wands wilt thou choose, kinsman?" "That which is nearest to me," answered Harold. Then King Magnus said, "With this rushen wand I give thee half Norway to rule over with me, with tax and toll, with skatt and skott, and all the rights that thereto belong, on this condition that thou beest King in Norway with like rights as I have in all places; but when we are both together I shall be first

and take the lead, in greetings, in seat, in service, and in all other homage. If there be three of our rank together at once, I shall sit in the middle, I shall have the king's berth for my ship, and the king's wharf; thou shalt stay and strengthen our realm by so much the more as we have made thee that man in Norway whom we never thought any could be so long as our head was above ground." Then Harold rose and thanked him for the honour and favour he had shown him, and both sate down, and drank and were merry. Next day Magnus let all the people know that he had given Harold these gifts, and at that meeting Step-Thorir again gave Harold the title of King, in token that the freemen so willed it. That same day Harold bade Magnus to meat, and Magnus went in his turn to Harold's tent with sixty men, and there was a great feast and much mirth and jollity. And as the day wore on King Harold made men bear into the tent many great sacks, but before he loosed them he took arms and clothes, and those goods he shared amongst the men of King Magnus. After that he bade men untie the mouths of the sacks and said to King Magnus, "Yesterday ye gave us a mighty realm which ye had won from your foes and ours, and took us into fellowship with yourself. That was well done, for you had hard work to win it. But now

on the other hand we have been abroad, and yet we have gone through some risks and trials ere we got together this gold which you shall now see. And now I will throw all this money into one common stock with you, and then we will own all these goods in halves, share and share alike, just as we own the realm, each having half. But I know our tempers are unlike. Thou art a man much more open-handed than I, and therefore we will share this money between us at once into equal halves, and then each may deal with his share as he pleases." Then Harold made them spread out a great bull's hide on the ground, and pour all the gold into it out of the sacks, and then scales were taken and it was weighed, and so all the gold was shared by weight. And all men thought it wondrous strange that so much gold should have come together in the North into one place. But it was plain that was the property and wealth of the King of the Greeks, for all say that there are whole houses full of red gold. All the while the kings stood by in great mirth, and as the sacks were emptied out there came a stoop as big as a man's head, and King Harold caught it up and said, "Kinsman Magnus, where is the gold that thou hast to set against this knob-head?" Then Magnus made answer: "There hath been so much strife and so many great

hosts and levies, that I have already given you almost all the gold and silver that I had. For now I own no more gold than this ring," and with that he took a ring from his arm and gave it to King Harold. He said, "This is little gold, kinsman, for a king who owns two kings' realms, and yet some men may doubt whether this ring is thine own or not." Then King Magnus answered rather shortly and said, "If I own not this ring by right, I know not what right I have to anything; for this ring my father King Olaf the Saint gave me when we last parted." Then Harold answered with a laugh, "Thou speakest sooth, King Magnus, that thy father gave thee the ring; but this ring he took from my father for no great matter, and truth to say, it was no good time for little kings in Norway when thy father was at his pitch of power."

After all this feasting was over, twelve of the greatest chiefs on either side took oaths to fulfil its conditions, and then the two princes parted and each went his way. It is hard to say which made most by their bargain; for if Harold had won his way to half a throne, Magnus had also gained much, not merely in the great store of wealth which his uncle brought him, but also in sundering so dangerous a rival from Sweyn's side, and making him his ally. Sweyn was now again alone, and Harold's gold would fit

out many a ship. Besides, though Harold was bound to win Denmark for Magnus, he was to have no share in that realm. For Magnus, and for Magnus alone, it was to be won and held. All that Magnus now needed was a long life, and though it was too late to think of war with the traitor that year, the next was to bring vengeance with it. Meantime the two princes spent the autumn of the winter in passing from house to house in the Uplands and so towards Drontheim, sometimes together and sometimes apart, sharing the tolls and taxes and produce of the royal farms in common.

And now, what was a king's life, and what were his rights at that time? In the earliest age, the king, though the first in the land, and though he was chief priest as well, only differed from the rest of the freemen so far as land went, in the quantity, but not in the quality of his possessions. The freeman's land was as much his own as the king's. It was his óðal, that is, it was his absolute allodial holding, of which he was lord and master, and none else. The smallest holder held his little lot of land by the same right as the king held his broad estates; and though the king had other rights and privileges, mostly, perhaps, springing from his position as Chief Priest, he could not rob the freeman of an inch of land. But when Harold

Fairhair rose to power, and had settled his system, it was not so. With him the king's power and position quite changed. He would be lord, not over the country alone, but over his people. He would brook no equal: all must bow before him, fall, or fly the land. As those who fled could not carry their land with them to Scotland, Iceland, or wherever their bold spirit led them, and as those who fell, fell often with all their kith and kin, a great part of the country came into the king's possession, from sheer want of owners and occupiers. Besides this, he brought in the great feudal principle, that no man had an óðal save the king. He was the lord paramount, and every man in the country, in a greater or less degree, was his vassal. So now there were three kinds of land in Norway. First, the old óðal holdings, whose owners had made their peace with the king; who paid a small sum yearly as a kind of quit-rent in acknowledgment of his lordship, but who were free to deal in other respects with their land as they chose, the rent lying, in fact, on the land, and not on the owner. The hurt they suffered was rather in the principle than in the reality. Their feelings as freemen, and not their purses, smarted under the king's high hand. Secondly, there were the king's *fiefs* (lèn), made out of the forfeited lands of rebels and outlaws,

over which he set earls and vassals, *jarls* and *lendirmenn*, who had no hereditary right to that land, but held it for the king at his good pleasure, on condition of rendering him certain services—the chief of these being, to maintain a body of troops, or a ship and her crew, to follow the king in war,—quite distinct from the lawful levy (leiðángr) which the king could call out from the freemen, properly so called—and to entertain the king and his men once a year at least (*veizla*), if he chose to come that way. Thirdly, there were the king's lands, belonging to the Royal House, made out of his own original óðal; the land which he held in his quality as priest, and any lands otherwise acquired, whether it were by forfeiture or purchase, which he had not made fiefs of, but kept as it were in his own hand. Over these were set stewards or bailiffs (*ármenn*), who were answerable to the king as his servants. His usual income other than that from his lands consisted of the land-tax, which every freeman now had to pay, from fines and mulcts, as awards and atonement for wrongs done to property and person, and in certain monopolies or royal rights, of which the most profitable in all times, and one watched with the greatest jealousy, was the right of trading with the Finns and Lapps, to the north of Helgeland, in the costly furs which those

nomadic tribes brought in great store, not only from their own wastes, but from the heart of Russia. So also ownerless goods, and treasure-trove, and unclaimed heritages, fell to the king, by a custom handed down from the oldest times, and generally all over the country he had the right of forestalling, or first trading in foreign goods, a right which, as it was claimed invariably by the Góðar or priests in Iceland, was no doubt a religious privilege enjoyed by the kings long before the time of Harold Fairhair. Besides, he claimed the right to lay an embargo on ships at his own good pleasure. The duty of collecting all these dues and privileges was called "the king's business" (*sýsla*). At first, with the exception of the Finnskatt, as the Finnish trade was called, it was the part of the king's bailiffs (*ármenn*) to collect them. These were often his slaves or freedmen; but the earls and vassals were bound to stand by them, and give them help if any resistance was made to their demands. We need hardly say, that these underlings of the king were long looked upon with the greatest hatred by the rest of the people, and indeed, at the present day, in other countries than Norway, it would be hard to say that the tax-gatherer is treated with any marked respect, though he does not, luckily for him, meet with the fate that so often

befell his namesakes in early times in Norway. For we are not aware that in recent times any tax-gatherer has either been stoned or hanged in Great Britain by an indignant community.

These institutions remained much the same from Harold Fairhair's time to the reigns of Magnus and Harold Sigurdson. About the oðal, indeed, there were many struggles, and Hacon, Athelstane's foster-child, Harold Fairhair's darling son, had to restore the freemen to their rights, and acknowledge that the freeborn holder of land was bound to pay no skatt, or quit-rent for it to the king or any other liege lord. With varying fortunes, as a rule, the freeman held his right, losing it for a little while, and then regaining it for a length of time. But then, along with him sprung up, all over Norway, on the forfeited lands which Harold Fairhair had first seized, and to which his successors added from time to time as they quarrelled with, and pulled down this or that ancient house, another class of holders in the vassals of the Crown; and this class, as it grew gradually more powerful, so was it at last looked on in social position superior to the freeman, inasmuch as, while it basked in the sunshine of the Crown, and was constantly in connexion with the king and his court, he sunk into the position of a mere boor or farmer, who lived on his own land, shut out from the

light of the king's countenance, "a man for himself," as it was said, of a class who could look for no advancement except he went "into the king's hand," as it was called, that is to say, gave up his land, and received it back as a fief. At the time of which we write, the freemen still prevailed in numbers, but weight and influence were with the king's earls and vassals, on whom the king could rely more surely. Yet on all great occasions, when any trouble threatened, when any change in law or policy was needful, the king had always, like Antæus, to fall back as it were on the bosom of his mother earth, to look to the rock whence it was hewn, and the pit whence it was digged, and to throw himself on his freemen to ratify his acts. Then it was that the four great Things, or legal centres, into which the whole country was divided, were called together, and the freemen thronging a wide field under the free air of heaven, heard the words of their king. Such a meeting was that of the men of Drontheim, when they threatened a rising against Magnus for his hardness, and such meetings were held by most of Norway's kings, for without them, to use Atli's words, the freemen would have felt their shoes so tight, that they could not, and would not, have stirred a step.

So far as their daily life was concerned, the kings, when at home, took up their abode during

the year at different houses or granges on their own lands in this or that part of the country. These they made their headquarters, and thence they paid visits to their jarls and vassals in the neighbourhood, who were then bound once in the year to feast the king and his Court for a given time. Thus they passed, generally in autumn and winter, from grange to grange, and from vassal to vassal, and so the produce stored up from year to year was annually consumed. Sometimes, too, some great freeman, or some jarl or vassal who had lands of his own other than his fiefs, would ask the king to a feast under his roof; and at that, as it was not his bounden duty, but his own free will and pleasure, to make the king welcome, the cheer would be better and more abundant than in any of the king's houses; for Harold Fairhair and his race were reckoned rather stingy and close-fisted by many of their great chiefs, whose pride it was to keep open house, where ale and mead and meat were served without stint to all comers, whatever their degree. At Yule, the great high-tide, the king kept his holiday at home; and then, at least until Canute's or St. Knut's day, or our Twelfth Night, "drove Jule out" with the whip, which was the sign of the saint in the old Runic staves which were carved as calendars, it must have been a niggard king indeed who sent any one

away either hungry or athirst. And, indeed, there were many to feed in the king's constant company. First and foremost, himself, his queen, and children. Then his "Hird," or body-guard, chosen champions whom he kept always about him, his "Comitatus," as the Latins called it, his "Gesiðs," or, as it was known among Anglo-Saxons in "merry England," beaten blades, who had been with the king in war, and were ready to follow him again, every man of whom had done, or was eager to do some daring deed. Of these, Saint Olaf had as many as sixty with him —a little Varangian band, and Harold had many more. Then there were what were called the king's "guests;" not at all stray visitors, for those might come to the Court at any time, and if worthy of mixing with it, were never turned away; but guests specially bidden to stay, some of them a long time, having a captain or leader of their own; standing to the king in a looser relation than the Hird, but yet his soldiers for the time, and differing from the Hird, that, as the latter seldom left the king, the former were liable to be sent off at any moment on some daring and dangerous quest either at home or abroad; now to fetch the king some treasure of which he had heard, a strange beast, a mythic horn, a sword borne by some old Viking, and now known to be buried with him, and guarded

by all the mysterious magic of a heathen tomb, an axe, a shield, a steed; or, still more perilous, to traverse land and sea to cut off one of the king's foes in foreign land, and to bring back the grisly token of his head, and lay it at the monarch's feet. Thirty of these "guests" had Saint Olaf at one time. Besides, he had thirty house-carles, or free serving-men, and, in spite of his Christianity, he had many thralls and slaves. When to these are added any number of unbidden guests who might claim shelter and food and drink at any time, and whom it would have been more than all base in a king to turn away, we may readily understand that the king's hall in those days must have been large, and the cost of his household anything but small.

Nor in those days had the fashion of the house at all changed from what it had been in early times. The King's Hall was not one house, but rather several houses standing side by side, much as we see the Icelandic houses at the present day. There was the men's hall, the ladies' bower, the kitchen, the barn, and the stabling, side by side. There, in the hall sat the king, on his high seat in the middle of the bench on your right hand as you entered. On either side of him, right and left, sat his men, the nearest to him being highest in rank, and the farthest lowest, the man on the outer bench nearest the

door being lowest of all. Over against him was another high seat on the other side of the hall, where his chief guest, or greatest councillor, or a brother king sat, and on either hand of him sat men in like manner according to their degree. The queen and her ladies sat on the cross bench at the end of the hall farthest from the door. The floor was thickly spread with straw; on the pillars which propped the roof hung costly tapestry; shields and weapons of every kind hung there too, for in those days of word and blow no man's sword was far from his hand. In the centre burnt a fire, the smoke of which found a vent through a louvre in the rafters, and sometimes in very cold weather, fires were made down the whole length of the hall. When at meat, tables or boards were brought in and spread, but they were taken away when the food was eaten, and then drinking bouts began, in which the king and his guests and their men pledged each other across the fire, and so the horn went up and down the hall, man reaching it to man across the fire, each being bound to drain it to a certain depth on pain of a fine, and of being held up to scorn as a dastard who shirked his drink. Then songs were sung and stories told, wild fables, gallant feats of arms, mythical ballads, and travellers' tales. Nor were gibe and jeer and bitter words wanting; for in the king's

hall ancient foes often met, and spite of the king's peace and presence, many a death-blow was given in blood feuds, and heads spun off even on the king's own board.

That was their life at home in-doors; out of doors they shot, they rode, they swam, they hunted, they fished, they slaughtered the cattle needed for the house. They were skilled in all feats which needed strength of arm and sleight of hand, nor was it thought beneath a freeman's worth to till his own land, or build, or paint, or tar his own ship. Having built, he could steer and sail her on a cruise, and on many strange shores, in Ireland, England, Scotland, Spain, France, and even Iceland or Greenland, he knew the land-marks, and could tell where he was if driven out of his course by stress of weather.

Abroad, and in war, the king lay aboard his ship. When they ran into harbour for the night, awnings were raised over the half-deck and over the waist. If he landed, tents were pitched. If the host needed food they went up the country, drove down beeves and sheep, and slaughtered them on the strand. In sea-fights the ships on each side were usually fast linked and tied together. Thus one made and thus the other awaited the onslaught. Boarding was the favourite mode of attack, and each party strove to clear their enemies' decks by slaying the

crew, or forcing them to leap overboard. When one ship was thus cleared, they passed on from her to another, and the great signal of defeat was when the worsted side hewed asunder the hawsers that bound their fleet together, and every captain fled from the fight in the best way he could.

Such was the daily life of Magnus and Harold, now joint kings, and thus they spent the winter of 1046 in passing from feast to feast on their fiefs in the Uplands, reaching Drontheim to keep Christmas. Each had his own Hird or following; sometimes they were together, sometimes apart. But it was soon seen, as indeed was to be looked for, that the kings were not such good friends as they might have been, and that there was little love lost between them. From the first, uncle and nephew were in a false position. But besides, their characters were utterly unlike and jarring. Nor was there any lack of talebearers, the curse of kings, to make mischief between them. The quick eyes of the freemen soon saw that they had got in Harold a much harder master than Magnus had ever been, and most of the chiefs felt that their influence, real or apparent, over the king, would cease if Harold were ever sole ruler. In money matters, too, Harold was near and grasping. His hand was often shut, but with Magnus it was ever open. No wonder that comparisons were made

between them, not at all in Harold's favour; for the chiefs still looked on Harold as little better than a lucky adventurer, who had forced his way to power by a daring stroke. Harold soon saw where his foes lay, and was hard in enforcing his claims for tax and toll in those houses. The freemen about Drontheim complained to Magnus, who would not believe the ill spoken of his uncle, but sent Einar to search out the truth. By Einar's advice, the freemen refused to pay Harold's demands till Magnus said they were just; and Harold had to put up with the affront, promising Einar, however, to make him shorter by the head at some future time. We shall see that he kept his word. So the winter wore on, and things grew worse and worse; and in the case of Reidar, an Icelander, whom Magnus befriended, threatened to come to an outbreak. This man passed for almost a fool, but Brutus-like, he hid rare gifts under a witless mask. He was strong, too; for once when Harold's men behaved rudely to him, he caught up one of them, threw him head over heels in the air, fractured his skull, and so slew him. The two kings were then together in Drontheim, and Magnus, not daring to keep Reidar with him for fear of Harold, sent him off to Gaulardale, to one of his vassals. Harold wanted a blood-fine for his man, but Magnus would not pay it, as he

was slain in his own wrong-doing. So Harold went with sixty men to seek for Reidar, found out his hiding-place, and ordered the vassal to give him up. While the vassal was thinking what to do, out rushed Reidar towards the king, begging for forgiveness, and asking him not to scorn a little gift, in the shape of a silver boar, which he had just made. Harold took the gift, and wondering at the great skill with which it was made, promised Reidar his forgiveness; but on looking more closely at it he saw it was no boar at all, for it was a sow with bursting teats. Then he knew at once the meaning of the gift, and how it was offered as an insult; for it pointed to his father Sigurd, nicknamed Sýr or the Sow, and his mean and nasty habits, for he tied bags under his horses' tails to catch their dung, lest any should fall and be lost to his farm. So Harold threw down the sow, saying, "May all the Trolls take hold of thee! up, men, and slay him;" but Reidar was too quick for them. He snatched up the sow and ran away to the wood, leaving Harold in bitter wrath. King Magnus lost no time in sending him back to Iceland, for Harold was not the man to brook such insults.

So again when Arnor Earlskald, the greatest skald of the day, came from Orkney with songs which he had made on both the kings, and they

sent for him one day to hear his verse. The messengers found him busy tarring his ship; but he went all begrimed with tar and pitch straight to the kings' hall. "Room for the kings' skald," he cried to the doorkeeper. "Hail, Lords both!" were his words as he stood before the kings. "Of which of us wilt thou first sing?" asked Harold. "The younger," answered Arnor. "Why?" "Lord," he answered, "'tis said young men are most impatient," a wise answer, since Harold could not object to the reason, and yet to be first praised was the greater honour, and that Magnus got. So he began his song, and first he sung of the Orkney Earls across the western main, of his dwelling there, and of his own deeds. Then he turned to King Magnus, and praised him, above all other kings, in glowing verse. But in Harold he had the severest critic of the age: an accomplished poet, with the nicest ear and the finest and truest taste of his time. This we know from Snorro Sturluson's testimony, and the number of quotations which he makes in his treatise on Skaldic poetry from Harold's poems, which were looked upon as masterpieces. Like Cæsar, he was not only the greatest warrior, but the best and purest writer of his age. Arnor's poem was itself a masterpiece; but Harold's taste was spoiled by spite at the preference shown to Magnus, and he said at once the opening was

too long. So when Arnor was dwelling on the Orkney Earls and his own exploits, Harold burst out—"Why sit here, Lord, and listen to this song, even though he has written it on his own deeds and the Earls in the Isles West?" "Bide a while, kinsman," said Magnus, "I fear you will think me quite enough praised by the time the song is over." Again, when he turned to Magnus and praised him before all kings, and hoped he might prosper above them all till the crack of doom, Harold cried out, "Praise this king as much as thou likest, but don't blame other kings!" But Arnor held on his course, and praised the gallant *Bison;* how she bore Magnus under the snow-white awning, and how in the thickest fight Magnus shunned neither fire nor steel. Harold cried, "This man lays it on thick, I wonder when it will end?" But it ended with likening the voyage of Magnus over the waves to the flight of a band of angels, so that his people loved him more than aught else next to God himself. As soon as ever that song was ended, Arnor began one on Harold. The so-called "Blue-Goose" Song, or Raven Song, said also to have been a good piece.

When both were over, Arnor asked what Harold thought of them. "We can very well see," he said, "the difference between these songs. Mine will soon fall out of mind, so that

no man will know it; but this dirge which has been made on King Magnus will be sung so long as men dwell in the North." Harold gave Arnor a spear with shaft studded with gold, and Magnus had before given him a ring of gold, and so the proud bard stalked out of the hall bearing the ring high aloft on the felloe or socket of the spear, where the head is fitted to the shaft, and turns off into a hook, saying as he went, "High we must hold both kings' gifts." Then King Harold said, "When next thou comest to Norway, long-worded fellow, have a song ready for me." Arnor promised to do so, "but it shall be a dirge when we drink heirship at thy burial, if I live longest."

In such strife and bickerings the winter wore away. Spring came, and with it war. But the winter had been unusually cold, and in the month of February the sea was icebound between Denmark and Norway, so that wolves wandered over it from one country to the other.* With the cold came hunger and sickness. Harold and Magnus were slow in getting their fleets to sea, and Sweyn had time to seek help against them from England. There Sweyn was bound by ties of kindred with the mighty Earl Godwin, half a Northman himself, then as much lord over England as Edward, and with whom two of Sweyn's

* Islenzkir Annalar, sub an. 1047.

brothers were then living. He betook himself therefore to Bruges, to treat thence with his friends in England, but the Anglo-Saxons had had enough of the Danes, and both the King and his people were of one mind that Sweyn had better fight his battles without their help. This might have been bad policy, for when Sweyn was conquered it might be England's turn, but kings and peoples are often heedless, and slow to listen to the lessons of statecraft, and so Sweyn was left alone. While Sweyn and Harold were mustering their fleet, a little story is told which shows how jealous Magnus was of his rights, and how carefully Harold avoided a collision. They lay in "the Bay," and were sailing north. It so chanced that Harold was first under weigh, and kept the lead all the day, and came first to the harbour, where they were to lay by for the night. There he steered straight for the King's berth. By the time Magnus came, Harold had already set up his awning over his ship, and made his ship fast by hawsers to the shore. Wrathful at this, Magnus bade his men, as soon as they struck sail, to sit at the oars on both boards on all his ships, and said, "Ply your oars, and some of you get up our weapons, and let us fight them, if they will not yield us our berth." But when Harold saw that, he said to his men, "Kinsman Magnus is angry now. Let us cut

our cables, and back our ships out of our berth." That was done, and King Magnus took their place. But when all was cared for in both fleets, King Harold went aboard Magnus's ship with a few men, and Magnus greeted him and bade him welcome. "Methought," said Harold, "we were in company with friends, but we had some doubt a while ago whether you meant to let things so stand; but true it is as the saw goes—'Bairns are brainstrong,' and so I will not set it down to aught else than the hot-headedness of youth." Magnus answered, "Set it down rather to the spirit of my race, and not to my youth, though I bore in mind what I gave up and what I kept back. If this small thing had been taken without our leave, something else greater would soon have been taken; but as we will hold all bargain we made with you, so we will have from you what is our bounden due." Then King Harold rose up and said, "'Tis an old saying, 'The wiser always gives way,'" and with that he went on board his ship.

"From such dealings of the kings with one another," says the Saga, "it seemed hard to guess how long their friendship would last; for the men of either held by their lord. Magnus's men said that he had right to speak so; but those who were less wise said that all this was lowering for Harold, and so it ought to be, for

Magnus must have the lion's share in everything. But Harold's own men said, the only bargain that had been made between them, was that Magnus was to have the king's berth if they came both at once into harbour; but that Harold was not bound to back out of the berth if he had run into it first. And so they said that Harold had turned this matter well and wisely. But those of Harold's side who bore ill-will to Magnus, added, that he showed himself overbearing to his kinsman by such undertakings, and meant to break their bargain by wrongdoing. And so wise and good-hearted men felt great dread from such quarrels for the king's friendship, for such and many other like things showed that each had a will of his own."

At last the fleets were ready, and they steered for Denmark. There the fleets parted, and each went his own way seeking for Sweyn; but Sweyn, so far from being able to cope with Magnus and Harold, was not even sure of his own people, for they gathered an army against him, and defeated him, perhaps before Magnus came to help them, on the 9th of August, 1047. After that, as Saxo says, despairing of success, he fled to Scania in Sweden, his old lurking-place.* Thence across the Sound he made

* Sveno, desperatis jam rebus, in Scaniam profectus, Sueciam revisere properabat.

flights into Denmark like a bird of prey, hovering about the fleets of his foes, watching for a chance of striking them a blow either by sea or land, and showing all the chivalrous daring of his nature. So it fell out, that one day, as both kings lay near the land in their ships, the weather was bright, and down to the strand stretched a fair level plain, bounded on the land side by a thick wood; and lo! a man rode out of the wood in splendid knightly war-gear, and this man was the most graceful and courteous of men, and so he rode at full speed along the level slope, and as he went he disported himself with many a daring feat of horsemanship with mickle craft, so that all the king's company were eager to behold; but when he had so taken his pastime for a long time, he turned his horse down towards the ships' crews, and called out in a loud voice, "I am a niddering, and a traitor to King Magnus, but King Harold is the same to me. All unlike are these two kings, Magnus and Harold." With that he turned his steed and was lost to sight. King Magnus knew that man well, and said, "Sweyn Ulf's son is a proper man, and a man of mark. Had he men to stand by him of the same stuff, and as bold and daring as himself, he would win more battles."

This looks as though Magnus was more afraid of Harold than of Sweyn; and if it be true that

he forgave one of his men, who when Sweyn was hard pressed in a sea-fight spared his life and set him free, and who excused himself by saying, that he did it in the king's interest, it would seem as though he thought his worst foe was one of his own house. So too, he allowed his mother Alfhilda to set free Thorkell Geysa, a great Danish chief, and one of his worst enemies, that she might have a refuge in Denmark if anything happened to himself.

And now his time was coming. We have seen that he was a pattern of strength and beauty, but it is just such manly models that death often grudges to the world, and so it was to be with Magnus. The path of History is thickly strewn with early graves. Strange to say, we scarce know how it happened. His own annals are almost silent as to the cause, and if we were left to them alone, we might suspect that Harold had used some of those arts in which Zoe was such an adept, against his nephew's life. But from the Danish historians we know that it was not so. There is no reason to believe that Harold had any hand in the death of Magnus, except in so far as the jealousy which no doubt had sprung up between them may have weighed on the mind of Magnus, and thus added to the sad foreboding of his coming end. It was in one of those raids in quest of

Sweyn, and just as he was on the eve of following him into Scania, that a hare sprung across his path as he rode at full speed, the horse swerved, Magnus fell heavily from the saddle, striking his head against the trunk of a tree, and so died.* This would look as if he had been killed on the spot, but, on the other hand, we know that he died on board his fleet; and that not only from his native annals, but from Adam of Bremen, who wrote on information afforded by Sweyn himself. We may believe then, that he died from the effects of that fall, and that he languished and lingered some little time, and at last died later on in the year. It is only over the cause of death, that darkness. As to the manner of his death itself we have a flood of light. So good a king could not pass away and leave no sign. Indeed, there were signs and tokens, all showing the melancholy which brooded over his mind. Magnus was "fey." So it was one night as he lay off the Jutland coast, he dreamed a dream, and saw King Olaf, who said, "My son, whether of the twain wilt thou choose, to come now to me, or to be the mightiest king on earth, and to live long, but to

* "Quem (Svenonem) Magnus concitato animi impetu subsecutus, quum oppidum Alexstadiam præterirret, deturbato per occursum leporis equo; trunco, cujus præacuti forte stipites eminebant, adactus extinguitur," says Saxo Grammaticus in his strange Latin.

do that sinful deed, from which thou shalt never, or at best scarcely ever be shriven?" And he thought he made answer, "My will, father, is that thou choosest for me." "Then shalt thou come with me now," said King Olaf. No wonder that his men "drew down their brows" when he told the dream. So a little after, as he lay one morning in his cabin, in the poop of his ship, he threw the clothes off him with a sigh, and was in a steaming heat.* The watchful Einar was at his side, and said, "Art thou sick, Lord?" "Not very sick yet, foster-father mine," said the king. "That is great grief," said Einar, "for to thy friends thy loss will never be made good if they lose thee." "Let them make my bed, foster-father, forward in the bow, out at the very stem. There it will be cooler and pleasanter;" but as soon as he got into his bed, he said, with another sigh, "This is no good; bear me back to the old place;" and it was done. Then Einar said, "Say now, Lord, to thy friends all that is needful, and give us good counsel; maybe we shall not be able to speak long together." "So I will," said the king, "for it is likeliest this sickness will soon sunder our

* The words of the Saga are "ok rauk af honum," which certainly do not mean as Munch translates them, "i Feberhede," "in fever heat." The words recall the steam and reek that rises from a horse after a sharp-run race. It was the clammy sweat of weakness which weighed him down.

fellowship." By this time Harold was come. "Are ye sick, Lord?" "Sick I am, of a truth, kinsman," answered Magnus, "and I will ask you this: Be the friend of my friends." "I am bound to be so for your sake," said Harold, "but some of them think themselves quite strong enough without me, and me they rather look down on." This was aimed at Einar, who broke in, "'Tis no good talking about this. He has already made up his mind what he will do, whatever he now promises." "Why," said Harold, "is it not likeliest, and besides my most bounden duty, that I should be the friend of my friends?" Einar would not stay to bandy words with Harold over the sick man's bed, but turned and said to Magnus, "Speak ye, my Lord King Magnus, what is of more moment, about the realm, how it ought to go." Then answered Magnus, "My counsel to thee, kinsman Harold, is that thou turnest back to Norway, thy land of heritage, and watchest over her. For so it was settled between me and Hardicanute, that the realm of Denmark should not pass to my heirs if I got it, and the same with Norway as to his heirs. Therefore let King Sweyn now have Denmark." But Harold answered, "Methinks I have one and the same right to Denmark and Norway both if thou art lost to us." Then Magnus said, "Now I see that our talk will

come to little," and was silent. Then Harold asked a question after his own heart: "How much now is left of all that great heap of gold which we brought with us into the land, and of which you had half?" Harold asked like a pedler, and Magnus answered like a king: "Look round on both broadsides, how they are manned with good lads and mighty men. To them have I given the gold, and in its stead I have had from them love and faith, for the help and manhood of one good follower is better than much goods." Harold had got his answer, and left his nephew. Then Einar said, "Take some counsel, for thy brother Thorir, little honour will Harold show him; enough if he can keep his life." Thorir was the king's half-brother on the mother's side. So Thorir was sent for, with one companion named Ref, and the king said, "Go now you two away from the fleet into woods, and 'twill be no long time ere the trumpets and horns will sound loud, and then ye shall take that for a token that my death has come. Then go both of you as speedily as ye can to King Sweyn, and bring him my word that my wish is that he befriend thee, brother, as he would wish that I should befriend his brother were he on his deathbed." Thorir could scarce utter a word for grief, and Magnus went on: "This also shall ye say to King Sweyn,

that I give him all the realm of Denmark, to have and to hold henceforth free from any man's gainsaying." So they two, Thorir and Ref, went on land into the woods and waited there. They had not long to tarry. Soon after Harold too came back, and sat down by his nephew's bed, who had fallen into a doze. In after-days, when the characters of both were better known, something was said to have happened, which strangely shows the wild belief of the age. As Magnus slumbered, his mouth gaped, and lo! there came forth from it, as it were, a fish, a golden fish; and that fish tried to get back into the sleeper's mouth, but could not. Then it made for Harold, and passed into his mouth, and as it was lost to view it seemed as though it were dark of hue. Soon after Magnus awoke, and when he heard this portent he said, "'Tis a token that my life will be but short and maybe Harold's counsels and plans will be darker and more cold-blooded than mine have been." The warm and golden prime of Magnus was to be followed by the dark and chilling evening of Harold, whose heart was cold-blooded as a fish. Then Magnus took witness again that he gave Harold all the realm of Norway, and Denmark to Sweyn; and afterwards two priests came and shrove and houseled him, for he was now hard at death's door. His last act was to give his

foot-page a costly knife and belt. He had forgotten no one, and left nothing to share after his death save his realms. As the boy took the gift he looked at the king's face, and he was just at his last gasp. So on October 25, 1047, three days before the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, died Magnus the Good, aged twenty-two years and six months. He had been twelve years King of Norway, three years of which, up to the Treaty of Burntislands, were spent under the guardianship of Kalf and Einar. Five years was he King of Denmark. All his subjects bewailed his loss, for he was brave, generous, and gentle, though he could be stern when it was needful; of most noble mien, and most gracious manners; of pure and blameless life before God and man. In a word, the darling of his own people, and the dread of his foes. The Norwegians adored him, and the Danes respected him. To the one he had restored their national independence, for the last he had curbed their worst enemies, the heathen Wends. In his own lifetime he was called "The Good," and after-times found no reason to challenge the verdict of his day. Happy, too, in what makes most men unhappy, in that he was never married, and dying thus early left no son. It was hard for Harold to keep peace with the nephew to whom he owed so much. Had Magnus left an heir of tender

years behind him, round whom the great chiefs could have rallied, Norway would have been plunged, so far as we can see, into the miseries of a disputed succession, and in all likelihood would not at once have found in Harold the schoolmaster she so much needed.

Magnus was the Arthur of the North, the hero not of romance but of real life. He too had warred against the "Heathen of the South," and smitten them hip and thigh. The gallant company of his Hird was his "Table Round." His too was the blameless life of "the flower of kings;" in Sighvat Skald he had his Merlin, in Sweyn he found the traitor Mordred. Harold was his Lancelot, but the Guinevere whom the great warrior sought to win was none other than that fair land of Norway; though unlike the guilty queen she was true to her liege lord, and only gave herself up with a sigh to her wooer when death had cut asunder the tie which bound her to her first love. The story of her life with Harold is still to tell.

HAROLD HARDRADA, KING OF NORWAY.*

1864.

THE thread of our story was dropped at the death of Magnus the Good (Oct. 25, 1047): we now take it up to tell how his uncle Harold ruled Norway with undivided sway.

The wailing sound of the horns came heavily over the water to the wood in which Thorir and Ref were hid, and they at once set out on their way to Sweyn. They were only just in time, for we are told that Harold sent men after them as soon as the breath was out of his nephew's body, to cut them off, and so stay the message. Next, Harold called together all the Norwegian warriors to a Thing, in which he gave it out that he would not listen to the last wishes of Magnus

* 1. "Det Norske Folks Historie." P. A. Munch. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852—55.

2. "Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet." J. J. A. Worsaae. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghhandling, 1863.

as to his realm, that he was heir to Denmark just as much as he was heir to Norway, and that his purpose was to make for Viborg, call an Assembly of the Danes, and have himself chosen King of Denmark. If they could only now subdue that land, the Danes would bow their heads before the Norwegians for all time. But Einar again rose to thwart Harold's plans. It was far more his bounden duty, he said, to bear the body of King Magnus, his foster-son, to the grave, and to carry him to his father Saint Olaf, than to war in a foreign land with King Harold, though he were greedy of another king's realm and rule. For his part, he would sooner follow King Magnus dead than any other king alive. Then he took the body and laid it out handsomely in the dead king's ship, and set it up so high that the bier could be seen from all the other ships in the fleet. And then all the Drontheimers, and many other Norwegians, made ready to go home with the body, and the whole host broke up and split asunder. So Harold, against his will, was forced to yield, and to go back with the rest. Off the Cattegat he ran into "the Bay," and landing went slowly up the country, passing from Thing to Thing till he came to Drontheim, and as he went he took an oath of fealty from the freemen that he was sole lawful king in Norway. Long before he

reached Drontheim, Einar had got home with his mournful freight. All the dwellers in the town met the corse at the water's edge, and so it was laid in St. Clement's Church, where his father's shrine was then kept. "Many a tall man," it is said, "stood weeping over the grave of King Magnus, and long grieved they for his loss." As soon as Harold reached Drontheim, he called together the eight districts which were called Drontheim,* and there in a solemn meeting he was chosen king, and now none dared dispute his right to Norway.

Meantime Thorir and his companion had made their way to Sweyn, whom they caught just as he was leaving Denmark. They found him in Scania, which then and long after was Danish soil. He was just about to mount his horse to cross the border into Sweden, and to bid farewell for ever to Denmark. "What news from the host? what are the Norwegians about?" he eagerly asked. Ref told him that Magnus was dead, and gave him the message which made him king in Denmark; the only condition being that he should befriend Thorir. Then Sweyn answered with great feeling, "These are great tidings; as for thee Thorir, thou shalt be

* In those days Drontheim was the name of the district, and not of the town. Strictly speaking, the town was called Níðaróss, that is, the town at the mouth of the river Níð.

welcome, and we will show thee great honour, for so I trow would the good King Magnus show to my brother if so things had come about. And now I lay this vow in the hands of God, that never again, so long as I live, will I fly from Denmark." Then he sprang on his horse and rode back through Scania, and much folk flocked to him as soon as the news spread that Magnus was dead. That winter Sweyn laid all Denmark under him, and all the Danes took him to be their king. The oath which he had given to Magnus was gone. His conscience was free and his people were free to choose whom they would. The struggle with Norway took a new shape, and the Danes went heart and soul with Sweyn.

And Harold, though his mind was bent on war with Sweyn, had enough to do at home. As the last of Harold Fairhair's race on the swordside none could challenge his hereditary right to the crown. But though he had rights he met with no love. The nation's heart was buried with Magnus. It looked for a stern and unforgiving lord in Harold, and it found one in him. Besides Norway needed such a ruler. The great chiefs and vassals were now too strong. On the ruins of the freemen's allodial rights they had risen to be a power in the State, and their houses were so many fortresses which threatened to defy the king's authority. Saint Olaf had seen

the evil and fell in trying to check it. Then came a short period of national repentance, during the greater part of which the chiefs and vassals were all-powerful, for Magnus was but a child. At the end of his short reign, for he was not twenty-three when he died, the relations between ruler and ruled were hearty and loving, but still the crown was, as it were, in commission in the hands of Einar and his fellows. Now the reign of love was over, the battle must be fought out to the last between the Crown and its vassals, and Harold was just the man to win in such a struggle. "He was mighty," says the Saga, "and turned with a will to govern the land at home, and beyond measure wise and understanding, so that all said with one voice there was never a more understanding far-sighted king in the North. Besides, he was a surpassing warrior, strong and well-skilled in all feats of arms, and above all things, a man who knew how to work out his will." "Greedy he was of power, and he grew more and more greedy of it the firmer he felt himself in the land and government, and at last it went so far that most of those smarted for it who dared to speak against him, or to take other things in hand than those he thought good and right." His whole reign, as has been well shown by Munch, was one continuous effort and purpose to carry out

his scheme of government with the most unbending will, to strengthen the power of the Crown, crush risings and rebellion, to stifle disturbances, and to bring the whole realm to a state of order and discipline, so that there might be one Norway under one king. Few kings could have done this in the face of strife at home and wasting war abroad; yet Harold did it so well, that he left at his death an orderly, flourishing, firmly-founded, and contented kingdom to his heirs. In him the National Church found a vigorous champion against the encroachments of the See of Bremen, and he left on it a stamp of liberty which the Papacy could not mar for centuries, if it ever quite succeeded. All this he could never have done had he not been a man of wonderful powers of mind, as well as will and daring. He must have had a good head as well as a heavy hand. As Magnus got his by-name "The Good" in his lifetime, so Harold was known almost as soon as he stepped upon the throne by a just and fitting title: Harold Hardrada (Haraldr hinn Harðráði) was what all men called him. Harold of hard *redes* as we should have said in early English; Harold "the hard-hearted," Harold the stern, a man whose terms were hard, and whose counsels and conditions were hard to bear, for they looked to his profit and interest alone. This hardness was no doubt the fruit of the trials

he had undergone in youth, not a little helped, perhaps, by that atmosphere of intrigue in which he had spent so many of his best years at the Greek Emperor's Court. And yet this man so hard, so stern, so greedy of fame and goods, had a heart if any one was lucky enough to find the way to it. Many stories prove that he could be affable, condescending, and entertaining, nay, more, that he could be loveable, liberal, and generous. His skill in poetry, and in all the literature of the age, showed a mind full of taste and feeling, and a soul which, in better times, would have been capable of great things, in arts as well as in arms; but along with all those noble gifts he showed a tyrant's temper, in that he was fickle, hasty, and overbearing; none could tell how long he would be of the same mind, and, while basking in the sunshine of his favour, none knew how soon his smile would turn into a frown.

Such was the man whom Providence had pitted against the great Norwegian chiefs, who at one and the same time were vassals of the Crown.* They were a formidable array, even if

* First and foremost of these was Einar Paunchshaker, of whom we have so often heard. He was strong in the Drontheim district, and his wife, Bergliot, was sprung from the great Earl Hacon, so that their son Eindridi might boast of princely blood. Another great chief was the only earl in Norway, Orm Eilif's son, of the Uplands, side by side with whom stood his kinsman, the young, fair, and gallant Hacon Ivar's son, whose father was the grandson of the same Earl Hacon. In Ringerike was Step-Thorir, the

taken chief by chief, and vassal by vassal; but there had also happened what will ever happen in such a state of things, all these chiefs were more or less bound together by ties of kinship or marriage, and a blow struck at one branch of the tree shook all the rest. Harold's difficulty was the same as that which met and overthrew King Olaf. He had to fight against the same local and personal interests and the old enemy with the old face; but he had one advantage which the Saint had not, while the heads of these great houses clung to the old system, a younger generation was springing up who felt that Norway was a whole, and not a mere gathering together of parts and provinces. The old system might be said to have held together the several atoms of the State by frost, which melted before any hot trial like that of Canute's invasion, and each atom was left to itself. St. Olaf's system, as worked out by Harold, aimed at welding all the atoms together by repeated

mightiest man in Gudbrandsdale. In the south-west was Aslak; in the Sognefirth Brynjolf, Helgi's son. In the north-west was the great House of the Arnmodlings. Eystein Orri or the Gorcock, at Giske, and Finn Arni's son, brother of that mighty Kalf, who fled from Norway at the reproaches of Magnus. He lived at Austratt on Yrje, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth. In Helgeland to the north, in the strip of land between the skerries and the Fells, Einar, the Fly of Thjotta, had rule. He was Harold's vassal or lendirman, and early in the reign is named as having the wardship of the Finnskatt or fur trade.

blows given by the strong arm of the Crown, and when Harold died he left Norway quite annealed and amalgamated; one kingdom, and not a mere congeries of provinces. But besides this advantage arising out of the awaking of national consciousness, he had another in his personal power and craft. He had the end in view, and in his policy the means were hallowed by the end. We have seen that he was already wedded to Elizabeth. She had borne him two daughters, Maria and Ingigerd, but no son. It does not appear that Harold was ever separated from Jaroslav's daughter, and we know that she was with him at his end; but however it may be, it does appear that he strove to break up the compact array of the great chiefs by marrying a kinswoman of the mightiest of them. He turned his eyes therefore on Thora, Eystein Gorcock's sister, and so became still more closely related to the Arnmodlings. This step left him with two wives on his hands, for it is certain that he was formally married to Thora, who is constantly called Queen in the Sagas, while Elizabeth is never mentioned except at the beginning and end of his reign. But two wives or one, this marriage was a most politic step, for the Arnmodlings were widely connected, and by this single stroke not only Eystein Gorcock, but also Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Einar the

Fly, were brought over to Harold's party, for a time at least, and the stiff-necked Einar Paunch-shaker, Step-Thorir, and some other Upland chiefs were his only enemies. Einar was strong, as we know, about Drontheim, the old heart and capital of the country; and now as a set-off and balance to his weight, Harold made his trusty friend and old brother-in-arms, Ulf Ospak's son from Iceland, a vassal of the crown, and gave him great fiefs in the Drontheim district. At the same time he made him his Marshal or Master of the Horse, and to crown all gave him Thora's sister, Jorunna, to wife; and Ulf by his faithfulness well deserved this good treatment. So Harold began his reign strong in himself and in his second marriage. Of yielding an inch to the unruliness of the freemen there could be no question. All that had been left by Magnus of the Danish imposts and injustice he rigidly maintained, and even added to. No king before or after him ever stood up so stiffly for his rights, or so systematically neglected those of others. Einar, so long as he lived, often upbraided him for breaking the law, but the king, strong in his policy of setting chief against chief, turned a deaf ear to his reproaches, or if he gave way for a moment, it was only to return to his purpose with firmer will and greater force. Nor did he scorn, in his eagerness to add to his resources, to bring

in a very common mediæval financial operation. He struck coin so debased that scarce one half of it was silver, the rest being copper. These, almost the first coins in Norway, were known as *Harold's Bits.* And now, armed at all points, he made ready to fight it out with Sweyn.

This war with Sweyn lasted nearly twenty years, and we see at once why it lasted so long. Harold was never, as Magnus had been, chosen king by the Danes, who had now, for the most part, rallied round Sweyn, and who looked upon Harold as a merciless usurper. Nor did Harold make war as a conqueror, but rather as an old Viking rover. Every year he called out his host, manned his fleet, and sailed for Denmark; there he harried and wasted the coasts and islands, burning, slaying, and plundering as he went, but seldom going up the country in force. So it was every year so long as the summer lasted. He spent his time in seeking for Sweyn, and sometimes met him, but as soon as winter came, he went back to Norway. He had too much to do at home to render it possible for him to leave the land for a longer time, and every winter Sweyn repaired his losses, and was ready when the spring came to make war with renewed life. Nor, though success was mostly on Harold's side, was he always successful. More than once he was nearly caught by Sweyn at

great disadvantage, and only got clear off by extraordinary shifts and efforts. A war so waged might have lasted for ever and ever. Harold's stubborn nature was worn out at last, and he made peace with Sweyn. Nor was his fleet so large as those of the beloved Magnus. The freemen, headed by Einar, were not so willing to stand by him as they had been with their lost darling. Nor must we forget that Harold's policy at home tended to strengthen his foes abroad. Chief after chief fell or fled before him in Norway; but those who fled betook themselves to Sweyn, who welcomed them with open arms, and the friends and kinsmen of those who fell were not slow in following this example. So that Harold's successful efforts to strengthen the Crown in Norway, raised ever and anon new recruits for Sweyn, whose ranks were filled, and whose hosts were led by Norwegian exiles.

In the campaign of 1048, Harold took vengeance on his bitter enemy, Thorkell Geysa, whose daughters the winter before had mocked at Harold and his power, for they had carved anchors out of cheese, and said they were strong enough to hold Harold's fleet if he dared to show his face in Denmark. Now Harold steered straight for the firth at Randers in South Jutland. No long way from the strand lay Thorkell's house; he was away from home, but his sharp-tongued

daughters would not listen to the warning words of the warder as he saw the hostile fleet far off upon the sea. It was only when they were told it was running up the firth that they would believe their eyes. Then it was too late to fly, and when the warder asked them: "What say ye now, ye daughters of Geysa? does Harold dare to come to Denmark or no?" all they could answer was: "'Twas yesterday we said that." Harold's men were at the gate. "Now let us show," he said, "Geysa's daughters that our anchors are not of cheese, but of stouter stuff." A ring of men was thrown round the house, and Harold bade them fire it. As it began to blaze, the maidens begged to be allowed to leave it, and Harold said, though they well deserved to burn along with it, still he was willing to see how Norse fetters would fit Danish legs. So they were driven down to the beach in chains. As soon as Thorkell heard what had happened, he hastened to Harold, who being then in a good temper, allowed him to ransom his daughters at a heavy price. That same summer Harold defeated Sweyn's fleet at Thiolarness, not far from Viborg, and when winter drew near, after some other operations, sailed north for Drontheim. The grudge between him and Einar's party had only slumbered during the summer to break out with fresh force in winter. Harold, who was

always at work, had his hands full with building at Drontheim, where a new church in honour of the Virgin Mary was rising, but with his hands busy, his mind was full of forethought and care for the behaviour of his foes. His hand was heavy on the freemen, and Einar was their champion. To such a length did their feud go, that Einar's houses, both when at home, in the country, or in town, were filled with a little army of men. He had eight or nine war-ships, and about 600 warriors always with him. At the head of such a company he rescued a thief whom the king had ordered to be hanged, merely because the culprit had once had shelter under his roof, and found favour in his eyes. On another occasion they had a worse quarrel. It happened once, as it often happened, says the Saga, that a ship came to Drontheim district, and ran up to Niðarós. It was a ship from Iceland, and aboard was an Icelander of little goods. He had the watch by night on their ship, and when men were all fast asleep, he saw two men go stealthily up a hill hard by with spades and mattocks, and they fell a-digging, and he knew they were seeking for hidden treasure. So he left the ship and came on them unawares, and he saw they had dug up a chest full of money. So he spoke to the man who was their chief, and whose name was Thorfinn, "How much wilt thou give me to keep your

secret as to finding this money?" "How much dost thou ask?" says Thorfinn. "No more than three marks weighed, but if ever I am in need of money then thou shalt give me as much more." Thorfinn agreed to these terms, and weighed him down the three marks, but when they opened the chest, there on the top, close up, lay a big ring and a heavy necklace. The Icelander saw runes scored on the chest, and the writing said that Earl Hacon had owned those goods. So they parted after that. The Icelander went back to his ship, but Thorfinn became a very wealthy man in a very short time. Then he was called Thorfinn the Chapman, for he had money out in almost every voyage and venture, and he dressed himself most gorgeously, and got to be a famous man. But the Icelander was unlucky, and lost all his goods, and so some summers after he went to see Thorfinn, and begged him to give him some money, but he made as though he knew him not, and said he had no claim to any money from him. Then the Icelander went to Einar Paunchshaker, and bade him for his countenance, and said he was without a penny, as was quite true. He meant to repay him for his kindness by telling him of the treasure-trove, for he thought it only right that Earl Hacon's heirs should have the money if they got their rights. But time went on, and he did not tell, and it

slipped out of his mind, but he stayed with Einar that winter. But when summer began, and men were getting ready for their journeys, Einar asked what plans the Icelander had. He said he scarce knew what was best to do. He was without a penny in the world, but what he should like best would be to fare to Iceland. "That's best after all," said Einar; "I will give thee food to last out the voyage, and, beside, a chest full of wares; 'tis but little goods, but yet with them thou mayest buy thyself some needful things." So the Icelander thanked him for his kindness and went away, but he still said never a word about the treasure. He went down to Niðarós, and tarried there, and took a passage to Iceland. King Harold was then in the town, and one day when men came out of church, the king said, "Who is yon lordly-dressed man who is walking along the street?" They told him it was Thorfinn the Chapman. Then the king went on: "Many strange things come about, and not the least wonderful is how such men get together such great wealth in so short a time, and are as rich as Jews in few years, though before they were well-nigh beggars." So the king sent after him, and bade him come and see him; and when he came, the king asked whence all that money came which he had got together in a little while. He was loath to say, and made this and that

excuse, how he had saved it in trading voyages; first of all by lending and borrowing, and from partnership with other men; but at last the end was that he had to tell the truth. But when the king heard that, he made them take from Thorfinn all his goods and the money which he had with him, and which he had out at venture alike, and confiscated it to himself, and after all he said, he treated Thorfinn better than he was worth, in that he was neither slain nor hanged on a tree. A little money the king left him, and so Thorfinn went away out of the land. Now it came into the Icelander's mind that he had held his peace rather too long as to the finding of the treasure, but still he went and found Einar, and told him the whole story. Then Einar said, "This matter would have taken a better turn for thee and for all of us, if I had had the first chance of getting these goods before the king laid his hand on them; for now it is no easy thing to strive with him about it; but we should have had Thorfinn utterly in our power, and yet he would have been better off than he now is. And as for thee, Icelander, thou canst be not at all a lucky man, so fair as thy lot seemed at first. But still thou shalt have some silver of me, and then fare away out to Iceland, and never come back to Norway while Harold is king over the land." So they parted there and then. A little while after, Einar

came down to the town with a great company of his kinsmen and friends, and he made his way to where the king was in church; but when the king came out of church, Einar turned to meet him, and greeted him, and asked if he had laid his hands on those goods and money which Thorfinn the Chapman had found. He said, "So it was; for that," he went on, "is the law of the land, that the king shall own all that money and treasure which is found in the earth." "Very true," said Einar, "if men do not know who has owned it; but now, I trow, that Eindridi, my son, and Bergliot, his mother, own all heritage after Earl Hacon, and that is why I think I have a right to take these goods which he owned of yore." Then Einar told the signs and tokens, both as to the runes and precious things themselves, how Earl Hacon had owned this treasure; "And," says he, "if thou wilt not give it up, then we will not spare to seek for it by main force, and do ye guard it if ye will." "Mighty art thou, indeed, Einar," said the king, "for now art thou king over the land rather than I, though I bear the king's name." Then well-meaning men took part in the quarrel, and so took care that no harm came of it, and then all the treasure was handed over to Einar; and so they parted, and they were still called friends by the good dealing of their friends.

After this quarrel, in which the law of treasure-trove as belonging to the Crown is laid down as precisely as though it were uttered by some high prerogative lawyer of the present day, and which strongly illustrates the recent cases which have happened in England, Harold and Einar remained friends in name, but with the feud still rankling in their hearts. Against such a subject and others of his stamp Harold might well employ a little Machiavellian kingcraft. It happened that Harold had fast bound in prison some Danes, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands. It was known to few that they were even alive—like Joseph in the Egyptian dungeon, they had gone clean out of mind, and been forgotten. To them Harold promised life and liberty if they would do his bidding. That was to go round the country with forged letters in Sweyn's name and seal, and with a large sum of money which Harold gave them, and as they went from house to house to offer the chiefs and vassals money in Sweyn's name, as a bribe, to help him when he fell upon Norway, as he often threatened to do.* The Danes,

* Munch, by an oversight, says the Danes had Sweyn's signet in their possession. That is at least unlikely, but the Saga says nothing of the kind. It says, "þau (brèf) voru innsiglut undir nafni Sveins Danakonúngs," which merely means that they were signed and sealed in Sweyn's name. In fact, they were a forgery of Harold's.

for liberty, agreed to Harold's terms, and set out on their treacherous journey. It was a perilous proof to stand, and yet Einar stood it. Whatever might be his hatred to Harold he was true to Norway. His pride too was beyond a bribe. When the tempters came to him, told their errand, and showed him the money and letters, Einar said, "'Tis known to all men that King Harold is no friend of mine, while King Sweyn often speaks of me in a friendly way, and willingly would I be his friend. But if he comes hither into this land of Norway with a host to fall on King Harold, and harries his lands, I will withstand him with all my might, and stand by King Harold with all the strength I can get together and keep his land with him." With that noble answer the bribers went away to Step-Thorir in Gudbrandsdale and showed him the letter. "King Sweyn," said the fickle chief, "ever treats me in a kind and friendly way, and maybe that the spring of his bounty is not yet dry." With those words he took the money and kept it. After trying other great chiefs and vassals, some of whom stood the test well and some ill, the Danes came to the house of Högni Longbjörn's son, a simple freeman, but well-to-do, and a man of many friends. He was worth winning, but when he saw the letters and the money, he said, "Methinks 'tis likely that King

Sweyn will set small store by me, in that I am but a boor of low degree; but still there is but one answer to give in this matter. If King Sweyn comes with war and strife into this land of Norway, no boor's son will be a worse foe to him than I." On the whole, King Harold should have been well content with the report of his messengers. When he heard how well Einar had behaved, he said, "It was to be looked for that he would talk like a good man and true, but still it was out of little love to me. How fared ye with Step-Thorir?" The messenger said Thorir took the money and spoke fair words of both kings. "Ah," answered the king, "he is the last man out of whom one can get his mind as to anything." But when they told him how Högni Longbjörn's son had answered, the king cried out, "There ye may see the making of a vassal." And now, says the Saga, King Harold knew where his friends lay. Against Einar he could neither say nor do anything. Thorir he tried to seize and punish, and even went unbidden to his house; but the wily chief met him on the way, having had a hint that he was coming. Before the king could speak a word, he bade him to a feast that night, and thrusting a great bag of money into his hands, said, "This was brought by some Danish men who brought money and letters from King

Sweyn. I only took it to keep it and hand it over to you, and here it is. Now I must go to settle a quarrel which has sprung up between my people, but I shall be back by evening." With that he rode off. To the feast he never came, and Harold had to confess that he had been entirely outwitted, and went away prophesying that Thorir's fickle temper would bring him sooner or later to a bad end. When he went to Högni's house and offered to make him a vassal and give him a fief, the proud but modest freeman answered, "I thank you, lord, for your friendship, and all that I can do for you I will; but a vassal's name I will not have, for that I know that when the great vassals meet together it will be said, as is the truth, Högni must sit last, he is least of vassals, because he is of boorish race, and then my vassal's name will bring no honour with it, for I shall be their laughing-stock. So I will rather be called a freeman, as is my right, and then I shall have honour in the speech of men, for then it will be said, though it is not much to say, when freemen meet together Högni is the first of them. But all honour, goodwill, and friendship I will take with all my heart from you, and give back the same, though I be but a freeman, henceforth as hitherto." The king said that was a wise and noble answer, and so they parted with great love.

But Harold, much as he feared Einar, could not help being touched at the way in which he had withstood temptation. He sent (1049-50) and begged him to come to the town of Niðarós, and made him a great feast. Einar came, and the king made him good cheer, and bade him sit next himself. At even, after they had eaten and the tables were taken away, the king and his Court sat down in a ring on the straw round the fire, and they drank and were merry. Down pillows were brought, and laid behind Einar and the king; and so they began to talk and jest, and Harold, a sure sign that he was in a good humour, fell to telling of his doughty deeds in foreign lands. Perhaps Einar had often heard them before, perhaps he only believed half of what he heard; but he was old and fat, full of meat and drink; it was not strange then that he began to nod and doze. The king went on, but he was not over-pleased. At last Einar was fast asleep. Then the fickle turn of Harold's heart showed itself, and he changed from mirth to anger, like an April day. It was all done to show how little Einar cared for him or his exploits, and that at the very time when he had softened his heart and lowered himself to try to be friends with him. All this rushed through Harold's mind; and, besides, they had all drunk deep. So there old Einar sat, propped up by

his pillow, sound asleep. Harold bent towards a near kinsman of his, named Griótgard, and whispered, "Take a wisp of grass, and twist it tight, and stick it in Einar's hand, and give him a good poke in the ribs, and call out in his ear, 'Wilt thou to bed, Einar?'" Griótgard did the king's bidding, and Einar started up at the poke in the ribs and shout in his ear, and—what happened at the same time we cannot say, but it was something which, after all he had eaten and drunkèn, was not wonderful. Up jumped the king and left the hall, we may be sure with a laugh, and there Einar was left the laughing-stock of the Court, with the wisp of grass clenched in his hand. In those days such mockery was a deadly insult, for it made a great chief a niddering, and such shame could only be washed out by blood. But Einar went first to bed. As soon as day dawned, he broke into the loft where Griótgard slept, took him out and slew him. Thus the meeting which was to make them friends only ended in making them still worse foes, and the king's wrath was hot against the slayer of his kinsman, though even he might have granted that the man had fallen in his own wrongdoing. Common friends tried to patch this fresh quarrel up, and Harold seemed to listen to their advice; but in his heart he had resolved to put an end to their

strife by Einar's death, and though he bade him come and settle the terms of atonement, it was only to be sure of getting Einar into his hands. So Einar, followed by Eindridi, his son, and a great company of his followers, went down to the king's council or parliament chamber, on the banks of the river Niŏ. Before he came, the king had settled his plan. In the chamber he was to be with a few trusty men, the rest of his Hird were close by in the courtyard. A black deed is best done in darkness, and the shutters which closed the louvre in the roof from the rain were drawn over it. What little light was left struggled through the narrow slits in the side wall. When Einar came into the yard, he said to Eindridi. "Stay thou here outside the hall with our force, so we shall be in no danger;" for what the wary old chief most feared was that they should all be caught inside in a trap, and smoked or burnt to death. Such things had often happened, and might happen again. But Harold's plans were deeper laid. Einar went in without fear, trusting in the king's peace, and sure of retreat in case of danger. He stepped into the hall, with his eyes full of light, and, blinded by the sudden change from daylight to darkness, he cried out, "How dark it is in the king's council-chamber!" Before the words were out of his mouth, Harold's followers fell

on him cut and thrust. The old man strove to die hard. He made for the seat where Harold awaited him, and hewed at him with his axe, but here the king's wiliness foiled him. He had armed himself in two byrnies or shirts of mail, one no doubt being his darling "Emma," and the blow fell harmless. By that time Einar was sorely wounded. His last words were, "Now the king's hounds bite sharp." They were so loud that Eindridi heard them outside. Drawing his sword he rushed into the chamber only to fall by his father's side. Then the king's men outside rose up and held the door of the hall, and the freemen having lost both of their leaders at once scarcely lifted a hand. Yet they were egging each other on, saying it was a shame not to avenge their chief, but naught came of their attack. The king was not slow; he came out, put himself at the head of his men, set up his banner, and drew up his host in battle array. When he found that the freemen would not make an onslaught he made for his ships and his men with him, and they rowed as fast as they could out of the narrow stream into the broad firth.

It was a bloody deed and a shameful deed, and well it was that the king got clear off before the freemen came to themselves. He had not counted the cost of such a treacherous murder. Bergliot, Einar's wife, hastened up to the hall

as soon as she heard the ill-tidings, her heart bent on revenge more than grief, but as she reached it the king's ship was running out of the river. "Now," she cried, "we miss our kinsman Hacon Ivar's son; Einar's banemen would never run out of the river were Hacon here." Then they took up both bodies and laid them by the side of King Magnus. Spite of all Einar's unruliness he was a man of noble patriotic mind. His claims as the freer of his country from foreign rule outweigh all that can be said against him; and though his fall was needful that Norway might be brought to obey her king, the base way in which he was done to death brought at once a host of enemies on Harold's hands.

Now Hacon Ivar's son, the gallant and the fair, was Einar's next of kin, and with him lay the feud of blood. Bergliot sent straight to him, and laid the claim for vengeance in his hands. Harold did not dare to show his face up the country, but made for Yrjar, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth, where his kinsman by marriage, Finn Arni's son, the Arnmodling, lived, and who had hitherto been his fast friend. Him he tried to persuade to play the part of a mediator, and to soothe the feelings of Hacon and his friends, and Finn was well fitted for the task. He was the bosom-friend of Hacon, with

whom he had been a Viking in the West; maybe, too, he was not sorry, as one of the heads of a great house, to hear that another great chief had been laid low. At any rate he met the king kindly, and heard his story out. Finn was a man of sharp and bold tongue, nor did he spare the king in words. "Thou art the worst man I ever knew," he said; "first thou dost all kinds of ill, and afterwards thou art so scared* thou canst scarce tell which way to turn." But the king knew well which way to turn when he came thither. He answered with a laugh, "My errand, brother-in-law, hither, is to get thee to go up to the town and talk the freemen over, and set me at one with them; and if that cannot be brought about, then I wish that thou shouldst go to the Uplands to Hacon Ivar's son, so that he may not stand against me." But Finn was not going on such an errand for nothing. The freemen were so enraged that it was at the risk of a man's life to take up the king's quarrel. "Only go, brother-in-law," said the king, "for I know thou wilt succeed if any man can, and choose a boon of me for going." Then Finn uttered what had long lain deep in his heart,

* Harold, with all his well-known bravery, had been accused of cowardice before by Haldor Snorri's son, a man more outspoken even than Finn, when he and Harold had their passage of words in Sicily.

"Keep now thy word, king, and I will choose my boon, and at once I choose pardon and peace in Norway for my brother Kalf, and that he shall have back all his land and goods, and along with them all rank and title and power that he had ere he fared out of the land." In his need the king agreed to that, though Kalf had been a greater man in his day than Einar, and he might think he had only got rid of one enemy to bring a worse foe in his stead. So that was witnessed, and the bargain struck. Then Finn went on to ask what he should offer to Hacon to let the king have peace, for now he had stepped into Einar's place as to influence over the Drontheimers. "First learn," said the king, "what he asks, and then make the best terms for me that thou canst. If the worst comes to the worst, stand out for nothing but the kingdom." After that the king went south to the district of Mœren, and waited to see what would come of it.

So Finn set out with near eighty of his household at his back, and when he came to Niðaróss, he held a meeting of the householders and freemen. Then he made them a long and clever speech, and bade them think of all the trouble they had brought upon the land by killing King Olaf. As for Harold, he was ready to make handsome atonement, in fact to do all that good

men and true might ask. When Finn had done speaking, the freemen said they were willing to let things stand as they were till the messenger came back whom Bergliot had sent to Hacon Ivar's son in the Uplands. Now Finn lost no time; he made Orkadale, with his men, then cut across over the Dofrafell, and so got to the Uplands. First he went to his son-in-law, Earl Orm, a great friend of Hacon, and told him his errand. Then they both called Hacon to meet them, and Finn told him that he had come on Harold's part to offer an atonement to stay the blood-feud. At first Hacon would say little but that he was bound to avenge Einar, and meant to do so. All he heard from Drontheim showed him that he should have force enough and to spare to cope with the king. "Well," said Finn, "as thou pleasest; but think how much better it will be to take as much honour from the king as thou thyself choosest to ask, rather than run the risk of raising a band to march against the king, to whom thou art already bound by ties of fealty. Thou mayest lose the day, and then both life and lands are forfeited; but even if thou conquerest King Harold, thou wilt be called a traitor to thy liege lord, and be left alone and hunted from the fellowship of all good men." Earl Orm backed Finn in all he said, and Hacon thought twice about it. At last he

also brought out what lay deep in his heart, for Hacon too had his price. "I will take an atonement from King Harold, and be friends again with him, if he will give me to wife his kinswoman, Ragnhilda, King Magnus's daughter, with such dower as suits her rank, and she herself chooses." "I agree to that at once," said Finn; so that bargain was struck also. Then Finn fared back to Niðarós, having done his errand well and deftly, and took up his abode there; all that strife and feud settled down, and Harold came out of his great strait, and held his realm in peace. "And all men said that Hacon Ivar's son was a greater man than ever his father Ivar the White had been, though he had been a great vassal under St. Olaf, who set great store by him."

Harold had now two promises to fulfil, one to Hacon in Ragnhilda's marriage, and one to Finn as to his brother's return. The first he was not able to keep at once, for the princess was yet a child. But Kalf came from Orkney, where he had stayed for years in exile with his brother-in-law Earl Thorfinn, as soon as ever he heard that the ban was raised. He was at once restored to all his rank and lands. This was in 1050 or early in 1051. The summer after Harold showed how he could keep his word to the ear but break it in deed. He sailed for Denmark,

as was his wont, to waste the Danish shores. This year the island of Funen was his prey, but the islanders gathered force enough to do battle for their goods; and Harold sent Kalf, who was one of the first warriors of his time, at the head of a band up the country, telling him that he would soon follow. Kalf obeyed, but only to meet a far greater force. Trusting to Harold's word, he fell on them, was soon overpowered, and forced to fly, for Harold never came. Driven headlong to the beach, many fell in the rout, and amongst them Kalf, fighting bravely to the last. All this time Harold had never left his ships, and it looked as though he had meant Kalf to fall into the enemy's hands, and had left him in the lurch. Finn raised loud complaints, and many said he must have been silly, knowing Harold's character so well, to have thought that he would ever abandon his thirst for vengeance. Harold himself let them talk on. Nor did he care to conceal his joy that another great chief had fallen. In a moment of exultation he burst out into a song, in which he boasted that thirteen of his foes had bit the dust since he came back to Norway. It was hard to be forced to kill, but the wickedness and spite of some folk left him no choice. Who the thirteen victims were is doubtful, their names are untold, but no one then doubted that Einar,

Eindridi, and now Kalf, were to be reckoned among them. Nor was he rid of his foes by death and murder alone. Finn, the great chief, who had done him such great service and got so poor a meed, enraged at his brother's death, left land and goods in Norway, and fled to Sweyn (1051), who made much of him, gave him the title of Earl, and sent him to guard Halland, the border-land between the two kingdoms, against his own countrymen. So it was, as we have already said, that Sweyn's strength was recruited by Norwegian outlaws, and the attempt to bring in order at home only swelled the enemy's ranks. Many others followed the example set them by Finn. "In those days," says the Saga, "the vassals in Norway were so overbearing and quarrelsome, that as soon as ever they disliked anything that the king did they fled away out of the land to King Sweyn, south in Denmark, and then he made mighty men out of them, and to some he gave good gifts. Well might Skald Thiodolf sing of the faithless band, who had broken their faith and deserted their lord for Sweyn's service, and declare that their shameful deeds would long be borne in mind." But even Thiodolf, when off his stilts, must have owned that it was Harold's hard and overbearing system, and the merciless way in which he worked his purpose out, that drove

the best and bravest of his subjects out of the country.

He was now to part with another of his friends, where the fault was certainly not on his own side. We have already spoken of his old comrade, the Icelander, Haldor, Snorri's son, and of his sharp tongue. Some time before the events which have just been told took place, Haldor had a fit of home-sickness. "He was," says the Saga, "a tall man in growth, and fair of face. One of the strongest and most daring of men, and best skilled in arms. King Harold bore witness that of all men who had been with him Haldor was the one who least showed any change of feeling; whether it were risk of life or joyful tidings that came upon him he was never one whit gladder or less joyful. He never took his meat and drink more or less kindly than was his wont whatever befell, were it foul or fair. Haldor was a man of few words, short-spoken, out-spoken, sulky-tempered, and unyielding; quarrelsome in all things with whomsoever he had to deal, and that suited King Harold ill when he had men and enough to choose from, so they hit it off badly after Harold was king in Norway." At first, however, they were very good friends; but as soon as Harold was well seated on the throne, Haldor grew less and less glad, and at last the king asked him

what he had on his mind. "My heart is set on going to Iceland, Lord," answered Haldor. "Well," said the king, "many a man might have longed for home sooner; but where are your goods, and how stand your money matters?" "That is soon said," answered Haldor, "for the clothes I stand in are all I have." "Little meed for long service and much risk," answered Harold. "I will get thee a ship and lading, and then thy father shall see that thou hast not served me for naught." So Haldor thanked the king, and a few days after the king asked him how many shipmates he had got. "Oh," said Haldor, "all the chapmen had already taken their passages, but as for me I can get no men, and so I fear that ship which you gave me must stay behind, for she has no crew." "Then my gift is not worth much," answered Harold; "we must wait a while and see how we can manage for a crew." Next day the horns blew to call a meeting in the town, and the news ran that the king had something to say to the townsfolk and chapmen. The king came late to the folkmoot, and drew a very long and thoughtful face when he did come, and when he came he said, "We hear that strife and war has arisen in our realm away east in 'the Bay.' King Sweyn is there at the head of the Danish host, and will do us harm and scathe, but we

will by no means give up our land, and for that sake we lay a ban against all ships leaving the land before I get what I want out of every ship, both in men and stores, save only one galley of no great burden, which Haldor, Snorri's son, owns, and which is bound to sail to Iceland. And now, though this may seem rather hard to you who have already made ready to sail, still need drives us to such imposts; but we thought it better that all should bide for better times, and then every man may fare as he likes." After that the folkmoot broke up, and when Haldor and the king met a little while after, the king asked whether he had got any shipmates. "More than enough and to spare," answered Haldor, "for many more come to me than I can make room for, and these come so thick upon me that my house-door is almost broken in by their knocks. I have rest neither day nor night." "Keep now those shipmates with whom thou hast made thy bargain, and leave the rest to me." Next day there was another blast for a folkmoot, and then the king came quickly enough. He was the first on the spot, and his face was bright and cheerful. He stood up at once, and said:—"Now I have good tidings. It was naught but falsehood and lies all that story about the war a day or two ago; and now our will is that every man should sail away with his

ship whithersoever he likes, and come all of ye back next autumn and bring us back costly things, and instead ye shall all have from us goodness and friendship." All the chapmen were overjoyed at that, and said he was the best king that ever lived. So Haldor fared out to Iceland that summer, and was there with his father, and he came back the summer after and went back to King Harold's Hird, and so it is said that Haldor was then not so willing to follow the king as he had been before, and he sat up on evenings after the king went to bed.

This voyage of Haldor's seems to have been in 1048, just before Harold's first cruise against Sweyn. In 1049 he came back, and now it was that his quarrels with Harold began. The winter of 1050-51 Harold spent in Drontheim, after Finn Arni's son had reconciled him with the freemen, and there in his Hall at Niðarós the king kept high state at Yule. Among the king's Hird was one Thórir Englandfarer, for he had been a chapman and sailed to many other lands, but most to England, and he had brought back the king many costly things. But he was old, and said to the king, "I am an old man, as ye know, and I am weary with years; methinks I am quite unfit to follow the customs of the Hird in drinking toasts and memories, as well as in other things that thereto belong, and so I must

look out for some other home, though 'tis best and merriest to be with you." "Easy to find a way out of this strait, friend," answered the king; "stay still with the Hird, and drink no more than thou wilt, by my leave." There was another man from the Uplands, Bard by name, a good man and true, and not old. He was in great love with King Harold, and they three, Thórir, Bard, and Haldor, all sat on one bench. Now one evening, just as the king passed by them along the hall, as they sat and drank, Haldor gave up the horn. It was a big bull's horn, and well pared and polished, so that one could see clearly through it, and Haldor had fairly drunk his half with Thórir, but Thórir was long in draining the rest. The king fancied from the time the old man took that Haldor had shirked his drink, and he said sharply, "How long it is before some men are found out, Haldor, when now thou art a dastard at thy drink against this old man, and yet runnest out late at night after light women and dost not follow thy king as of yore." Haldor gave him no answer, but Bard saw that he was hurt, and next morning he rose at dawn of day and went to see the king. "Well! thou art an early riser, Bard," said the king. "Yes," answered Bard, "I am, and I am come to scold you, Lord. You spoke harshly and unfairly yestereen to Haldor your

friend, when you blamed him for drinking like a laggard, for the horn was with Thórir. Haldor had drunk his share; nay more, when Thórir was about to bear it back to the cask, Haldor took it and drained it more than half. That is also the biggest lie when ye said that he went about with light women by night; but still if his friends could choose, he would be a closer follower to you than he is." Harold said he and Haldor would soon make it up when they met. So Bard went and told Haldor that the king spoke nothing but good of him, and that he must not mind if the king threw such words about, for it was more jest than earnest. Still time went on and the feud lasted. But when Yule came then fines and forfeits were laid down as was the wont at Yule; and one morning there was a change in ringing for matins, for the king's candleswains gave the sacristan money to ring far earlier than was the wont. So Haldor was caught and many more; and so they had to sit in the straw all day, and at night were to drink out their forfeits. But Haldor would do no such thing, he sat sulking in his seat while the others were down in the straw. Still they handed him the horn of forfeit which every man that was fined had to drain, but he said he would not drink it. So the king was told. "It can't be true," said the king; "he will take it if I hand

it him;" so he took the horn and went up to Haldor with it. Haldor stood up and the king handed him the horn and bade him drink it off. "As for that," said Haldor, "I think myself never a whit more worthy a fine because ye choose to play tricks, and change the ringing to matins just for the sake of making men pay forfeits." "Still drink the horn thou must," said the king, "no less than other men." "Maybe you will have your way," answered Haldor; "but Sigurd Sow would never have forced Snorri the Priest to do such a thing if it were against his will." So he seized the horn and drank it off; but the king was very wroth and went back to his seat. But when the eighth day of Yule came then men had their pay given them, and that silver was called Harold's bits, it was most part copper; but when Haldor took his pay he turned it over into the lap of his cloak and looked hard at it, and it seemed to him as though the silver in which he was paid was not pure, and he tossed it up with his left hand underneath his cloak and down fell the silver into the straw. "Now thou hast done ill," said Bard, "for the king will think it an insult when his pay is treated as dross." "Nothing will come of it," answered Haldor; "there's little risk of that."

After Yule the king bade them get ready his

ship and meant to go south, but Haldor would not busk himself for the voyage. "Why wilt thou not busk thyself?" asked Bard. "Because I don't mean to go at all," answered Haldor. "I see the king loses no love on me." "But he must wish thee to go," said Bard, and with that Bard went off to the king. He could not afford to lose such a hand at the helm, he said. "Go and tell him that I say he must go," said the king, "and say besides, 'our feud is all fun and there is nothing earnest in it.'" So Haldor went at the prayer of Bard, and took his station near the helm as pilot. One night as they sailed along, Haldor called to the man who steered the king's ship, "Down with your helm." "Keep your course," cried the king. Again Haldor called out the second time, "Let her fall off." But the king again called out, "Steady, keep straight on your course." "Well!" said Haldor, "you are steering right for a reef." He had scarce spoken when they ran so hard on the rocks that she knocked off her keel and a hole in her bottom, and they had to get her off and lay her up on shore by the help of other ships, and they lay on land in tents till the ship was repaired. Next morning Bard woke up to find Haldor busy packing up his baggage, "Whither away now, foster-brother?" he asked. "I mean to get on board a trading ship that lies off

here," said Haldor, "maybe our chimneys will now smoke far apart if we each go on our way, for I do not wish the king to spoil his ships or other treasures only to put me in the wrong." "Bide a while, messmate," answered Bard, "till I go and see the king." "Early afoot, Bard," said the king. "So I need to be," said Bard, "for here is Haldor going off, and he thinks you have treated him scurvily, as is the very truth, and he says he can't get on with you any longer, and so he is going back to Drontheim to his own ship, and he will sail out to Iceland in wrath. Then that will be a sorry parting; for my mind is that you will hardly get another so faithful follower as he has been." The king said he did not see why they should not still be good friends. As for himself he thought little of all that had happened. But Bard when he went back with these kind words found Haldor still stubborn: "Why should I serve him any longer, when I can't even get my pay in pure silver?" In vain Bard told him he was no worse off than other vassals and mighty men. "Well," said Haldor, "all I know is I have never been so hard dealt with in all my wanderings as by the king now about my pay." "True enough," said Bard. "Let me go to the king once more." After much trouble Bard got the king to go out of his way to please Haldor, and he soon brought

him back his pay in pure silver of full weight, saying, "Now thou hast had thy wish." But Haldor had still something more to ask. He must have a war-ship to steer of his own. He would stay no longer on board the king's. "But where is a war-ship to come from?" asked Bard. "The great chiefs and vassals will not give one up to please thee. Thou art too greedy of honour." Haldor held his own, and would not sail unless he had a ship. Bard went to the king and told him Haldor's demand. "All I know," he said, "is, if all the crew are as trusty as the captain that will be great strength to the fleet." The king thought it was much to ask, but still he let Haldor have his way. But how to get the ship, for ships then, any more than "ironclads" now, were not made in a day. But Harold soon found one. He sent for Sweyn of Lyrgja, one of his vassals, and said, "Thou art a man of such mark, Sweyn, I must have thee on board my own ship." Sweyn was taken somewhat aback. He thought the king had hitherto rather taken counsel of others than of him. Besides, there was his ship, what was to become of her? "Haldor, Snorri's son, is to have her," said the king. "Well," said Sweyn, "I never thought thou wouldst let an Icelander rob me of my command." "His family," retorted the king, "is not worse in Iceland than thine is

here in Norway. There are many too out there who have not to go far back in their pedigree to tell their descent from mighty and famous men in Norway; nay, it is no long time since that those who now dwell in Iceland were Norsemen." So the king had his way and Haldor got the ship, and the king steered for the Bay, and went about there to feast at his vassals' houses.

But one day as the king sat at meat, and Haldor with him, in came Haldor's crew all dripping wet. Their story was that Sweyn and his followers had boarded Haldor's ship and thrown them overboard. "Am I to own the ship you gave," asked Haldor, "or is that gift too not to be kept?" "Kept it shall be," said the king; and so he sent six ships along with Haldor to retake the ship. They found Sweyn, chased him away, and brought the ship back. Sweyn made his peace a little after by throwing the whole case into the king's hand, and by offering to buy back the ship from Haldor. When the king saw that Sweyn was willing to behave well, he bargained with Haldor for the ship, and paid him down there and then its full price in gold and burnt silver. Only half a mark of gold was left outstanding. So the winter wore away, but when spring came Haldor asked over and over again for his money, as he said he must

sail away to Iceland. The king did not deny the debt, but he put off paying it from day to day, and made no show of stopping Haldor in his voyage. And now Haldor's ship was "boun" for sea. He was only waiting for a breeze, and one evening late it came. He ran his ship at once out of the river, and then rowed back to land in a boat with a few men. He steered for the king's wharf, turned the boat and backed her in, and made one man hold her while the others lay on their oars, and so waited for him. Then he went up alone into the town with all his weapons, and so to the house where the king slept with the queen. There was a slight noise as he went in, and they both started up. The king called out who it was that broke in upon their rest at night. "Here is Haldor," was the answer; "and now I am 'boun' for my voyage, and there is a rattling breeze; 'tis high time to pay that money which is outstanding." "That can't be done so quickly," said the king. "Bide till morning, and then we will pay it." "I will have it now, at once," said Haldor. "I will not turn away this time on a bootless errand. I know thy temper well, and that thou wilt not like my behaviour in coming to fetch this money, however you may feign to like it now. And for the time to come I shall put little trust in thee. It is not at all clear that we shall now see each

other so often that I shall ever have a better chance. The game is now in my hands, and I will play it out. I see the queen has a goodly gold ring on her arm, let me have that." "Then," said the king, "we must fetch scales and weigh the ring." "No need of that," answered Haldor, "I'll take it as it is instead of my debt; and now have done with thy prating. Hand it over at once." Then the queen said, "Let him have the ring as he asks. Seest thou not that he stands over thee with his heart full of murder." So she took off her ring, and gave it to Haldor. He took it, thanked them both for paying his debt, and wished them long life. Then down he went speedily to his boat, and his men pulled lustily at their oars, and rowed out to his ship. They weighed anchor at once, and hoisted sail. They had hardly weathered the point, ere they heard the blast of horns in the town, and the last thing they saw was three war-ships launched which stood out after them. There was a roaring breeze, and the galley soon walked over the water; and so when the king's men saw that Haldor was drawing away, they tacked and turned back, but Haldor stood out to sea, and so they parted. Haldor had a fine voyage to Iceland, and he and King Harold never saw each other again. When he got to Iceland, he set up his abode at Hjarðarholt, the great house built by Olaf the Pea-

cock, in Laxdale in the West. Some winters after Harold sent him to come back and live with him, and gave him his word if he came that his honour should never have been more, nor would he set any man higher in all Norway of simple birth than him. Only let him come and see. But the wary Haldor knew his man, and was not to be trapped so easily. His answer was, "I will not fare back to King Harold. Each of us must now hold what he has gotten. I know his temper, and I know well that he would keep his word when he said he would set no man higher in Norway than me if I would come to him; for he would hang me up on the highest gallows if he could have his way." So Haldor stayed at home. Later on, when Harold's days were drawing to a close, it is said he sent word to Haldor to send him over some fox-skins to throw over his bed, for the king felt he needed warmth at night. And when Haldor heard the message, his first words were, "The old cock is getting old, is he?" But he sent him the skins. So there Haldor, Snorri's son, lived at Hjarðarholt, and died an old man.

In all this story it is plain if there was any tyrant it was Haldor and not Harold. But Haldor was an Icelander; there lay the secret of his influence with Harold. Nor was it Haldor alone and Ulf Ospak's son whom he treated with

favour as his brothers in arms. While he was stern to all his countrymen, all Icelanders were welcome. Just as in other times in other lands, foreigners are often well treated, while native talent goes unrewarded. It is true that the Icelanders well deserved all the favour that they got; none were bolder sailors, or more dauntless warriors; none had so sharp and biting wit; none had such good breeding; none such stately presence. Above all, none had such literary talent; none guarded more jealously their old songs and stories; none could clothe the gallant deeds of mighty captains in such soul-stirring verse. They had the literature of the North, and all its treasures, both in story and verse, in their keeping, and they kept it well. That was not the age of writing, but of telling and reciting, and of both arts the Icelanders were masters. So much so, that in a little while the other nations of the North stood by, as it were, and left all poetry and all saga-telling in the hands of the islanders of the West, who thus became the great depositories of the early literature of the North. This at first handed down from mouth to mouth, was afterwards handed down in books as soon as oral tradition gave way to writing. But Harold's age was still that of telling. The art of writing sagas and composing written song only came half a century after his death.

This alone was enough to make Harold, himself a great Skald, treat Icelanders well, and his history is full of striking stories about this or that Icelander. This was the best warrior, that the most amusing jester and buffoon; one refused him a white bear, which he meant to give to King Sweyn; and when Harold generously forgave the slight, and allowed him free passage to the hostile land, the Icelander, not to be outdone in good feeling, brought back a costly golden armlet which Sweyn had given him, and so the story of Audun and his white bear rang through the North, and was handed down to all time, linked with the noble bearing of both the kings, who, in this case, vied with each other in generosity. Nor was it so with this or that Icelander alone. Harold was the friend of the whole island, as St. Olaf had been before him. Olaf, indeed, tried to win them to Christianity, but Harold strove to win them for himself. No Norwegian king had ever been so beloved in Iceland, for no king ever showed more kindly feeling for them. So it was that later on, in 1056, when the great hard time and famine came upon the island, and men ate whatever teeth could touch, and many were starved to death, Harold sent four ships laden with food to Iceland, just as in Ireland's need ships came so freighted across the Atlantic, and that food was sold to all buyers at

a low price. He gave them a bell for their church at Thingvellir, where the Althing was held, for which St. Olaf had before sent the timber. On both sides the relation was a kindly one, and it was likely to last, for it was profitable to both. To Haldor, Snorri's son, Harold owed much. He not only had fought for him, but he handed down the memory of his deeds. Even when Harold was still alive, he was struck at the wonderful way in which Thorstein the learned, a young Icelander, who was his guest, was able to tell the king's adventures. "It could not be truer told," said the king. "Who taught thee to tell it?" "When I was at home in Iceland," was the answer, "it was my wont to go year by year to the Althing, and there I learned it all by heart, each year a bit from Haldor, Snorri's son." "Ah!" said the king, "no wonder then thou knowest it so well; but thou shalt have thy meed of memory. Stay with us as long as thou likest." In nothing more did the sullen Haldor show the trustworthiness of his race than that Harold himself, with whom he was at daggers drawn, and whom he now no longer feared, could find no fault with the story of his adventurous life, as told by his old henchman out in Iceland at the Althing.

The following little story of the king's dealing with an Icelander of another stamp is worth telling,

because it shows in shorter space perhaps than many other stories of like kind, the unbounded liberality and open-handedness which made a long chapter in the gospel of that age,—"One summer there came from Iceland Brand, the son of Vermund, of Waterfirth. He was called Brand of the open hand, and that was a true byname. Brand ran with his ship right up to Niðarós. Thiodolf, Harold's Skald, was Brand's friend, and had often told the king of his liberality and high-mindedness. So when Brand came to the town, Thiodolf told the king he was come, and spoke again of his many friendships in Iceland, and of his great gifts. 'We'll soon put that to the proof,' said the king, 'whether he is so open-handed as thou sayest. Go and ask him to give me his cloak.' Thiodolf went and found Brand in a store-room, where he stood measuring linen. He was clad in a scarlet kirtle, and over all he had a scarlet cloak. He had thrown the strings of his cloak up over his head to keep his hands free, while he measured the linen. In the crick of his arm, that is, in the hollow of his arm, he had an axe with gold-studded haft. 'The king,' said Thiodolf as he came in, 'wishes to ask thee for thy cloak.' Brand went on with his work, and answered never a word, but he let the cloak fall back over his shoulders, and Thiodolf took it up and carried it to the king. The king asked

what had passed between them; he said that Brand had not uttered a word, and then Thiodolf went on to tell the king about his dress and work. The king said, 'Of a truth this is a high-minded man, and I daresay he thinks much of himself, since he had never a word to say. Go again and tell him that now I ask of him that gold-studded axe.' Thiodolf said, 'I don't much like going oftener, Lord; I know not how he will take it if I crave the very weapon out of his hand.' 'Thou startedst this matter,' answered the king, 'when thou saidst so much about his open-handedness both now and before, and so thou shalt go. Methinks he is a niggard if he denies me the axe.' So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king wished to have his axe. He stretched out the axe at once, and still said never a word. Thiodolf carried it to the king, and told him what had passed. 'It looks,' said the king, 'as if this man really were more open-handed than most men. See how rich I get.* Go once more and say that I will have the kirtle he stands in!' Thiodolf: 'It beseems me not, Lord, to go on such an errand, maybe he will think that I am making game of him.' 'Go thou shalt,' said

* This no doubt is the meaning of the words "ok heldr fènar nú," which Grímur Thomsen, who has done too little in this way, translates "se kun, hvor jeg beriges," in his excellent little book, "Udvalgte Sagastykker. Fordanskede af Mag." Grímur Thomsen: Copenhagen, 1846.

the king. So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king would have his kirtle. Then Brand broke off his work, and stripped off his kirtle, but still said nothing. He tore one sleeve off it and kept it, but the kirtle he threw to Thiodolf, who bore it to the king. The king looked at it, and said, 'This man is both wise and high-minded; 'tis easy to see that he tore off the sleeve to show that I had only one hand to be ever taking but never giving, but now go and fetch him.' So it was done; Brand came, and the king made him good cheer, and gave him great gifts."

Not less pleasant and lively was the way in which Harold came to know Stuf, one of the wittiest of the skalds. Stuf was the grandson of the famous woman, the heroine of the Laxdale Saga, Gudrun, Osvif's daughter, the wife of four husbands, who behaved worst to him she loved best, Kjartan, the son of Olaf the Peacock. His father was Thord Cat, whom Snorri, the Priest, fostered. Stuf was witty and learned, but like many bards he was blind. He left Iceland and came to Norway in Harold's time, and took up his abode with a well-to-do freeman in the Uplands. One day as men stood out of doors they saw a gallant company riding up to the house, and the freeman said, "I know not whether King Harold is looked for in these parts, but this band looks like his following," and as it drew near, they saw it was

indeed the king. The farmer went up to the king and greeted him, and began to excuse himself for not being able to treat him so well as he would have done if he had known he was coming. "How couldst thou know," said the king, "that we were coming? we ride up and down the land on our business, now here, now there. My own men shall look after our horses, and I will go indoors." The king was in one of his best moods, and the farmer showed him the way in, and sate him down in the seat of honour. "Go in and out, goodman," said the king, "just as thou likest. Don't put thyself out about us." "Thanks," said the farmer, and went out, and then the king began to look about him, and saw a tall man sitting on the other bench, and asked him what his name might be. "My name is Stuf" (Stump) said the man. "A very queer name, scarcely a name at all," answered the king, "but whose son art thou?" "I am Cat's son," he said. "One just as odd as the other," said the king. "Pray what cat was that?" "Guess for thyself, king," said Stuf, and laughed loud. "What art thou laughing at now?" asked the king. "Guess again," said Stuf. "Methinks 'tis hard," said the king, "to guess thy thoughts, but I rather think thou wast wishing to ask what son my father was, and why thou laughedst was because thou durst not ask me that outright." "Rightly

guessed," said Stuf. Then the king went on, "Sit a little further on the bench near to me, and let us have a talk." He did so, and the king found him anything but a fool, and when the goodman came back and feared the king found it dull, the king said he was so pleased with his guest, "that he shall sit over against me this evening when we drink and pledge me in the horn." When they went to bed, the king said he and Stuf should sleep in the same room, that he might amuse him. So Stuf and the king went into the room, and when the king was in bed, Stuf sang a short song, and when it was over, the king begged him to sing another; and so they went on, Stuf singing and the king listening: at last the king said, "How many songs hast thou now sung?" "That I thought you would reckon," said Stuf. "So I have," said the king. "There were thirty of them, but why singest thou ditties and short pieces (*flokka*) and not dirges, which are longer?" "As for that," said Stuf, "I know more dirges than ditties, and yet I have not sung half my ditties." "Thou art a learned man, indeed," said the king, "but for whose ear are thy dirges meant when thou singest only ditties to me?" "For thee, too," answered Stuf. "When so?" asked the king. "When we next meet," he said. "Why then rather than now?" asked the king. "Because in all fun and amuse-

ment that belongs to me I wished you should like me more the longer you knew me." "Well, first of all we will go to sleep," said Harold.

Next morning, when the king was going away, Stuf said, "Grant me a boon, king." "What is it?" "Pass thy word before I ask it." "That is not much in my way," said the king, "but for the sake of the mirth and merriment we have had together I will run the risk." Then Stuf said, "The reason of my journey is this, I have a dead man's heritage to claim east in 'the Bay,' and I wish you to give me your letters-patent sealed with your seal, so that I may get the money without trouble." "I will do that willingly," said the king. "Ah," said Stuf, "but I have another boon to ask." "What is it?" "Pass your word before I ask." "Why," said the king, "thou art a strange fellow, and no man has ever so bandied words with me before, but still I will run the risk." "I wish to make a song on you." "But," said the king, "hast thou any kinship with skalds?" "There have been skalds in my house," said Stuf; "Glum, Geir's son, was my father's grandfather." "Thou art a good skald indeed," said the king, "if thou canst 'make' no worse than Glum." "My songs are not worse than his," said Stuf. "Well," said the king, "'tis like enough thou canst 'make,' thou art so learned a

man, and so I will give thee leave to make something about me." Again Stuf said, "Wilt thou grant me a boon?" "What wilt thou ask now?" said the king. "Pass thy word to me before I say it." "That shan't be," said the king; "far too long hast thou gone on saying the same thing; tell me now on the spot." "I will be made thy Hird-man." "'Twas well now," said the king, "that I did not give my word; for I must first take counsel with the rest of my Hird, and hear what they say. But come north to me to Niðaróss." So Stuf fared east to the Bay, and soon got the heritage which he claimed, when he showed the king's seal and letters. After that Stuf struck north to see the king, and Harold made him welcome, and with the consent of the men of the Hird, Stuf went into the king's band, and stayed with him some time. He made a dirge on King Harold's death, which is called Stufa, or Stuf's Dirge. It is expressly said in the Saga of Harold's life, that Stuf's poem was based on what he had heard of his early adventures from Harold's own lips, and those of others who had been with him in the East. He sung how the whole land of Jewry had come into his power unwasted either by fire or sword, and how the Captain offered at the Holy Sepulchre and other halidoms in the Holy Land untold wealth in gold and gems. How

he put down wrong and robbery in the land, and cut off thieves and robbers, and how he fared to Jordan and bathed there as is palmers' wont.

But though there was often mirth and jollity in Harold's hall, and most of all when wit met wit, and he stood by as judge over the strife of words, we may be sure that he was not idle in the darkest period of his history, that, namely, which reaches from Finn Arni's son's flight, in 1051, to when Magnus Ivar's son claimed the hand of Ragnhilda, now no longer a child, in 1061. Every year, at least, we know that he went out on his summer cruise against Sweyn; but besides these annual attacks, he found time in 1053 to sail against the Wends, on the east coast of the Baltic. In 1054 events happened in Scotland which turned Harold's eye thither, and he plumed his wings for a wider flight. We are so apt to take our history of this time from Shakespeare, that it is worth while to state the real facts. At this time Macbeth was king of Scotland, and had been king for nearly fifteen years. The later South Scottish annalists, whom Shakespeare followed, represent the North Scottish princes as rebels of transitory sway; but they were not rebels in that sense of the word. In fact, they were the more national dynasty of the two. The South Scots leant on England on condition of acknowledging the supremacy of

her kings; but the North Scots, led by the great Maormors of Moray, leant on the support of the Northmen settled in Orkney, in Caithness, and the Hebrides. The mightiest man in North Britain at that day was unquestionably Thorfinn, the great Orkney jarl, who owned only a nominal dependence to the kings of Norway, and was in other respects every inch a king. He was nearly allied to the old North Scottish dynasty, for his mother was a daughter of Malcolm Melbrigd's son, Maormor of Moray and king of Scotland, and grandson of Ruairi, the first Maormor of whom we hear. In 1029 Malcolm Melbrigd's son died. He was succeeded by a usurper, whom the Northern Sagas called Karl, Hound's son,* but who is better known as the Malcolm Kenneth's son of the South Scottish annalists. With him Thorfinn could not live on good terms, the less because one of the first acts of the new king was to claim tribute from Thorfinn for Caithness. This county the Orkney earl thought fell to him by right of his mother, and he would not hear of tribute. Then followed bitter and bloody strife, which, after many hairbreadth escapes on either side, ended in a de-

* One way of reconciling the discrepancy of these names is by supposing that the Northmen in derision only called Malcolm "Karl Hound's son," that is, "The Churl," the low-born king, "the son of the Dog," whom Thorfinn *hunted to death.*

cisive battle on the banks of the Oikel, at Torfness, in which Karl-Malcolm was utterly routed. The South Scotch annalists say Malcolm was slain at Glammis by a band of conspirators, but with them all the opponents of the dynasty which ultimately won the day were rebels or conspirators. However that might be, Malcolm fell in 1034, either at or shortly after the battle of Torfness, and Thorfinn, now completely triumphant, followed the foe all the way to Fife, burning and wasting and slaughtering as he went. Duncan, Malcolm Kenneth son's nephew, now called King of Scotland by his party, seems never to have been acknowledged in the north of the country. Under the English king he had Cumberland as a fief, and he was married to a kinswoman of Earl Sigurd, Björn's son, the Siward of Shakespeare. The death of Thorfinn's brother Brusi, who was joint-earl with him according to St. Olaf's settlement of their claims, rendered the great earl still more mighty in the North. But just as he thought himself absolute lord of Orkney and his conquests, a dangerous rival came upon him, just as Harold Sigurdson came on Magnus.

The reader will remember that tall, fair-faced man, the fairest of men, who followed St. Olaf to Sticklestad, brought Harold out of the fight, and followed him to Russia. Earl Rognvald,

or Ronald, was the son of Brusi, and Thorfinn's nephew, and he was something more. St. Olaf's settlement gave Brusi two-thirds of the Orkneys, and Thorfinn only one-third; but Brusi was a quiet man, and Thorfinn soon had all the islands under his rule, only undertaking to defend both his brother's share and his own. Earl Rognvald was a mighty warrior, as we have seen. He was now his father's heir to the two-thirds allotted by St. Olaf, strong in the settlement and friendship of the king, and strong as being the foster-brother of Magnus. Magnus, who, besides his love for Rognvald, wished to recover the supremacy of the Crown over the islands, gave Rognvald the two-thirds as a fief, and sent him back with three well-manned ships. Just as he came new trouble had broken out with the Scots. Thorfinn was in need of help from such a warrior as his nephew. It was the case of Magnus and Harold over again, only in reverse; and the uncle gave up two-thirds of his rule to the nephew on condition that he should aid him in the war. So the two together went sea-roving, and Thorfinn's sway was soon spread over the whole west of Scotland down to Galloway, as well as over great part of Ireland. Cumberland, too, King Duncan's English fief, felt their fury; and so successful were they that Thorfinn might well

call himself Lord of Scotland. This was in 1040; and just about that time an event happened which still further strengthened him, and in which he no doubt had a hand. In that year Duncan was slain by Magbjo͡ðr or Macbeth, Maormor of Moray, the son of Finnlaich, the son of Ruairi, and therefore a second cousin of Thorfinn's mother. Thus it was that the older dynasty again overthrew the younger one; and thus it was that, by the help of Thorfinn and his Northmen, Macbeth ruled in Scotland for seventeen years. As for Thorfinn, he held no fewer than nine earldoms in Scotland, all the Orkneys, Hebrides, and a great part of Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway nearly to Dublin; for Dublin itself does not seem to have fallen into his hands. No doubt he thought an alliance with the great Norwegian House of the Arnmodlings would add further strength to his dynasty; and so, just about the time that Duncan fell, he wooed and wedded Ingibjorga, the sister of Finn Arni's son. That was why when Kalf fled the land he steered straight for his brother-in-law in the Orkneys. It would be out of place to stop to tell of the quarrels which afterwards arose between Thorfinn and Rognvald. It is enough to say that the nephew was worsted and slain by the uncle; that Thorfinn in vain tried to make his peace with King Magnus, shortly after

Harold Sigurdson's return; but that he was more successful with Harold, to whom the earl, now again (1053) threatened with trouble in all likelihood, swore an oath of fealty. The son of "the murdered Duncan" had fled to Cumberland, and there found shelter with his kinsman Sigurd, first Earl of Huntingdon, and then Earl of Northumberland, who was near akin to King Sweyn. Trouble might always be looked for from that quarter, yet both Thorfinn and his kinsman and ally Macbeth found time for a pilgrimage to Rome about 1050, for in that year Marianus Scotus writes: "King Macbeth of Scotland gave alms to the poor in Rome, by sowing (*seminando*) and scattering his money through the streets."

But in 1054 the storm which had been gathering across the English border burst on Thorfinn and Macbeth. The great rival of Earl Sigurd in his influence with King Edward had been Earl Godwin, who, half Saxon half Northman, tried to keep the balance between both the Northern and Saxon element of the population in his hands. With him, as we have seen, King Sweyn's brothers Björn and Asbjörn found shelter, and Björn was captain of the famous Northern or Danish militia called the Thingmannalid. One of Godwin's sons named Sweyn had been cast into exile for a deed of shame. His lands had

been given to his brother Harold and Björn Ulf's son, and when he returned to claim them, though neither would give up his land, Björn offered to go with the culprit to the king and try to make peace. On the way Sweyn fell on his companion and treacherously slew him at Bosanham or Bosham in Sussex. But though Sweyn had again to fly for this dastardly deed, the Danish rule and party were so hated that not only was joy felt at Björn's death, but the Thingmannalid itself was shortly afterwards abolished by the advice of Godwin, who knew his own power would increase, as the Confessor's strength, which lay mainly in that famous body-guard, was weakened. With it all the Danes fell into disgrace, and Asbjörn had to fly the land, for Godwin who ruled the land had now taken part against them. This was between 1049-51, and Earl Sigurd, who, with Earl Leofric of Mercia, was Godwin's rival, had hard work as King Sweyn's kinsman to hold his own. But in 1053 Earl Godwin died suddenly, and Sigurd's power was at once strengthened. He was not slow in using it. In 1054 Sigurd crossed the Border, and defeated Macbeth in a bloody battle on the Seven Sleepers' Day, July 27th. No fewer than 3,000 Scots are said to have fallen, and with them, as it seems, Dolgfinn, one of Thorfinn's sons. Sigurd advanced as far as Dundee, when

news came that trouble had arisen in Northumberland, and that his son Asbjörn was slain. He turned back, but the Lothians and Fife were lost to Macbeth, and Sigurd gave them to Malcolm as Duncan's heir.* Shortly after Sigurd died, 1055, and was buried, strangely enough, in a church dedicated by himself to St. Olaf, at Galmanho.† So far had the saint's vision been verified in twenty-five years. His successor in the earldom of Northumberland was Tostig, Godwin's son. But the war between Malcolm and Macbeth still lasted, and the North Scottish Maormor was driven farther and farther North, till in 1057 he lost his life and kingdom at Lumphanan in Mar, in August or September. His

* Munch (N. H. ii. 266, note) has unravelled this tangled skein. The Saxon chronicle, under the year 1054, Tighernach's Annals, *O'Connor*, ii. 299, and the *Annals of Ulster*, mention the battle. The last speak of "Dolfinn Finntor's son" as having fallen. Finntor is plainly a perversion of Thorfinn, and Dolgfinn is an Orkney name. *Henry of Huntingdon*, p. 760, Bromton (*Twysden*, p. 946), makes Sigurd send his son to Scotland before him to subdue it. When he fell, the father, with thorough Viking spirit, asked on what part of his body he had got his death-wound. "On the breast." "'Tis well," was Sigurd's answer; "else he had been unworthy of me." Fordun, v. 7, has confused the whole story, by making Sigurd slay Macbeth, and that is how Sigurd (Siward) has come into Shakespeare's tragedy. But Macbeth, as we shall see, fled on that day to fight on another, when he really fell.

† Sigurd bitterly lamented that he should die of a cow-sickness (issue of blood), and died clad in all his war gear. His banner, "Ravenlandeye," that is, "Rafn Landeyða," "the raven waster of lands," he bequeathed to York Minster, where it was long kept.

followers made his son Lulach their king, but he too was slain soon after at Esse in Strathbolgie, March 1058, and Malcolm Canmore, or Bighead, seized all that part of Scotland which Macbeth had ruled. Thorfinn suffered, we may be sure, with his ally, whose force was backed so strongly by England.* We may readily understand, therefore, why he should turn to Harold, whom for this once he was willing to acknowledge as his liege lord in the hope of help. Thus it was that a Norwegian fleet led by Magnus, Harold's eldest son by Thora, showed itself in British waters. Magnus was but a youth, but older heads led the host, which wasted the English shores, and returned without doing much hurt. It was too late to help Thorfinn or save Macbeth, but it is memorable as being the first hostile act of Harold against England. Earlier, in 1043, he had sent an embassy to Edward and offered him peace and friendship, which the weak Saxon king willingly accepted; now he had

* The true chronology of these events is to be found in Marianus Scotus (Munch, ii. 266-7). This is his summary. Duncan reigned five years, from St. Andrew's Day, 1035, and so on till the Eve of the Feast of the Virgin's Birth, August 14, 1040. Then Macbeth seventeen years till the same feast, August 14, 1057. Then Lulach till St. Patrick's Day, 17th March, 1058, and then Malcolm twenty years. In this summary there is a confusion between the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, August 15th, and the Birth of the Virgin Mary, September 8th, so that we do not know whether Macbeth fell on the 14th of August or the 7th of September, 1057.

drawn the sword it is true only to sheathe it again. But it was a token that the days were coming when the scabbard would be thrown away in a death struggle between the two kingdoms.

We must now return to Norway. There, while these things were passing abroad, the feud with Sweyn still lasted, nor were things quite quiet at home. But Harold could still find time for a voyage round the North Cape to Bjarmaland, with the view no doubt of seeing how things went on in Helgeland and Finnmark, and showing the master's eye in that outlying part of his realm. In 1061 he ran his greatest risk from the Danes, for Harold having ventured with a small fleet into Limfirth in Jutland, was shut up in it as in a trap by Sweyn's ships, who blockaded the narrow gut at its mouth. But the old sea-rover was equal to the danger. Instead of trying to force his way out he ran his ships right up into the very bight of the firth. There there was but a narrow strip of sandy shore between him and the North Sea. Over this he drew his lightened ships in one dark night, and next morn was sailing on the west coast of Jutland, while his foes were waiting for him on the east. As he had in his youth escaped over the Greek Emperor's chain, so in his older days he got clear from King Sweyn and his ships.

But while all these things were happening, Ragnhilda had grown to womanhood, and Harold's promise to Hacon, Ivar's son, was unfulfilled. Now Hacon pressed his suit, but Harold answered that his word indeed was pledged to give Ragnhilda to Hacon, but it could only be with her own good-will. That Hacon must secure. When Hacon pressed his suit, the haughty maiden answered, "Now I feel well that King Magnus, my father, is dead and buried, when I am to be forced to wed a boor's son, however handsome and brave he may happen to be. Were King Magnus alive, he would never give me to any but one of princely birth, and I too will have none other for my husband." Hacon went to Harold and said, that as Ragnhilda must have a title, and the king was bound to keep his word, he ought to make him an earl, to which rank he had every claim. "St. Olaf, my brother," answered the king, "and Magnus the Good too, laid down the rule never to have more than one earl at a time in their realm." That rule he meant to keep as well as his word, and so long as Earl Orm of the Uplands lived, he would not make another, for he could not rob him of his rank to give it to Hacon. Hacon, in a rage, followed the example set him by so many others, and betook himself to Denmark, where Sweyn made him welcome with the rest, and gave him

the rank he coveted on the Wendish border, granting him at the same time great fiefs. But his service was to be rendered rather by sea than on land.

So things stood in the winter 1061-62, when Harold, weary of the war, and determined to try and fight it out once for all, sent and challenged Sweyn to mortal combat in a sea-fight. He fixed the place of meeting at the mouth of the Gottenburg river, and the winner of the day was to be king over both realms. We hear nothing of Sweyn's answer, but Harold made him ready in earnest. Some time before he had laid down a huge ship, and early that summer she was launched. The king's skalds were warm in her praise, and no doubt she was a wonder of strength and speed. In her Harold embarked, and with him went his Queen Thora; both his sons, Magnus and Olaf, were in the fleet; Magnus, we know, sailing his own ship. Many great chiefs were with him. First and foremost Ulf, his trusty marshal; Eystein the Gorcock, and Thorold Mostrarskegg. When they reached "the Bay," the fleet was scattered by a storm, but they joined company again without much loss. So they made for the Gottenburg river, and there at Thumla, near Hisingen, the sea-fight was to be. But no Sweyn was to be seen. Still Harold knew that he was not far off.

The crafty Dane was waiting till the half month was over, during which the freemen's levy was only bound to serve; and as soon as Harold found himself forced to send home those who came from the farthest north, the whole Danish fleet set sail to fall on him. The Norwegian fleet was only 180 ships strong, mostly made up of vessels belonging to the king's vassals, the rest being the lĕvies raised in the south of Norway, whose time was not yet up. When off the Bay of Laaholm, on the coast of Halland, where the river Nizza runs into the sea, and just as Harold was harrying the coast, came the Danish fleet, 360 ships strong, steering up to them. But just when Harold seemed so overmatched that to fight seemed madness, they saw another squadron come sailing up, and this was Hacon, Ivar's son, with his ships, who, in that hour of trial, could not find it in his heart to fight against his countrymen. He had come to do battle for Sweyn, with Finn, Arni's son, and went over to Harold, Finn staying with the Danes. Harold, it need scarcely be said, was overjoyed to see him, and thanked him heartily, saying that he had heard much of his bravery, which would soon be put to the proof. Then he called his captains and their crews together, and said, "Now King Sweyn is come upon us with a great host, as you see, and so I would take counsel

with the chiefs and the whole host, whether we shall fight them, though they are twice as strong as we." "Then many were for flying, King Sweyn's fleet was so strong it was no use fighting them. Others were silent. Then Earl Hacon spoke and said: "It seems to me, Lord, though the Danes have a large host, still their ships are smaller than ours, and I trow their men will once again be proved to be less trusty than Norwegians. It is so with the Danes that they are no laggards at the first onset, but they soon grow cool if they have a bold face shown them. As for you, Lord, you have often fought against great odds, and yet won the day, and so it will be now." The king was glad at that, and spoke in great glee: "I dreamed a dream last night, methought I and King Sweyn met, and both had hold of a hank and coil of rope, and tugged at it, and methought he drew the hank away from me, and at that I awoke." This dream did not help much to cheer up the hearts of the force; for most read it so that Sweyn would keep what they fought for. But Earl Hacon spoke again and said, "Maybe, Lord, they read this dream aright, but I think it much more likely that King Sweyn will be hanged in this hank, and caught in this coil himself." "So I think," said the king, "and that's the best way of reading the dream; but now we will talk no more about it,

but say outright that we will all fall across each other's bodies ere we fly before the Danes without striking a blow." Then Harold drew his sword, and went forward to the bow, and hewed thrice straight before him in the air down the wind, and when Hacon asked why he did so, the king answered, "This men call a token of victory in foreign lands, when a king points thus which way his wrath lies." After that Harold drew up his fleet, with his own wardrake in the midst, the inner wing touched the Danish shore, the outer was toward the open sea, and in the same array the Danes came on to the attack, with Sweyn's ship in the midst. On his side the number of the fleet was too great to allow of their being moored and bound together in the usual way. Only those in the centre were so bound, on both wings were many ships free to sail about as they chose. On Harold's side Hacon expressly begged leave that his ships might not be bound to the rest, but that he might turn from time to time whithersoever he chose as the fight went on. In Sweyn's host, it is said, there were no fewer than six earls, counting Finn Arni's son as one. But the day, St. Lawrence's Eve, August 9, 1062, was far spent before all this talking and array was over, and night was falling ere battle was joined. Still the long northern night left time to fight, and indeed at that time of the year there is little

darkness on the Danish waters. When all was at last ready, Harold's horns sounded for the onslaught, but the Danes were quicker, and rowed up fast with a great blare of trumpets and a loud roar of cheering, for they thought at last they had got their old foes on the hip. Sweyn ran his ship towards Harold's, and bade his crew remember what they had suffered from the Norwegians. "Let it now be seen how bravely we can fall on our foe. We have here many great lords and brave lads. If we win the day, we shall live in rest and peace ever after." Then the fight began, and soon waxed hot. It was now nearly dusk, but King Harold stood at the bow of his ship, and shot all through the night with a bow. The first onslaught of the Danes was very hot, as Hacon had foretold, and in the centre they seem to have had some success; but on the wings Hacon, Ivar's son, had a great advantage from his unfettered ships. First he fell on the outlying ships of the foe, who seem not to have had much heart in the struggle. These were soon worsted, for Hacon's big ships ran them down and cleared their decks one after the other, and put the rest to flight. Then came tidings that Harold's other wing was hard pressed, and Hacon, the hero of the day, flew thither also, and there too the Danes were forced to fall back. Still the Danes fought well, and the day might have been theirs

had not the men from Scania, when the night was at its darkest, cut their hawsers in a panic at Hacon's valour, and stole away from the fleet. They made for the river, where they left their empty ships, and skulked away to their own country as fast as they could. "Shame upon them and their offspring for all time," says Saxo, with honest indignation at their dastardly desertion. So Hacon the whole night through rowed round the fleet, bringing help wherever it was needed, and scattering the enemy's ships. But now the first streaks of dawn showed themselves, and Sweyn found, to his amazement, that the Scanians were gone. He soon had to think for himself, for Harold now boarded his foeman's ship, hewing with both hands as he went with his long axe, and the crew either fell before him or leapt overboard. Sweyn held out to the last man, but he was no match hand to hand for Harold with his huge strength. The last of his crew, he jumped into a boat which lay alongside, and rowed off while it was still dusk. The other vessels of the fleet saw his banner fall, and the rout became general. In their fear, they would not stay to cut the hawsers in many ships, but the crews leapt from ship to ship, and so to land or overboard, so that in a little while seventy Danish ships were left without a man on board them. All these fell into Harold's hands. But one man refused to fly.

Harold's old friend, Finn Arni's son, now old, and almost blind, still sat on the poop of his ship, while every one else fled, and so was taken. Harold was eager to follow the fugitives, but it was no easy matter to make his way through the scattered hosts on either side, nor had Hacon any better success on his side of the battle. Just as he was trying to push through, a boat came alongside pulled by a single man. He was very tall, and had a broad flapping hat over his brows. This man hailed the ship. "Where is the earl?" he asked. Hacon was standing forward, stanching a wound which one of his men had got, and when he heard the voice he looked at the man in the hat, and asked him his name. "Here is Wanhope,"* said the man, "come and speak with me, earl." The earl bent over the bulwarks towards him, and he said, "I will ask my life of thee, earl, if thou wilt grant it." Earl Hacon stood up straight, and called two of his men, who were both dear to him, and bade them put that man on shore. "Many good turns has Wanhope done me," he said; "guide him to my friend Karl, and bear Karl these tokens that I sent him

* "Wanhope," an old English word for Despair. "Now cometh *Wanhope*, that is, despeir of the mercy of God,"—Chaucer, "The Persones Tale." The Norse word is "Vandráðr," "one reft of plan," "who knows not which way to turn." It was a name taken by Odin in his wanderings, and now by King Sweyn in his hour of need.

thither, in that I beg him to let Wanhope have that horse to carry him which I gave Karl yesterday, and his saddle too, and his son besides as a guide." This was just before daylight. Then they stepped into the boat and took to their oars, but Wanhope steered. That was just where the greatest throng of ships was, and some of the runaways were rowing for the land and some out to sea, both in small ships and great. Wanhope steered as he thought was safest through the ships, but whenever a Norwegian ship rowed up to them, the earl's men said who they were, and so all let them pass as they pleased. Wanhope steered straight along the strand, and did not put in till they had passed out of the fairway of the ships. After that they went up to Karl's house, and then it began to be light. They went into the sitting-room, and there was Karl up and just dressed. The earl's men told him their errand, but Karl said they must have a snack first, and with that he brought in the board, and gave them water to wash their hands. Then the gudewife came into the room, and said at once: "This is a great wonder that we get never sleep nor rest this night for shouting and whooping." "Knowest thou not," asked Karl, "that the kings have fought to-night?" "Who got the better?" she asked. "The Norwegian won the day," said Karl. "Then our king must have run away."

she said. "We know not," said Karl, "whether he has fallen or fled." "We are wretchedly off with a king," she said, "who is both halt and a coward." The stranger Wanhope said, "Let us rather think, carline, what is more seemly, that the king is no coward, but not very lucky in battle." Wanhope began to wash his hands, and when he took the towel, he dried his hands in the middle of it, but the gudewife snatched the towel out of his hands, and said, "Thou hast not learnt much manners, it is like a ploughboy thus to wet all the towel at once." "Well," said Wanhope, "the day will come, by God's leave, that we shall be thought worthy to dry ourselves in the middle of a towel." So they sat down to the board, and ate and drank a while, and went out afterwards. Then Karl's horse was all ready, and his son to follow Wanhope on another horse. They rode into the wood, but Earl Hacon's men went to their boat, and rowed back to the earl's ship. The Saga goes on to say, that some time after Sweyn sent for Karl, and gave him lands and goods in Zealand; but he would not hear of his wife's coming too. They had to part, and Karl got a richer, though we cannot agree with Sweyn in calling her a better wife, than the old lass who called the king a coward because he ran away, and scolded him for wetting their single towel all over when he washed his hands.

Divorces must indeed have been easy at King Sweyn's Court, as was likely, if we remember that, according to the Icelandic annals, he was "much smitten by woman's love," and left many pledges of it behind him by his three wives and many concubines.

While Sweyn was thus escaping in the grey dawn, Harold and his men were chasing the flying host. After following them a little way out to sea, the Norsemen turned back to count the ships they had taken, and to "ken" the dead. Sweyn's ship was thickly strewn with corpses, but among them his body was not to be found, though all were sure he must have fallen. Some time was spent in stanching and binding wounds, and in burying the slain on both sides. After that a great booty was shared among the victors, and the prisoners were brought before Harold. First of these was Finn Arni's son. Harold was joyous at his victory, and said, as soon as he saw his kinsman, "Well! Finn, here we meet again. Last we met in Norway; but how was it that thy Danish bodyguard stood not better by thee? 'Twill be hard work for Norsemen to drag thee blind along with them." "Norsemen," answered Finn, "have now to do many bad things, and, worst of all, when they do what you bid them."

"Wilt thou take peace and pardon, though thou art unworthy of it?" asked the king. "Not from thee, thou hound," was the answer. "Wilt thou take it from thy kinsman Magnus, then?" asked the king, for Magnus was steering the ship. "What should such a whelp as that know about peace?" At that the king laughed, and thought it great sport to taunt him. "Wilt thou take it, then, of thy kinswoman Thora?" "Is she here?" asked Finn. "Yes." "Ah," said Finn, "no wonder thou foughtest well when the grey mare was with thee." * At last the king's peace was granted to the blind old man, but he was still unhappy and quarrelsome. In a day or two the king said, "I see thou wilt not be good friends with me or thy kinsfolk, and so I will give thee leave to go to thy King Sweyn." "That offer," answered Finn, "I gladly take. I shall be all the better pleased the sooner I get away." So he was set on shore in Halland, and soon found his way to King Sweyn.

Before this, Harold had heard of his rival's escape, and that it was useless to seek for his body among the slain. With Sweyn's usual activity he was rallying his scattered forces in the island of Zealand, and in a few days was at the head of a powerful fleet; with this he hovered

* An allusion to the horse fights, a darling amusement of the northern nations.

about the host of Harold, ready to cut off any stragglers that he might find, while on shore the woods were filled with levies to ward off any hostile landing. In spite of Harold's orders to his captains to keep close, his own son Magnus and Thorolf Mostrarskegg left the fleet, and landed in the night to seek for glory. The two brothers-in-arms had not gone far into the country before the Danes fell upon them in overwhelming numbers. All their followers were slain, and Magnus only escaped by the great strength and endurance of Thorolf, who bore the boy on his back through the woods, and so gave his foes the slip. Next morning they were missed by Harold, and mourned as dead. With a heavy heart at the loss of his son, Harold gave orders to break up the host, and steer for "the Bay." His hard-fought victory had not won him one inch of Denmark. Honour and booty were all he gained, and so, with a large addition to his fleet in Sweyn's empty ships, he made his way back to his own land. But in "the Bay" a welcome surprise greeted him. He had landed his wounded men, and one day when he was on shore looking after their hurts, he saw Thorolf coming down to the strand, with Magnus on his back. He had made his way across the country. The Saga may well say "they were much wasted for want of food."

Harold scolded them for the fright they had given him, and asked if they thought themselves men enough to beat the whole Danish host, that they went up so unwarily with such a scanty force. They might have been content with the glory the whole fleet had won in common; as it was, they had much minished his victory. The wary king looked upon the exploit in the light of a Balaklava charge, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* After praising Thorolf for his hardihood and faithfulness in helping Magnus, his speech took a more general tone, and he added: "And so, too, must I thank my kinsman Earl Hacon first and foremost; and after him all my liegemen for their good following and daring which they have shown in this battle." These words pleased all who heard them. Thorolf and Magnus were properly fed and cared for, and the freemen's levies were sent home, while the king made ready to pass the winter at Oslo in "the Bay."

As was natural enough, the late battle was the common talk of men that winter, and "every man," as the Saga says, "had something to say about it." So one day as many men were sitting round the fire in a room in the king's palace, the battle was again brought forward, and one asked who had gotten most fame on that bloody day. With one voice all said, "There was none

like Hacon Ivar's son; he was the boldest and keenest and luckiest. His help was worth most, and he won the victory." All this time Harold was out in the yard, and heard what was said; he went at once to the door of the room, looked in and said, "No doubt every man here would wish his name were Hacon." He said no more and went his way. As for Hacon the hero of the day, he went in the autumn to his home in the Uplands. Though jealous, Harold still made much of him; he talked over Ragnhilda to marry Hacon, promising to raise him to the rank of earl in the Uplands, to which there was now no hindrance in the way as Earl Orm was dead. On this understanding the marriage actually took place at Yule, but after it was over the king put off from day to day the fulfilment of his word, and at last he told Hacon right out that it could not be. In fact he dreaded his popularity in the Uplands, and feared to raise a rival near his throne. The same day as Hacon went home, Ragnhilda, believing that he had gained his end, met him at the door, and greeted him with "Welcome home, my Earl." But Hacon, noble-hearted as he was, told her the bitter truth, adding that, as the king was faithless to his word, he would not have her hand on false pretences. He was ready to give her up, to allow her to have a divorce, and at the same

time to give up to her all his goods. But Ragnhilda, who now really loved the chivalrous Hacon, would hear of nothing of the kind. She had taken him for better for worse, and would cling to him to the last. While things were in this doubtful state, fresh fuel was found for the king's jealousy, and the breach between him and Hacon became complete. Later on in the spring one day as men sat at drink, their talk again turned to the battle, and again Hacon was much praised, though some held up others who had behaved as well. At last one man said, "May be other men fought as bravely as Earl Hacon at Nizza, but still no man there had as much luck as he." The rest said, "That was his greatest luck that he put to flight so many of the Danes." "Ay," said the man, "but it was greater luck when he gave King Sweyn his life." "Come," said another, "thou canst not know for a truth what thou now sayest." "I know it for the very truth," he answered, "for I heard it of the man who put the king on shore." "Now," says the Saga, "the saw was proved which says 'many are the king's ears,' for this was carried and told to King Harold on the spot." No wonder he was wroth when he heard it, and planned revenge on his faithless vassal. But Hacon's plans had long been made. He had gone home to his house in Raumarike,

and made ready quietly to leave the land, selling his property for ready money. Harold no doubt knew what was going on, for Oslo was not far from Hacon's home, and here too the king's many ears and many eyes must have stood him in good stead. But the news of Sweyn's escape by Hacon's connivance brought their quarrel to a head, and Harold, who before might have been glad that his mighty vassal should steal noiselessly from Norway to find a shelter with King Sweyn, now thirsted for vengeance, and strove to cut his enemy off. With two hundred men* at his back he rode from Oslo at sunset. All that night they rode, and next day they came on men who were going to Oslo with malt and meal. In the king's company was a man named Gamal, an old friend of Hacon's. He spoke to one of the boors whom he knew, and said, "I will bargain with thee for a sum, that thou ridest as fast as thou canst by the shortest cut thou knowest, and so comest to Earl † Hacon's house, and tellest him the king means to kill him, for that he now knows that Hacon put King Sweyn on shore at the battle of Nizza." So they struck that bargain, and the boor rode as fast as his horse

* Two hundred: these would be "long hundreds," 120 each, so that the number would be 240.

† Hacon was called "earl" from the earldom which Sweyn had given him; in Norway it was a barren title, with no lands or rights to support it, like a Polish county in England.

would carry him, and reached the earl's house ere they went to bed, for he was still up a-drinking when he came. But as soon as the boor told his story, the earl arose and all his men, and he made them flit all his goods and chattels to the woods, and he and all his household left the house. Next day the king came and found it empty, and the bird flown. So he stayed there the night, and then went home foiled in his purpose. But before he went, he declared all Hacon's property forfeit to the Crown.

At first Hacon betook himself across the Swedish border to King Steinkel, and stayed with him that summer. As soon as he heard that Harold had gone north to Drontheim, he crossed into Norway, fell upon the king's men who were set to keep his house, slew them, set the house on fire, launched his ships, and sailed off to King Sweyn. The Danish king received him, as he was bound, with open arms, and gave him the earldom of Halland, after Finn Arni's son, who was just then dead. But coupled with the dignity, was the request that Hacon would curb the unruly spirit of Asmund, Sweyn's nephew, the son of his brother Björn, who, as we have seen, had been slain by Sweyn Godwin's son in England. At first King Sweyn had shown the boy all favour and brought him up at his Court, but he soon showed an evil spirit,

lived by wrong and robbery, was the companion of sea-rovers, and spared neither man nor woman in his passion. The king then stripped him of the fiefs which he had given him, and ordered him to stay at Court and avoid ill company; but Asmund broke out again and again, and at last Sweyn was forced to keep him fast bound in prison. But fetters could not hold that daring temper. Asmund soon broke loose, joined his old brothers-in-arms, gathered ships and men, and lived a Viking life, the terror of the Danish coasts. His boldness grew so great that when Finn Arni's son died, Asmund demanded his earldom of his uncle. In this strait Hacon made his appearance at Court, and was told that he might have Finn's earldom if he could catch Asmund. This quest just suited Hacon's temper; he set off at once with his six ships, refusing all other help. In a little while he heard that Asmund lay with his roving squadron of ten ships at the mouth of the Slei, where an inlet runs up from the Baltic to the town of Sleswig. Without staying to count his enemy's force Hacon at once attacked him. As the ships neared one another, Asmund hailed Hacon and said, "No wonder thou comest on so eagerly when thou hast got a promise of an earldom, but it was a shame of King Sweyn to offer it to thee, and when he did so he could not have remem-

bered the fight at Nizza." "True it is," answered Hacon, "that I stood by King Harold at Nizza, and I felt no shame in helping my king; but as for thee, thou ever aimest at cheating and weakening thy kinsman and king; but to-day thou shalt feel that I am not afraid to cope with thee." After this the fight grew hot and furious, but Hacon won the day. He boarded Asmund's ship, and carried it as far as the bow, where Asmund was taken prisoner. By their bargain Hacon was bound to bring Asmund to King Sweyn, but at the sight of him he could not withstand his wish to rid the world of this firebrand. "Never," he cried, "could I bring to King Sweyn any better gift than this evil head;" as he said this he rushed on Asmund and slew him. But when he got back to Sweyn, the king was angry that Hacon had overstepped his mission. The uncle seems still to have had a fondness for his scapegrace nephew. He felt for him somewhat as David felt for Absalom, and though he gave Hacon the earldom, he said, "Thou canst no longer be my bosom friend, nor can I take it upon myself to hold thee safe against all our kinsmen who may perhaps crave revenge. Thou wouldst do best, therefore, to withdraw to that side of my realm which is most exposed to hostile attacks, and content thyself with that position." So Hacon went to Halland

as earl, whence he could waste Harold's possessions in "the Bay" whenever he chose.

No sooner was Hacon firmly seated in his new province than he made his power for harm felt in Norway. He was the darling of "the Uplands," that great district in the heart of Southern Norway in which he and his family lived, and which just then felt itself injured by Harold, who, by bringing all his subjects to one level as regarded the Crown, had robbed the freemen of the Uplands of certain privileges which had been granted to them by St. Olaf. It added to the bitterness of the blow that Harold who inflicted it was himself an Uplander born. The Uplanders, therefore, were not slow to listen to Hacon's rebellious counsels, the less so when they found that he was backed by the King of Sweden, who gave him the border province of Wermeland as a fief, and allowed the men of West Gothland, another great Swedish province, to flock to his banner. Backed by this force from without, and strong in his popularity in the Uplands themselves, Hacon made an onslaught on Raumarike, where his old home had been, levying taxes and dues as if he had really been Earl of Upland, the title he had so long coveted. The freemen made no resistance, and when Harold, who returned to Oslo for the winter, sent his men to the Uplands to levy his

taxes, the proud peasants sent him back word that they had already paid their taxes and dues to Earl Hacon, and meant to pay them to him so long as he was alive. "In other words," as Munch well says, "the Uplanders were in a state little short of rebellion." This outbreak in his native province, supported by a foe so dangerous as Hacon, was quite enough to alarm the politic Harold. He began to reflect on his losses and his gains during his sixteen years' weary warfare with Sweyn, and he was forced to confess that he was now not one inch nearer his object than when he began. He could not attain it when Hacon was his friend and had helped him to win a great battle; he was still less likely to subdue Denmark when Hacon was his bitter foe, raising rebellion in his native province, and when Sweyn was to all appearance as active and vigorous as ever. Harold's thoughts then turned towards peace abroad, in order that he might crush rebellion at home. Nor was Sweyn on his side unwilling for peace. He had always wished to be suffered to rule in peace; in two great battles he had been worsted, and he feared a third time to trust the issue to arms. The freemen on both sides, those warriors who, unlike the king's body-guard, not only paid for the war with their persons, but with their purses as well, they too were weary of

warfare, Danes and Norwegians alike; we may therefore well believe the Saga when it says: "That winter messengers passed between Norway and Denmark, and the purport of the messages was that both sides, Norsemen as well as Danes, wished to be set at one again, and each side bade their king agree to that; and so it came about that a meeting between the kings was fixed for the Gottenburg river, and when the spring came, each king gathered a great force and manned many ships for this voyage." So there, in the spring of the year 1064, Harold and Sweyn met on the border, perhaps on the very islands where the Treaty of the Burnt Islands had been struck between Magnus and Hardicanute. "At first," says the Norwegian accounts, "the Danes made such moan for all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Norsemen, that things for some time looked very unlike peace; but at last, by the help of wise heads and true hearts, peace was made between the kings." The terms were that each king should hold his kingdom so far as its old boundaries stretched, that neither should strive after any part of the other's realm, that there should be no claims for compensation or atonement for harm done during the war, and that each should hold the gain or scathe that he had got. The peace was to last so long as the kings lived, and it

was ratified by oaths and hostages on either side. Thus this long-standing feud came to an end. Sweyn returned home, glad at heart to rule his realm in peace; Harold down-hearted at having spent so much blood and treasure in vain, and at the prospect of new strife in the heart of his kingdom with one of his unruly provinces.

After the treaty was concluded, Harold returned to "the Bay," taking up his quarters at Oslo, the town which he had founded, where he spent the rest of the summer. As soon as he came back, he sent again to the Uplands to demand his taxes, but the freemen sent back much the same answer: "They had already paid their taxes to Earl Hacon, and now they would wait till Earl Hacon came, and they heard what he had to say." As for Hacon, he was not idle. As soon as he heard of the peace, he assured himself of King Sweyn's friendship, who, though he could not break the treaty just made with Harold by giving him open help, still backed his cause with King Steinkel of Sweden so well, that the Swedish monarch made him Earl of West Gothland, as well as Wermeland. So that Hacon had now three earldoms, one Danish and two Swedish, besides exercising an earl's power in the Uplands. Such wide-spread influence must have gladdened the haughty

heart of Ragnhilda, who brought with her, as part of her dowry, the banner of her father Magnus, well known to many of Harold's men, who had followed it under the leadership of the good and blameless king. Hacon was no despicable enemy, but Harold was more than his match. Instead of waiting, like the Uplanders, until Hacon came to him, he resolved to go to Hacon in his Swedish earldom, and stifle his force in the bud, before it had time to ripen into deadly fruit. But his plans were deeply laid. All the summer of 1064 was spent in amusement in "the Bay," but one day as winter drew on, Harold suddenly went to the King's Crag, a royal residence on the east side of "the Bay," at the mouth of the Gottenburg river. Here he seized sixty ships of light draught, manned them with picked warriors, and rowed up the river with them; when they came to a rapid or a fall, the ships were dragged over them by a portage; and so they came safe and sound into the great Wener Lake in the enemy's country. There he crossed to the east side of the lake, where he knew that Earl Hacon lay with an army of Goths. It was cold and snowing when the king landed, but Harold thought that rather a gain, as the soft snow hindered the peasants from flying with their goods, and as the Norwegians were better able, being more

warmly clad, to bear the cold than their enemy. Leaving some of his men behind to guard the ships, with the rest he advanced against the earl. After going some way they came to a hill, from the brow of which they saw Earl Hacon's force down on the other side of a valley, at the bottom of which was a moor. Here Harold made his men sit down on the brow, and wait till Hacon's impatience or the pinching cold drove him to attack, when their favourable position would give the Norsemen a great advantage. On his side, too, Hacon bade his men wait for the onslaught of their foe. He had with him Thorvid, the Lawman of West Gothland, who made a speech to his men sitting on his horse, which was tethered to a spike in the ground. "We have a great and fine host," he said, "and here are many brave men; in the earl we have a doughty leader; let King Steinkel hear that we stood by this good earl as we ought." So he went on; but just as he was speaking, up rose all the Norwegian host and shouted their war-cry, and smote their shields with sword and axe. The Goths, who thought the foe were about to fall on them, shouted in their turn; and all this uproar so scared the Lawman's horse that he started, and pulled the spike out of the earth. It flew at the end of the tether about the Lawman's ears. As for him, he

thought it was a Norse shaft, forgot on the spot all his brave words, struck spurs into his horse, and fled from the field, bellowing, "Bad luck to thee for thy shot." But it had not been Harold's purpose to begin the onslaught; he only wished to scare the Goths, and provoke them to move. In this he was quite successful. As soon as he heard the war-cry, the Earl Hacon advanced with his banner and crossed the moor. When they got well under the brow of the hill, Harold and his men rushed down on them, and routed them utterly. The earl himself, and a chosen band who had followed him from home, fought well, but the Goths fled to the woods, and at last Hacon had to turn too. Worst of all, the banner of King Magnus fell into Harold's hands, who had it borne by the side of his own, and called it the fairest prize of victory. It was now getting dark, and Harold made for his ships after following the enemy a little way. All thought the earl had fallen. But as they went through a narrow pass in the wood—so narrow that but one man could pass abreast of it—lo! when they were least aware, a man leapt his horse across the path, and all at one and the same time he drove a javelin through the man that bore the banner, and clutched the banner by the pole, and rode off with it into the wood on the other side. But when the king was told this

he said, "Get me my byrnie; the earl lives still! I know my kinswoman Ragnhilda's temper well enough to feel sure she would never let Hacon come near her bed, if he lost that banner." So the king rode about nightfall to his ships, and many said that the earl had avenged himself, even though he had fled.

It was not Harold's purpose to penetrate further into Sweden after striking this blow; but a strong frost, which came on soon after he got back to his ships, forced him to stay till he could cut them out of the lake, and get them into the river again. While he waited he made raids through the country to get food; but though, from time to time, some of his men were cut off, neither Earl Hacon nor his Goths made any serious efforts to attack him. Nor, indeed, do we hear anything more of Earl Hacon, except that he lived long and prosperously in Sweden and Denmark.

While Harold's men were busy cutting his ships out of the ice, an event occurred which is worth telling, as showing how long a blood-feud lasted in the North, and with what stubbornness of purpose it was followed up. "King Harold lay that night aboard his ships, but next morning, when it was light, there was ice all about his ships so thick that one might walk round them. Then the king bade tell the men that

they should cut a way out for the ships; and so they fell to and were busy at hewing the ice. Magnus the king's son was captain of that ship that lay outmost and nearest to the open water, but when men had nearly cut through all the ice, and there was only a bridge left, there came a man running along it to where they were hewing, and began to hew as though he were mad. Then a man spoke, and said: 'Now, as oft, it is proved that no man is so good at need as Hall Kodran's bane yonder. See how he hews away at the ice!' But there was a man on board the ship of Magnus whose name was Thormod, he was the son of Eindridi; but as soon as ever Thormod heard Hall called 'Kodran's bane,' he rushed on him, and smote him his death-blow; for Jorunna, the mother of Thormod, was Kodran's cousin. Thormod was but a year old when Kodran was slain, and he had never seen Hall that he knew before that day. Just then the ice was hewn through, and Magnus ran his ship through the break in the ice, hoisted sail, and sailed west across the lake; but the king's ship lay furthest in, and so it ran last of all out. Hall had been in the king's company, and very dear to him, and the king was very wroth. When he came into harbour at night, Magnus had packed the manslayer off into the wood, and offered an atonement for him; but the king

would not hear of such a thing; and was on the very point of falling on Magnus his son, if their friends had not come between them."

After this bold stroke dealt in the heart of his enemy's country, Harold had his hands free to chastise the rebellious Uplanders. At the head of a great host he marched into those provinces. First he turned to Raumarike, Hacon's country, where the chief offenders dwelt. In vain the freemen pleaded the privileges which St. Olaf had granted them, privileges which Harold as one of themselves ought to cherish rather than lessen. "King Harold," says the Saga, "would have naught else than that all men in Norway of equal birth should have equal rights." In a word, he would hear of no privileges for this or that province; all should be equal in the eyes of the law; he had come to break down, not to build up special rights and privileges; to make Norway one country under one king. The first part of his reign had been spent in putting down the great chiefs, more especially those about Drontheim; the last two years were spent in curbing the freemen in Upland. So that chiefs and freemen alike, not in Drontheim or the Uplands alone, should feel and know that the privileges of the provinces and the private rights of the freemen must yield to the superior rights of the kingdom at large, and the prerogative of

the king as lord paramount. But besides these theoretical questions of right, Harold had his own wrongs to avenge on those who had refused him his dues and mocked at his messengers; on the men who had waited for Hacon to help them, and on Hacon whom he had already tracked and routed in his Swedish lair. Harold did his work well. His path was marked by blood and fire. The unruly freemen paid for their rebellion by life and limb. Some were slain, others maimed, others again lost all their goods.

> "Fruitless then was freemen's flouting,
> Harold's 'hest they must obey,"

says Thiodolf, who went with Harold on this bloody progress as his skald. And again,—

> "Harold's liegemen learnt a lesson,
> Flame leapt fierce from roof to roof."

From Raumarike he passed into Hedemark, Hadeland, and Ringerike, everywhere showing the same sternness; wasting, slaying, and burning as he went.

> "Fire as judge sat on the freemen,
> Ruddy-featured passing sentence,
> Ere to them slow leave was granted
> Flame to slake or life to save."

When Harold thought he had done enough in the way of punishment, he still stayed in the Uplands for a year and a half, passing from

house to house and from feast to feast; in most cases we may be sure no very welcome guest, though Arni, a rich freeman to whom he came, declared that it gladdened all men's hearts to see the king sitting quietly among his loving friends. That this was not always the case is well shown by the following story, which, adventurous as it seems, may well be founded on truth. At any rate, as Munch says, it was reduced to writing a little more than a century after Harold's death, and shows the mark made by his Upland progress on the minds of the next two or three generations. "Among the Upland freemen was a man named Ulf the Wealthy, for he had fourteen or fifteen farms in the district. His wife bade him ask the king to a feast, as many other wealthy men did. 'He will be sure to take it well,' she said, 'and show thee honour in return.' 'Well,' answered Ulf, 'this king doesn't do by all men as they think they deserve. I have little mind to bid him to my house, for I think he will be jealous of my wealth and be greedy of my goods more than is right. Methinks his hand will fall heavier on me than on the rest, rather than show me favour as is meet, and that in spite of all the good-will I may show him.' But though Ulf's words were on this wise, yet for the love he bare his wife he gave in, and bade King Harold to a feast when he left

Arni's house. The king said he would come, and Ulf went home and made ready for a great feast. The king came when he was looked for, and found all of the best, furniture, hangings, and ale-stoups. In a word, everything was old and precious, and no feast could be better set out. So one day of the feast, for they lasted several days, when men had taken their seats, the king was merry and his followers, and he said it would be good if the feast were gladdened with a little fun. All said with one mouth 'twas well spoken, adding it would be great honour if such a man as he took the lead in making merriment. 'Well,' said the king, 'I will tell you a little story, and this is how it begins:—Once on a time there was a king named Sigurd the Giant, and he was a son of Harold Fairhair. This Sigurd had a son whose name was Halfdan, and an earl under Sigurd was called Halfdan also; so there were two Halfdans. One of the king's thralls was named Almstein. They were all much of an age—King Sigurd, Earl Halfdan, and Almstein. The king and the earl were foster-brothers, and they had all three played together as children when they were young. Well, time went on, and King Sigurd fell sick, and his heart told him that this sickness would be his death; so he called Earl Halfdan to him, and made him guardian over all his goods and

of his son too, for he thought he could trust him best of all to take care of his son, and keep the kingdom for him for the sake of their foster-brothership and long friendship, and so a little while after the king breathed his last.

"'The earl became a great strength and support to Prince Halfdan, got in his dues for him, and showed him honour in every way. The earl had a son too about as old as Halfdan and they too were very good friends. Almstein, who was now Prince Halfdan's thrall, was a tall man in stature, fair of face, strong in thews, a man who knew many feats, and in short a man of much more mark than most thralls. Of his birth and stock no man knew aught. It befell that this Almstein offered to get in Prince Halfdan's dues for the space of three years, and as he was known to be a fitting man, but more because he had been almost as good as a foster-brother to King Sigurd, who had never reckoned him on the same footing as his other thralls, this offer was agreed to. But it turned out that he behaved so in this business that little of the money came to Prince Halfdan. Then Almstein took to sailing about to foreign lands with Prince Halfdan's goods, turning them over and over again in trade, and keeping them as his own, and gaining many friends and followers by gifts both in Prince Halfdan's realm as in other parts. About that

time Earl Halfdan died, but as soon as Almstein heard that when he came back, he set off at once with a great band to Prince Halfdan's house and set fire to it; the earl's son was inside the house along with Prince Halfdan. But when those who were inside were ware of the strife and the blaze outside, then both the prince and the earl's son went into a gallery underground which led out into the wood, and so they got safe off. So Almstein burned the house down, and thought he had burnt along with it both the king's son and the earl's son. The lads were some time wanderers in the woods and wastes, but at last they came out in Sweden to the house of an earl named Hacon, and begged him for shelter. The earl was slow to answer, and stared at them a long while, but at last he gave them food and lodging, but he showed them no honour, and they were with him three winters. As for Almstein, he seized Halfdan's realm, and made himself king over it, and no one gainsayed him or withstood him, but all thought it ill living under his sway, for he was quarrelsome, unjust, and wanton, so that he took good men's wives and daughters from them, and kept them as long as he chose, and got children by them.

"'But when the lads had been three winters in Sweden with Earl Hacon, then they went in before the earl one day to take leave, and

thanked him for their board and lodging. "This shelter, Halfdan," said the earl, "that I have given you is little thankworthy. So soon as ever I saw you, I knew who ye were. Thy father, King Sigurd, was my bosom friend, but why I showed you little favour was that it might not be noised abroad that ye were still alive. But now since ye wish to go away hence, I will give you three hundred men as your followers, and that may be some gain to you, though they be but a little band, if ye fall unawares on that wicked niddering Almstein, as is not unlikely; for now he must have no dread for his own sake when he weens that you have both been burnt with the house over your heads; and sooth to say it were well done if ye two could win back your power and fame." After that they set off with that band, and not a whisper was heard of them, till they came unawares on Almstein's house and set fire to it. Now when the house began to blaze, the folk went out to whom leave was granted, and then Almstein asked for peace. "'Twere but right and fitting," answered Halfdan, "that the same fate should befall thee which thou hadst meant for me with thy dastardly deed; but for that we are not equals, thou shalt have thy life on these terms, that thou goest back to thy true nature, be called a thrall, and be a thrall so long as thou livest, and

all thy race after thee that may spring from thy loins. Those terms Almstein chose rather than die there and then. So Halfdan handed him along with his thrall's name a white kirtle of plain shape and straight cut. After that a Thing was called, and Halfdan took a king's name, and he got back all the realm his father had before him, and all men were glad at that change.

"'Now to make a long story short Almstein had many children, and I trow Ulf that thy pedigree is this:—Almstein was thy grandfather and I am King Halfdan's grandchild, and yet thou and thy kinsfolk have got into your hands so much of the king's goods as may be seen in all this furniture and these drinking vessels. Take now this white kirtle which my grandsire Halfdan gave to thy grandsire Almstein, and along with it take thy true family name, and be a thrall henceforth for evermore; for so it was decreed at that Thing of which I spoke when Halfdan got back his kingly title, that thy ancestor took the kirtle, and the mothers of his children came to the Thing with him, and they and all their children took kirtles of like hue and shape, and so shall their offspring for ever.'

"So King Harold made them bring out a white kirtle, and hold it before Ulf's eyes, and he sang these verses:—

'Ken'st thou this kirtle?
Kine are the king's due;
An ox of full growth too
Thou ow'st to the king;
Fat geese and swine too
Thou ow'st to the king;
Offspring and all thou ownest,
Thou ow'st to the king.'

And then the king added this tag,—

'Much guile is now mingled,
The king claims thyself too.'

Then Harold when on in prose: 'Take now this kirtle, Ulf, which thy friends owned before thee, and along with it such rights and names as they had.' Ulf thought the king's fun most unfriendly, but could scarcely dare to say anything against it, and he hardly knew whether to take the kirtle or not, but his wife and his friends bade him never to accept such an insult, whatever the king might say. Then the wife went up to the king with her kith and kin and asked for peace for Ulf, and that he might not be so shamefully mocked as looked likely; and at last the king listened to their prayers and did not force Ulf to become a thrall, and gave him back one farm out of the fifteen which he owned, but the rest the king confiscated, and all his goods and costly things, gold and silver and drinking cups and all. And so the end of the king's dealings with Ulf was just what Ulf's heart had

told him would happen ere he bade the king to a feast. And after that the king fared back to Drontheim and took up his abode at Niðarós."

By this story, whether he invented it altogether or merely applied a well-known tale to the case of Ulf, Harold meant to show that though all men were equal before the Crown, the king's rights bore down all else. Against the king no lapse of time or right of property could avail anything. It was a sermon on the maxim of English law, *nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and nothing shows more how completely he had laid Norway under his feet than the way in which he now meddled with the freemen's rights and sought his victims among the vulgar herd, after having brought down so many mighty chiefs. So there he sat at Drontheim that winter of the year 1065 at peace with all the world, enjoying for once in his busy life a short breathing space, while those mighty events were preparing in the West so full of interest for England and the North, and in which Harold was so soon to play a chief part.*

* The rest of Harold Hardrada's history will be found in the Essay, "England and Norway in the 11th Century," in Vol. I.

PICKINGS FROM POGGIO.

1868.

NOT long ago I was in a country house called Littleworth; where it was I will not say—perhaps in the North, perhaps in the South; but wherever it was, it was a grand house, with a fine library. Nothing could be kinder than my hosts, and yet in the morning the time hung heavy on my hands. I do not shoot; to fish I am ashamed, unless it be with a fly, and at that season fly-fishing was over. After breakfast the men went out to shoot, and came back to snore after dinner, and the women disappeared; whither they went, I cannot tell; I only know that where they were I could not come, and that I was left alone. Had I been agreeable, of course I should have had company: but then I am not agreeable, so I had none. I tried what the curate was like—the living was sequestrated, and there was no rector;—he lived close to the house, but I could get little out of him. He may

have taken a great deal in, but he certainly gave very little out, and what with fear of the Squire and the Dissenters, he seemed to lead a wretched life. Thus thrown on myself in the mornings, I resolved to ask for the key of the great library, which lived by itself in a wing of the house. At first no one knew where it was; the mistress knew nothing of it, had never seen it. "As for the books, they were musty old Latin rubbish. All the books she cared for came down from Mudie's." The butler declared the housekeeper must have it, and she was equally certain that long ago she had given it to him. At last it was found in the door of the library itself, and it had made itself so disagreeable to the lock, that the lock for some time kept it a close prisoner. But out it came at length, and in I went to the library. It was a splendid collection, mostly of Italian and Latin books, in excellent condition. The Squire's grandfather had been a book-worm in the old Roxburgh days, and he had added most of those Italian and Latin books to the old library. As I walked along, I saw a label on one of the cases, "Italian Belles Lettres," and paused before it. The first book on which my eye fell was *Facetiæ Poggii*—"Poggio's Funny Stories." Of course you all know everything about Poggio Bracciolini, apostolic secretary under eight successive popes, one of the great lights of the first

half of the fifteenth century, a man who did as much as any one in that age for the revival of classical learning; a laborious scholar, and a most ready wit. It would be an insult to your understanding to suppose that you are ignorant of the public career of this great Italian, and so I will only confine myself to his "Facetiæ," a collection of witty and merry stories, which he wrote in Florence in 1450, when all the world fled from Rome to avoid the plague which broke out during the jubilee.

But where were we? Oh, in the library, with Poggio before me. Now, you are not to suppose this was the first time I had seen the book. Once on a time, when I was a little boy, a look on the outside got me a good caning, and this is how it was. On a summer afternoon, when at a private school, I had a toothache, and while all the school were hard at cricket, I stole into our master's library just to look at his books when he was away at the petty sessions. Who would have supposed that the Reverend Dr. Cutbrush would have returned just as I had *Poggii Facetiæ* in my hand, and was going to begin? "How dare you touch that book, sir? Put it back at once." I obeyed, but not before I had found it illustrated with "cuts," a shower of which from the doctor's cane fell on my back, curing my toothache on homœopathic principles.

He then went on to say, "That is one of the most infamous books in the Latin language, and no Christian or gentleman ought to read it." He did not say why, if all that were true, the book was found at all in his virtuous library; but what he did say sank into my soul with the marks of his cane, and from that day till the hour when I stood face to face with Poggio in the library at Littleworth, I had never dared to look into the book. Need I say that then the ghost of the doctor's prohibition was laid? I seized the book, and shaking the dust off it and my feet, bore it away in triumph to what was called the "little library," where there were arm-chairs, a blazing fire, and no books; and there, on a late autumn day, I read *Poggii Facetiæ* right through. What did I think of it? Well, some of the stories, in fact the greater part of them, are very witty, and, alas! very indecent—"shameful," my Aunt Tabitha would call them, adding, "Child, remember the words of the poet,—

'Want of decency is want of sense.'"

But then many of them are not at all indecent; and so, like the heavenly bird that drinks the milk and leaves the dirty water, here are some pickings may be presented in any society—except a charitable one.

Our young men given to hunting and sport,

fast-steppers on the Turf, and even our steady-going game-preservers may learn something from

THE FOOL OF MILAN.

WE were many of us talking together of the exceeding care, not to say the folly, of those who keep hounds and hawks for hunting. Then Paul of Florence said, "Such fellows were well mocked by the Fool of Milan." When we all begged him to tell the story, he went on :—

Once on a time there was a citizen of Milan, a leech of mad and witless folk, who undertook to heal all who were brought to him within a certain time. And his treatment was in this wise. He had round his house a yard, and in this yard was a pool of foul and stinking water, in which he bound to a stake all who were brought to him as mad, some of them up to the knees, others as far as mid-thigh, and others deeper, according to their madness; so he brought down their flesh by water and fasting till they seemed to be sane. Among the rest one was brought and placed in the pool up to the thigh, who, after a fortnight, began to come to himself, and begged the doctor to take him out of the water. So he let him come out of that place of torment on condition that he was not to stir out of the yard. A little after, when he had shown himself trustworthy

for some days, he allowed him to go about the house; and so he left his companions in the pool, of whom there were many, and followed the doctor's orders in everything. But one day as he was standing at the gate—for he dared not go beyond it for fear of the pool—he saw a young gentleman on horseback coming up with hawk on hand, and two greyhounds at his heel, and called out to him to come near. Struck with the strangeness of the thing, for he had lost all memory of what he had seen before his madness, when the young man came near, the madman called out, "Halloa, you sir, listen to what I ask, and answer. This thing on which you are borne, what is it? And why do you keep it?"

"'Tis a horse, and I keep it for the sake of hunting."

Then the madman went on—

"And this thing that you hold on your hand, what is its name, and for what do you use it?"

"A hawk," he replied: "good to catch thrushes and partridges."

Again the other went on—

"Those which follow you, what sort of things are they, and what good are they?"

"Dogs," he answered; "trained to hunt and track birds."

"And these birds, to catch which you keep so

many things, what is their worth, reckoning up all you catch in a year."

"Oh, a mere song, a trifle—I can't tell: not above six golden crowns."

"And what," said the madman, "is the cost of keeping the horse, the hounds, and the hawk?"

"Fifty golden crowns," said the knight.

Then the madman, wondering at the folly of the young knight, burst out laughing.

"Ho, ho! take yourself off, I beg, before the doctor comes home, for if he finds you here, he'll take you for the maddest man in the world, and cast you into his pool to be treated with the rest of the witless crew, and be sure he'll put you up to the chin before all the others, in the very deepest spot."

By this he showed that the desire of hunting is the height of folly, unless followed by the rich, and even then only for the sake of exercise.

STRANGE, too, it is to find in the following story an old Indian example out of the Hitopadesa which, under various shapes, haunts Middle-Age fiction. Sometimes the quarrel is about a scissors, or a knife, or a bird; always on some trivial, worthless ground which woman chooses

to fight out her right to have the last word. Here it is from Poggio:—

THE OBSTINATE WOMAN.

WE were once talking of the stubbornness of women, who are often so firm of purpose that they would rather die than yield their opinion. Then one of us said,—

"There was once a woman in our town whose mind was so set against her husband, that she never lost a chance of abusing and contradicting him. Going on as she had begun, and determining to play the first fiddle, once, when she had a quarrel with him, she called him lousy. He tried to force her to retract the word; and, at last, took to beating her both with fists and feet. But the more she was beaten, the more she called him lousy. At length, the man, weary of blows, that he might tame his wife's tongue, let her down by a rope into a well, declaring that he would drown her unless she left off using rude words: but it was no good, for though the water rose to her chin, she still went on worse than before, calling out that word. Then the man, to stop her tongue, sank her over head and ears in the well, trying if by the risk of death he could turn her from persisting in her abuse. But she, though she had lost the power of speech at the very moment of drowning, expressed by her

fingers what she was unable to utter; for, stretching her hands out above her head, and bringing the nails of both thumbs together, she threw back the word "lousy" on her husband as far as she could by signs; for lice are commonly killed by women by cracking them between their thumb-nails."

THERE is real wit in this:—

A rich man, muffled up in clothes, was on his way to Bologna in the winter, and among the hills fell upon a peasant who was clad in one coat only, and that threadbare. So, wondering at the hardihood of the man, in such cold—for the snow lay and the wind blew—he asked, "Was he not a-cold?"

"Not at all," said the other, with a smiling face; and when the rich man was amazed at his answer, and said,—

"Well! here I freeze under all my clothing, and you do not feel the frost half-clad."

"Ah," said the peasant; "you too, if like me you bore all your clothes on your back, would not feel the cold in the least."

CONDOTTIERI CAPTAINS.

THESE two stories of Fazino, nicknamed the

Dog, a well-known condottieri captain, have a grim humour of their own.

"Fazino Can, when by aid of the Ghibelline faction he had entered Ticino by agreement, at first only sacked the goods of the Guelphs. But when he had made an end of them, he began to empty the houses of the Ghibellines, as being filled with the goods of the Guelphs; and when the Ghibellines complained to the leader that they were unworthily robbed, Fazino cried out, 'Very true, my children; ye are all Ghibellines, but the goods are Guelphs;' and so, making no distinction of parties, the goods of both were spoiled."

A CERTAIN man complained to Fazino Can, who was a cruel man and a leading captain of our age, that he had been robbed of his cloak by one of his soldiers. But Fazino, looking at him, and seeing him clad in a good coat, asked if he had that on when he was robbed, and when the other answered Yes, "Be off about your business," he said; "the man whom you say robbed you can never be one of my soldiers, for none of my men would have left you so good a coat."

REDOLPHO of Camerino was a more worthy captain.

"Of Redolpho of Camerino, a wise saying is told. The City of Bologna was besieged by Bernabò, of the family of the Visconti, lords of Milan. But Redolpho, as a man of worth both in peace and war, was set over the city as governor by the Pope. Redolpho kept within the walls to hold the city more safely; but one day when there was a skirmish after a sally, from which Redolpho was absent, a knight was taken prisoner and brought before Bernabò. Among other things Bernabò asked why Redolpho did not come out to fight, and the knight having said now one thing as the cause, now another, was at last sent back into the town. Then Redolpho, asking what was going on in the enemy's camp, and what Bernabò had said, when he heard the question and the knight's answer excusing him for not coming out, said, 'Thou hast not answered well nor wisely: go back and tell Bernabò, Redolpho says he does not come out of the city lest you should make your way in."

THE same Redolpho, when in the war between Gregory X. and the Florentines, he had changed sides several times, now clinging to this party, now to that, was asked how it was that he was always changing. "Because," he said, "I cannot lie too long on one side."

THE same Redolpho, when being accused of treason by the Florentines, his effigy was painted as a traitor in several parts of the city, and yet hearing not long after that the Florentines were going to send an embassy to him to treat for peace, went into his bedroom the very day that the embassy was to arrive, and having shut the windows and lighted a fire—it was in the month of August—got into bed, and had himself covered up with furs. Then calling in the ambassadors, when they asked from what sickness he was suffering,—"Of ague," he said, "caught by standing so long uncovered night and day in the open air on the walls of your city." By this saying he mocked at their effigies, which were afterwards erased by agreement.

SOME men of Camerino were spending their time in archery outside the walls of the town, and one of them shot an arrow carelessly, by which Redolpho, who was standing a long way off, was slightly wounded. The archer being seized, various opinions were uttered as to his punishment, each one being in turn for a heavier sentence, thinking thus to curry favour with the prince; and at last one said his right hand ought to be hewn off, so that he might never draw a bow again. But Redolpho ordered the man to

be set free, adding that sentence would have been worth something if such counsel had been given before he had got his wound;—an answer full of wisdom and gentleness.

IT was the same Redolpho who gave a good lesson to Charles III. of Anjou when on an expedition against Naples.

There was once a discourse in a company of learned men who blamed the empty pains taken by those who set their hearts on seeking and buying precious stones. This vice Redolpho of Camerino derided, who, having gone to pay a visit to the camp of the Duke of Anjou, when he was aiming at the kingdom of Naples, was shown by the duke his most precious treasures, among which were pearls, sapphires, carbuncles, and other stones of great value. So when Redolpho had seen them all, he asked what those stones were worth, and what income they brought in. "Well," said the duke, "they are worth a great deal, but they bring nothing in." Then said Redolpho, "I will show you two stones worth ten florins, which bring me in every year two hundred," and at once, when the duke wondered at his words, took him to a mill which he had built, and showing him the two mill-stones, said,

"These are the stones which surpass your jewels in usefulness and worth."

VENETIANS ON HORSEBACK.

THE fun Poggio makes of the Venetian is endless: here are one or two jokes on their riding. Then, as now, they scarce knew what a horse was:—

When some learned men were talking of the silliness and stupidity of people they had known, Anthony Lusco, the wittiest of men, told us that once, when he was going from Rome to Vicenza, a Venetian joined company with him, who, as it seemed, had seldom mounted a horse. At Sienna they turned into an inn, in which very many more horsemen had stopped; and next morning, when each man made ready to start, the Venetian alone sat at the door idle and booted. Lusco, wondering at the sloth and carelessness of the man who was taking his ease when all the rest were almost on horseback, warned him to mount his steed if he meant to journey with him, and asked the cause of his delay. Then said the other,—

"I do wish to journey with you; but the truth is, I should never know my horse among all the others, and so I am waiting till the rest have

mounted, for then the horse that is left alone in the stable I shall know to be mine."

When he knew the stupidity of the fellow, Lusco waited awhile till that dolt and dullard took the last remaining horse for his own.

A VENETIAN, once going into the country on horseback, kept his spurs in his pocket, and when his steed jogged on at a wretched pace, dug his heels into his side.

"Gee up! gee up!" he cried; "if you only knew what I've got in my pocket you'd soon quicken your pace."

ANOTHER Venetian, on his way to Turin, got on a hired horse, while his man followed him on foot, and, as they went, the horse kicked the servant on the leg, when, snatching up a stone, he threw it at the horse, but missed him and hit his master in the back. The silly Venetian thought it was the horse's doing, and when his man, limping after him, was scolded by his master for being so slow,—

"I can't get on faster," he said, "since the horse gave me that kick."

"Never mind him," said the master; "I see he's very skittish,—only just now he gave me a great kick in the back."

AGAINST the clergy in general, and the friars in particular, Poggio is very bitter.

Some friars of the Minorite order made up their minds to have a picture of their patron, St. Francis, and sent for a painter to paint it; but they could not agree as to how the saint should be depicted, some wishing him to be shown with the stigmata, some as preaching to the people, and some in some other way. So, when they had wasted the whole day in discussion, and arrived at no result, they left the painter in doubt, and went off to bed. But the painter, seeing their silliness, and thinking himself cheated, painted there and then the effigy of the saint "playing on the flute," as it is called by some, and by others hanging from a halter, with his head on one side; and, when he had done, he left the monastery as fast as he could. But the friars, when they came back and saw the figure, set about looking for the painter that they might pay him off for the insult he had done to their founder; but he had made a clean pair of heels of it.

HERE is another bitterer still:—

In the first war which the Florentines had with the late Duke of Milan, it was decreed to be a capital matter if any one dared to speak of

making peace. Bernardo Manectio, one of the wittiest of men, was in the Old Market to buy I know not what, and one of those vagabond Mendicant Friars came up to him, who take their stand in the streets, and beg from the passers-by for their daily bread. The friar began to beg in their set phrase, "Peace be with you." But Bernardo cried out, "Why do you dare to speak of peace? Don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to utter the word? Go about your business, lest any one should think that I abet you in your crime." With these words he left the rogue and freed himself from his tiresome company.

BRIGANDAGE.

THE following shows that brigandage was just as much at home in Southern Italy then as it is now. No doubt many shepherds of Apulia still think it a worse crime to taste milk in Lent than to cut a traveller's throat.

A certain shepherd of that part of the kingdom of Naples which almost time out of mind has practised highway robbery, once went to a priest to confess his sins; and, throwing himself at the priest's knees, said, with tears in his eyes,—

"Father, forgive me, for I have sinned

heavily;" and when the priest bade him say what the sin was, and he had said the same words over and over again, as though he had committed some atrocious crime, at last at the exhortation of the priest he made a clean breast of it, and said,—

"I was making a cheese in Lent, and as I pressed it some drops of whey spurted out and jumped into my mouth, and I swallowed them."

Then the friar smiling, and well knowing the customs of that country, after saying that he had sinned heavily in not keeping Lent, went on to ask whether he were guilty of any other sins; and when the shepherd denied it, he asked him whether, as is the custom of that region, he had robbed or slain any stranger passing through the country, with other shepherds.

"Oh," said he, "I have done both over and over again with the rest, and like the rest: for you know that is so inborn in us, that it does not weigh on our minds at all."

And when the confessor said that both were heavy sins, the penitent declared that robbery and murder were light matters, he and his neighbours were so used to them; for them he wanted no shrift, but only for the drops of whey. So bad a thing is the habit of sinning, which makes even the greatest sins look light because they are often done.

LAGGING LENT.

BELLO is the name of a very rustic town on our Apennine Mountains, and in it dwelt a priest ruder and more unlearned than the inhabitants. One year this fellow, because he knew nothing about times and seasons, never gave out the arrival of Lent to the people. But going to buy something at Terra Nova on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, and seeing the priests preparing branches of olives and palms for the next day, he began to wonder what it all meant, and at last saw his mistake, and how he had let Lent slip by without any observance by his flock. So, when he went back to his town, he got ready olive branches and palms for the Sunday. On Sunday morning he addressed the people as follows:—

"This is the day on which branches of olives and palms are wont to be given out. Eight days hence will be Easter. During the next week alone we must do penance, nor shall we have a longer fast this year, and the reason of it is this: the Carnival this year was very slow in coming, because, on account of the frost and the badness of the roads, it was not able to cross the mountains, and for the same cause Lent has travelled with so slow and weary steps, that now it has brought no more than one week with it, all the

rest being left on the way. For this short time, therefore, that it will abide with you, be sure you all of you confess and do penance."

SHORT SERMONS.

FROM the following some of our long-winded preachers might learn a lesson :—

There is a town in our hills to which many had flocked from various parts, for it was the Feast of St. Stephen, and a priest, as was usual, was to preach a sermon to the people. But as the day was far spent, and the other priests began to be hungry and feared a lengthy sermon, one after the other, as the preacher passed them to mount the pulpit, fell a-whispering in his ear, and begged him to cut his sermon short. The preacher was not slow to take the hint, and after a few words of preface went on thus: "My brethren, last year, when you stood by and I spoke of the holy life and miracles of this our saint, I left out nothing that I had either heard or read of him in books; all which things I am sure you bear in mind. Since then I do not understand that he has done anything new: make, then, the sign of the cross, and confess your sins and go about your business."

HERE is a story not so much against the Jews as many Middle-Age tales :—

POTTED JEW.

Two Jews, who had their abode at Venice, betook them to Bologna, and on the way one of them fell ill and died. The survivor, wishing to carry his companion's body to Venice, a thing forbidden to be done openly, cut him up into small bits and put him into a little cask, mixing with it spices and honey, so that a strangely sweet savour came from the cask. He then made over the cask to another Jew journeying to Venice, who put it into a barge on the canal which leads to Ferrara. It so fell out, for there were many more passengers in the barge, that a certain Florentine sat down by the cask, and when night fell, struck with the sweet savour from the cask, and suspecting that something good to eat was stowed away in it, he knocked open the head of the cask by stealth, and fell to tasting what was inside it. So, finding that it was most dainty food, by little and little he ate up almost all the cask in the night, feeling sure that he swallowed something most toothsome. But when they got out of the barge at Ferrara, the Jew when he lifted up the cask knew at once it was empty by its lightness. Then he began to bawl out that he had been cheated out of the

Jew's body, and so the Florentine found out that he had turned his body into a Jew's sepulchre.

HERE is a story the end of which is like that in Le Grand's *Fabliaux*, where the wife of a peasant persuades her silly husband that he is dead. But this is a better version :—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

There was at Florence a half-witted fellow, Nigniaca by name, not so far gone in his head as not to be a merry companion. Some young men made up their minds to make him believe that he was very sick; so, having laid their plans, one of them met him as he came out of doors in the morning, and asked,—

"What had happened to him that his face was so wan and pale?"

"Nothing at all!" said the fool.

But, when he had gone a little farther, another threw himself into his way, and asked if he had a fever, his face was so drawn and his cheeks so sunken.

Then the fool began to doubt whether what they said were not true. So as he went slowly on in fear and fright, a third, as was agreed, as soon as he saw him says,—

"Your face betokens that you are suffering from a strong fever; I'm sure this sickness will be sharp."

This frightened him still more, and he stood still, lost in thought, as he weighed in his mind whether he really had a fever.

Just then, a fourth coming up, declared he was most dangerously ill.

"I wonder why you do not keep your bed," he said; and advised him to go home at once, offering to go with him and nurse him like a brother.

The fool retraced his steps home as though he were weighed down with a sore disease; and, getting into bed, looked for all the world as one about to breathe his last.

The rest of the band came to the house soon after, saying that he had done quite right who had put Nigniaca to bed. A little while after came another, who gave himself out as a doctor, felt his pulse, and gave it as his opinion that he was seriously ill; nay, in a short time, he said, he must surely die.

Then all of them standing round the bed began to say, one to the other,—

"Ah! now he is at the point of death; now his feet grow cold, his tongue babbles, his eyes grow dim." And, very soon after, one said, "See, he has breathed his last! Let us then

close his eyes, and lay his hands straight, and bear him out and bury him."

Then another went on,—

"Oh, what a loss is here, in this man's death! We have lost a good and true friend."

So they went on comforting one another.

The fool all the while spoke not a word, as became a dead man; and made up his mind that he was really dead. So, when the young men had laid him on the bier, and were bearing him through the city, they told some others, who met them and asked what was the matter, that they were bearing Nigniaca, who was dead, to the grave.

While they spoke, many more ran together to see the sight; and, when they were told the same story, that Nigniaca was dead and about to be buried, one of the tavern-haunters bawled out,—

"Oh, what a beast he was; a thief of the worst kind, and surely worthy of a halter!"

Then the fool, when he heard that, lifted up his head and cried out,—

"Were I alive as I am dead, you scoundrel, I would say you lied in your throat!"

Then all the bearers burst out laughing and ran away, and left the fool on his bier.

THE next is an old story to be found in Le Grand's *Fabliaux;* but even our bishops must admire the dexterity of the priest, though they may not approve of burying a dog in consecrated earth. They will not fail to observe the summary way which this Italian prelate had of correcting clerks. Here, in England, it might have cost him four or five thousand pounds spent in the Arches Court to punish the offender:—

THE DOG'S WILL.

There was a priest in Tuscany of great wealth. This priest buried his dog, who was very dear to him, in the churchyard. The bishop got to know this; and, setting his heart on the priest's money, called him before him to be punished as guilty of the greatest sacrilege. The priest, who well knew what the bishop had at heart, brought fifty gold crowns with him, and went before the bishop; who, severely blaming the burial of the dog, bade them drag the priest away to prison. But the cunning priest broke in,—

"Oh, my father, if you only knew the wisdom of that dog, you would not wonder that he deserved to be buried among Christian men; for he was more than human in his life, and still more in his death."

"What is all this?" asked the bishop.

"He made his will before he died," said the priest; "and, knowing your poverty, he left you fifty golden crowns as a bequest, which I have here with me."

Then the bishop, approving both the will and the burial, pocketed the money and absolved the priest.

CYRIAC of Ancona, a wordy man and much given to talk, was once deploring in our presence the fall and ruin of the Roman empire, and seemed to be vehemently grieved at it. Then Anthony Lusco, a most learned man, who also stood by, said, jeering at the silly grief of the fellow, "He is very like a man of Milan who, hearing on a feast day one of the race of minstrels who are wont to sing the deeds of departed heroes to the people, reciting the death of Roland, who was slain about seven hundred years before in battle, fell at once a-weeping bitterly, and when he got home to his wife, and she saw him sad and sighing, and asked what was the matter, 'Alas! alas! wife,' he said, 'we are as good as dead and gone.' 'Why, man,' she answered, 'what dreadful thing has befallen you? Take comfort and come to supper.' But he, when he went on sobbing and sighing, and would take no food, and his wife pressed him to tell the cause of his

woe, at last said, 'Don't you know the bad news I have heard to-day?' 'What?' asked the wife. 'Roland is dead, who alone was the safeguard of Christendom.' On which his wife tried to soothe the silly grief of her husband, and yet, with all her tenderness, could scarce get him to sit down to meat."

This story was capped by another, who told this story of silliness:—"One of my neighbours, a simple man, once heard one of the same kind of ballad singers, who, at the end of his story, in order to entice the people to come to hear him, said, 'To-morrow I will sing the death of Hector.' But this neighbour of mine, before the ballad-singer went away, bargained with him for a sum of money not to kill Hector off so quickly, a man so doughty in arms. And when the singer put it off till the day after, the simpleton went on paying him, day after day, to respite Hector's life, and only at last, when all his money was spent, heard the story of his death told with grief and tears."

THE following also forms the subject of one of Le Grand's *Fabliaux*. "A certain man, not at all wealthy, and of rather weak health, having betrothed a wife, was bidden to supper by the bride's parents, and he brought with him a friend,

whom he begged to back him up in all he said. So, when the father-in-law praised his own coat, the son-in-law said he had one far better than that. 'On which the friend broke in, 'Ah! but you have another much more costly besides that.' When the father-in-law asked what goods he had, he said he had a farm just outside the town, on the yield of which he lived. 'But,' said the friend, 'you have forgotten that other farm, far better tilled, out of which you draw so much money.' So the friend went on doubling everything of which the son-in-law boasted. But when they sat down to meat, and the father-in-law pressed the son-in-law, who had little appetite, to take his food, he said, 'I can't, for I never feel very well in summer.' Here again the friend, to help him out, cried out, 'Very true. He is much worse than he says, for he is bad in summer, but far worse in winter.' When he said this, all laughed at the boasting of this silly fellow, who laid himself out to praise falsely, and bore off the prize of folly."

HERE we have almost the first

IRISH BULL.

When I was in England I heard a witty saying of a certain master of a merchant-ship who

was an Irishman. The ship was once tossed about at sea by great waves, and was so shattered by the tempest, that all on board despaired of being saved. The master vowed a wax candle as big as the ship's mast to a certain church of the Virgin Mary, which was already famous for such miracles, if the ship got through the tempest in safety. Then, when one of his companions blamed the vow as most hard to pay, since there was not, he said, in all England wax enough to make such a candle: "Oh! hold your peace," said the master, "and let me promise what I please to the mother of God; only let us get out of this danger, for, if we are saved, she will have to be content with a farthing rush-light."

This is the story which Erasmus has worked up into his "Dialogue of the Shipwreck," but the Irishman has dropped out of it.

"One I heard, not without laughing, who, in a loud voice, lest he should not be heard, promised to St. Christopher, who stands at Paris on the top of a church, a mountain rather than a statue, a wax taper as big as the statue itself. And when he had gone on bawling the same vow out over and over again, an acquaintance of his, who by chance stood next to him, jogged him with his elbow, and warned him in a whisper, "Mind what you promise. If you sold all your goods

by auction you would not be able to fulfil your vow."

Then the other, in a still lower voice, for fear lest St. Christopher should hear him: "Peace, fool! do you think I spoke from my heart? If I only once touch land I will not give him a tallow candle."

THE next story, till lately, held good as much in Italy in this as in the fifteenth century. The hospitals, full of idle, filthy beggars, were then, as now, the curse of the country.

HOW TO CLEAR A HOSPITAL.

The Cardinal of Bari, a Neapolitan by birth, held a hospital at Vercelli, out of which he drew little or no revenue on account of the cost of maintaining the poor in it. He sent, therefore, one of his servants, a certain Petrillo, to collect money; but he, when he found the hospital crammed with all kinds of sick and weakly folk, who swallowed up all the revenue of the place, having donned the garb of a doctor, went into the hospital; and, after inspecting all sorts of sores, called all the inmates together, and said,—

"There is but one remedy for all your sores:

Let an ointment be made out of man's fat. I will therefore cast lots among you to-day, and so choose one who must be put into a pot and boiled for the good of all the rest."

But they one and all fled in fear as soon as they heard these words, lest the lot of death should fall on them. In that way he freed the hospital from the cost of maintaining those filthy beggars.

THE DIVINE DANTE.

THE three following anecdotes relate to Dante, and are alike characteristic of the man and his age, of the "Dog" Prince, and the Divine Poet:—

Dante Alighieri, our Florentine poet, was once maintained at Verona by the help of the old Can Prince de la Scala pretty liberally. But, at the same time, there was another Florentine at Can's Court, a low-born, ignorant, impudent fellow, fit for naught but jests and jeers, whose sillinesses, not to say ribaldry, had driven Can to enrich him. And when Dante, a most learned as well as wise and modest man, despised him as was right,—

"What," he said, "is the reason that you, though you are esteemed most wise and learned,

are still poor and needy; while I, foolish and ignorant, excel in riches?"

Then Dante:

"When I shall find a master like myself, and fitted to my manners, as you have found one fitted to yours, he in like manner will enrich me."

A wise and weighty answer; for masters are always delighted with the company of those who are like themselves.

DANTE once sitting at meat between the two Scaligers, the old Dog and the young Dog, the servants of both, to curry favour with them, threw their bones secretly at the feet of Dante to provoke him to wrath.

When the board was removed, the eyes of all were turned on Dante, and all wondered how it could be that bones were to be seen before him alone. Then he, quick at answer as he ever was, said,—

"No wonder that the dogs have eaten their bones, but as for me, I am not a dog."

OUR poet Dante, when in exile at Sienna, was once standing in the Church of the Minorites,

resting his elbow on the altar, and deep in thought, pondering some hidden matter. Just then, some one came up to him and asked some tiresome question. Then Dante said,—

"Tell me which is the biggest of all beasts?"

"The elephant," answered the other.

"Then, elephant," said Dante, "don't be troublesome to me when I am thinking of things far deeper than your words."

How many "elephants," though we are none of us Dantes, do we not all know?

WHOLESOME PENANCE.

THE penance enjoined in the following, would be well bestowed on many writers nowadays:—

A man of Milan, whether fool or hypocrite, or witless, wrote a whole bookful of his sins, and went to a very learned man, and one well versed in such things, Anthony Rodi of Milan, a Minorite friar, to confess. As soon as he saw the friar he held out the book, and asked the father to read it, as it contained his confession. So when the wary man knew that to read it would waste much time, and saw through the folly of the man, having asked the wordy fellow

a few questions, he went on,—"I absolve thee of everything contained in this book." And when the other asked what penance he enjoined, the answer was, "That for a month from this day, thou readest this thy book through seven times a day." And when he said it could not be done, the confessor stuck to his shrift, and so the wordiness of the fool was crushed by a witty answer.

FRENCH cooks then as now bore off the palm in their art.

The old Duke of Milan, who was a prince of singular refinement in all things, had a famous cook, whom he had sent all the way to France to learn to make sauces. In the great war which the duke had with the Florentines, when a messenger had come bearing no very good news, and the duke's mind was very vexed, at dinner, a little after, when the meat was served, the duke could find nothing to his taste, and despised the dishes as badly cooked. After that he sent for the cook, and scolded him smartly, as knowing nothing of his art. Then the cook, who was rather free of speech, said, "If the Florentines take your taste and appetite, what fault is that of mine? My dishes are all toothsome, and made with the greatest art; but these

Florentines throw you into a rage, and steal away your appetite." Then the duke, who was the gentlest man in the world, laughed heartily at the witty freedom of his cook's tongue.

It was this same cook who, when many were asking all sorts of promotion from the duke, one night at supper, humbly prayed his master to make him an ass.

When the duke wondered and asked what he meant by wishing to be an ass rather than a man, "Why," replied the cook, "because I see that all these whom you have raised to the highest rank, and on whom you have lavished honours and office, are so puffed up with pride and pomp, that they have turned into insolent asses; and so, I ask you to make me too an ass."

And so with these biting words of the cook our Pickings from Poggio come to an end.

THE END.

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